

The Simple Life  
of a  
Commoner

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H. H. Green

**Columbia University  
in the City of New York**

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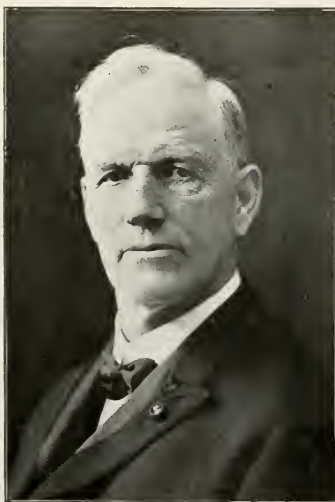
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REV. H. H. GREEN, D. D.

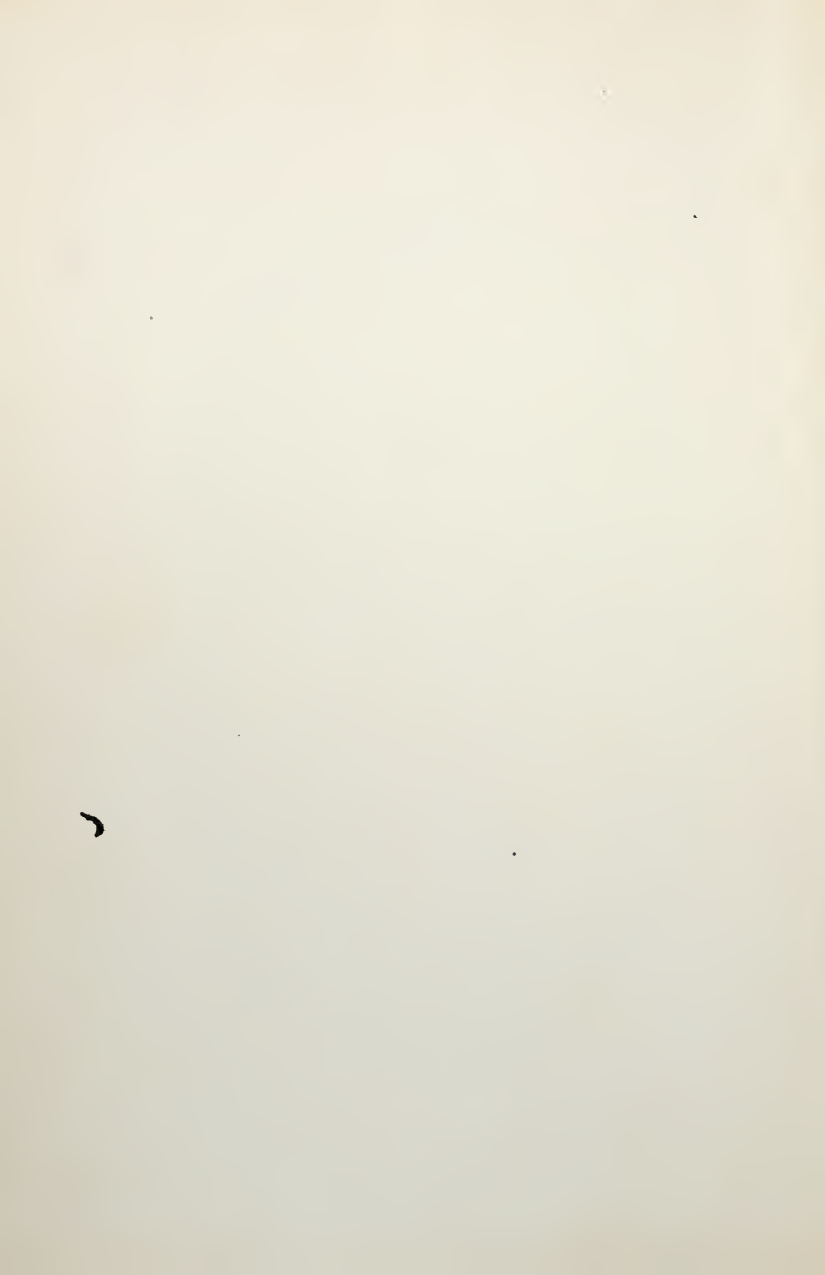
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MARION B., SAMUEL W., H. H. GREEN, HARRY J., SCHUYLER E.,  
 MRS. W. G. JOHNSON, MRS. J. D. MAYNARD, MRS. H. H. GREEN, MRS. E. L. JENNINGS,  
 ROBERT II., (Deceased)





THE SIMPLE LIFE  
OF A  
COMMONER



AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
BY  
H. H. GREEN, D. D.



PRESS OF  
PUBLIC OPINION  
DECORAH, IOWA  
1911





To my old friend

S. L. Collier.

Hoping he may live long  
And make many home runs.

The Author.

Christmas  
1912

To My  
Beloved Wife,  
Who For Nearly Fifty Years,  
Has Shared With Me,  
The Vicissitudes of Life.  
And To The Boys And Girls  
Who Have Ever  
Blessed And Brightened Our Home,  
These Pages Are Affectionately Dedicated.

# THE SIMPLE LIFE OF A COMMONER

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## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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### CHAPTER I.

**O**N THE thirteenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, I was born in the village of Elsham, Lincolnshire, England. Of my ancestry I have little knowledge. I only know because I have been told by good authority, that my paternal grandfather, whose name was John Green, and my grandmother, whose maiden name was Ann Johnson, were both of the same county of Lincoln, my grandfather dying at the age of 72 and grandmother ten years later, at the age of 71.

It is with a deep sense of gratitude to Almighty God for his preserving care over me through the years of my life, that I undertake at the request of my beloved wife and children, this brief record, well knowing that I must of necessity omit many things because they have passed out of my remembrance, for I never kept a diary of my doings nor have I ever charged my memory particularly with the incidents and events of my life; suffice it to say then, that in the absence of written data I can only recall such things as have stuck in my memory amid the crowding events of passing years.

Nor am I such a conceited oaf as to imagine for a moment that anything which may be set down in these records could be of interest to any one outside of my own family, with possibly the exception of some of my relatives or near personal friends. But even so I undertake to narrate in as simple a manner as I may be able to command the few things which may seem to me to be not altogether unworthy of mention, all the while trusting that whatever errors shall appear or whatever incidents may be recalled and written down, which may seem to be too trivial to be worthy of notice, will be generously overlooked by my partial friends.

In my grandfather's family there were five boys and one girl. The names of the boys were William, James, David, Samuel and Johnson, and the name of the daughter was Maria.

My father's name was Samuel, who, as I am informed, was next to the youngest. David emigrated to America in 1852 and settled in Ohio. Some of his children now reside at Dayton and others at Troy, in that state.

My mother's maiden name was Martha Nisson. She was married twice, my father being her second husband. She was the mother of



fourteen children, eleven by her first husband, Mr. Leedham, and three by my father. Of the Leedhams, as far as I know, only two are living at the present time, William, who resides at Lyons, Iowa, and Mary Ann, who married Joseph Messmer, and who have Leen residents of Florida many years. My only brother died in infancy, and my only sister, Clara, has been living with her husband and children in St. Louis, Missouri for the past forty years.

The boys in my grandfather's family were all musicians of some local prominence. One of my earliest recollections is associated with the musical penchant of my father and his brothers; they were in the habit of meeting for rehearsal occasionally of an evening at the tailor shop of one of my uncles, and it was there my father would take me when I could not have been more than four or five years old, and I even at this late day recall with sensations of pleasure the joyous times spent at my uncle's tailor shop listening to the music rendered by the "Green Brothers" on those far away winter evenings, sometimes diversifying the time when unobserved, among the shears, pins, buttons and other things scattered about the shop to the horror of my uncle James, until overcome by drowsiness I would drop asleep and my father would gently stretch me out on one of the tables where I would sleep the sleep of innocent childhood until it was time to break up the soiree, or whatever you may please to call it, and depart for home.

My father, who for many years was a member of the church orchestra in Elsham, told me once of

a rather ludicrous incident, in which I am inclined to think he was himself one of the chief actors, though he never said as much. It appeared that on a certain Sunday, as was the custom in England at that time, and is now for aught I know to the contrary, a household of relatives and friends had been invited to dinner and to spend the afternoon in a home-like, social way. The husband had gone to church as his custom was, but the wife remained at home to look after the guests and prepare the dinner. For some reason she became confused as to just what preparation should be made, especially concerning the dinner; she wanted her husband's advice about the meal, how she had better prepare it. Now it so happened that the boy she sent to make the enquiry reached the church just when the choir were singing the opening hymn, and as there was no time to spare, the little fellow, who could sing a bit himself, stole up to his father's side and joining his childish treble voice with the voices of the choir, sang in time and tune his mother's request:

"Mother wishes you to say,  
How she shall cook the meat today."

The response of the father in his deep bass voice was prompt and in perfect time:

"Sure, it will be right and foine,  
To boil the leg and roast the loin."

It would be wholly impossible to entertain anything like an intelligent idea touching the origin and age of our family, nor indeed is it any great matter, in my thinking, when or where we originated.

A relative of mine on my mother's side who was at the time a resident of St. Paul, Minnesota, with whom I

became acquainted through a cousin in Ohio, visited England a few years ago and at my request undertook to look up my ancestry among the records of the county of Lincoln. He was able to trace the family back through many generations but finally lost it because of his inability to follow on through the mazes of the old English dialects which he was unable either to read or understand. So I rest content with the belief that like almost everyone else I must have sprung from the father of our race, the first man, Adam, which is as far back as any can venture.

However, if there is any great honor attaching to this thing of descent it is my opinion that Mr. Charles Darwin is entitled to first place, inasmuch as he has solemnly assured us that his ancestors were monkeys, an honor, which I venture to say, few will be disposed either to dispute or share with him.

In the past, I think, as a rule, Americans have shown less interest in the genealogical tree than most of the other great nations of the world, but even so, there appears to be a growing interest among us in the history of our families, which will probably increase as the years go by.

As an illustration of this tendency among Americans, the following words by a well informed writer concerning the poet Longfellow will be apropos:

"The poet Longfellow was fortunate in his heredity. He came of the best New England stock. Among his ancestors on the paternal side are Samuel Sewall, the first chief-justice of Massachusetts, and Judge Stephen Longfellow of Gorham, Mass. His mother was a lineal descendant of John and Priscilla Al-

den of Mayflower fame; and she was daughter of General Peleg Wadsworth, a distinguished patriot and brilliant soldier of Portland, Me.

Longfellow's father was an able congressman and a lawyer of high repute, noted for his hospitality and his agreeable, courtly manners."

It is the proud boast of some that they are descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, and of others that their forbears were the Cavaliers of England. There is only one thing attaching to the place of my birth which affords me any particular satisfaction, and that is that my native county was also the place of the nativity of some very distinguished persons.

Lincolnshire, lying on the north-east coast of England, was the birth place of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism; Charles Wesley, the greatest hymn writer of the world; Sir Isaac Newton, the philosopher and mathematician. William Cecil, better known as Lord Burleigh, for forty years prime minister and secretary of state under Queen Elizabeth; Alfred Tennyson, the poet Laureate; Jean Ingelow, author of several volumes of poetry and prose fiction; besides several others of more or less note. Of the poems "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," is probably the best known; it possesses a beauty and an uniqueness of expression peculiar to the sixteenth century which is both forceful and charming, while it describes with wonderful vividness one of those events which may happen in low countries, once in a thousand years. I shall take the liberty of making a quotation from this beautiful poem which I am sure will be read with pleasure since it samples the whole composition:

The swanherds where their sedges  
are  
Moved on in sunset's golden  
breath,

The shepherde lads I heard afar,  
And my son's wife, Elizabeth;  
Till floating o'er the grassy sea  
Came downe that kyndly message  
free,  
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,  
And all along where Lindis flows  
To where the goodly vessels lie,  
And where the lordly steeple  
shows.

They sayde, "And why should this  
thing be?"

What danger lowers by land or  
sea?

They ring the tune of Enderby!

For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
Of pyrate galleys warping downe;  
For shippes ashore beyond the  
scorpe,

They have not spared to wake the  
towne;

But while the west bin red to see,  
And storms be none, and pyrates  
flee,

Why ring "The Brides of Enderby?"

I looked without, and lo my sonne  
Came riding downe with might  
and main;

He raised a shout as he drew on,  
Till all the welkin rang again,  
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

(A sweeter woman ne'er drew  
breath

Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall," he cried, "is  
downe,

The rising tide comes on apace,  
And boats adrift in yonder towne  
Go sailing uppe the market-  
place."

He shook as one that looks on  
death:

"God save you, mother!" straight  
he saith;

"Where is my wife Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds  
her way,

With her two bairns I marked her  
long;

And ere yon bells began to play  
Afar I heard her milking song."

He looked across the grassy lea,  
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"  
They rang "The Brides of Enderby."

With that he cried and beat his  
breast;

For lo! along the river's bed  
A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.  
It swept with thunderous noises  
loud;

Shaped like a curling snow-white  
cloud,

Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward  
pressed

Shook all her trembling bankes  
amaine;

Then madly at the eygre's breast  
Flung uppe her weltering walls  
again.

Then banks came downe with ruin  
and rout—

Then beaten foam flew round  
about—

Then all the mighty floods were out.

So far, so fast the eygre drave,

The heart had hardly time to beat  
Before a shallow seething wave  
Sobbed in the grasses at oure  
feet;

The feet had hardly time to flee  
Before it brake against the knee,  
And all the world was in the sea.

That Americans, especially the  
people of New England have an abiding  
interest in the old county of  
Lincoln, on account of historic re-  
lationships is made clear by Mr.  
William E. Curtis, who in one of his  
letters from abroad makes the fol-  
lowing statements:

The old town of Boston, an insig-  
nificant seaport at the mouth of the  
Witham River, in Lincolnshire, and  
thirty miles south of Lincoln, is  
considered the most sacred place in  
the United Kingdom for New Eng-  
landers. There John Cotton, vicar  
of St. Botolph's Church, was con-  
victed of "nonconformity," because  
he administered the sacrament to his  
congregation while seated in the  
pews instead of on their knees. He  
was removed from his pulpit in 1633,  
and with Richard Bellingham and



Thomas Leverett sailed for America in the Griffin shortly after. They landed at a place called Shawmut, near Plymouth, Mass., which was then a thriving village, thirteen years old, and soon after changed the name to Boston as a tribute to their native town.

The Church of St. Botolph is still standing, and a picturesque pile it is. Under the town hall, which is now a second-hand furniture shop, were the cells in which William Brewster, William Bradford and other of the pilgrim fathers were imprisoned for several months at the time their original flight from England was arrested. Richard Bellingham, Thomas Leverett, Brewster and Bradford all in their turn became governors of Massachusetts.

The sleepy old village of Scrooby is really the cradle of the pilgrim colony. It is situated about thirty miles north of the City of Lincoln, a few miles south of Doncaster, where the St. Leger horse race occurs every year, and about eighty miles, almost in a direct line, from Manchester.

In addition to the office of postmaster, which was a gift of the crown, William Brewster was appointed bailiff of the county by Dr. Sandys, archbishop of York, who resided at the archiepiscopal mansion, an imposing and spacious place. Henry VIII. once spent a night under his roof. Cardinal Wolsey visited it frequently and passed several weeks there in seclusion just before his arrest in 1539.

At the neighboring village of Bahworth Rev. Richard Clyfton, a brilliant scholar and fervid orator, attracted a large congregation and made a reputation by his remarkable preaching. So popular was he that the people of Scrooby frequently walked five miles and back to hear him. But his criticisms upon the established church were so severe that he was removed from the pulpit and organized a congregation of his own in the year 1602, which is believed to have been the first nonconforming church in England.

John Robinson at the same time was preaching a similar gospel at

Gainsborough, twelve miles west of Scrooby, and there met with similar discipline because of his nonconformity. He, too, organized an independent congregation, and when James I. came to the throne it was the only nonconforming church surviving in the whole of England.

Those whom Clyfton and Robinson had converted organized a reformed church at Scrooby, of which Clyfton became pastor, with Robinson as his assistant. They originally held their meetings in one of the out-buildings of the manor house of the archbishop of York. This congregation, however, was not allowed to worship in peace. The members, according to the narrative of William Bradford, "were hunted and persecuted on every side, and seeing themselves thus molested, by joint consent, they resolved to go over to the low countries, where they heard there was freedom of religion for all men. So, after they had continued together for about a year, and kept their meetings every Sabbath in one place or another, exercising the worship of God among themselves, notwithstanding all the vigilance and malice of their adversaries, seeing that they could no longer continue in that condition, they resolved to get over into Holland as they could, which was in the years 1607 and 1608."

All that now remains of the old manor house is a ruined wall and the name. The property still belongs to the archbishop of York, and on the west side of the present building is a brass tablet bearing this inscription:

This tablet was erected by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Mass., to mark the site of the ancient Manor House, where lived

#### WILLIAM BREWSTER

from 1588 to 1608, and where he organized the Pilgrim Church, of which he became a ruling elder, and with which, in 1608, he removed to Amsterdam, in 1609 to Leyden, and in 1620 to Plymouth, where he died, April 16, 1644.

William Bradford, first Governor of Massachusetts and historian of the colony, was born at Austerfield, a village three miles from Scrooby, in 1589, and the house is still standing. It is called the Manor House, and visitors are shown a damp cellar, lit by only one window, and that fifteen inches square, in which the pilgrims used to hold services secretly. Bradford's family, like Brewster's, were people of wealth and importance, and when his father died in 1591 he was left to the guardianship of his uncle, a scholarly clergyman with a fine library to which the boy had access in his childhood. He acquired a familiar knowledge, as he tells us, with "Dutch, French, Latin, Greek and Hebrew; history, philosophy, antiquity and theology." But in spite of the wrath of his uncle he, too, "with a very deliberate and understanding resolution, and the reading of the scriptures, combined with the illuminating ministry of Richard (Tyden," took up the new movement and became an ardent and active member of the Reformed Church. Bradford was educated to a higher degree than any other of the pilgrims.

In 1902 a memorial church was erected in the old town of Gainsborough, on the River Trent, where Ethelred the Great, had his castle, and Alfred the Great, who married his daughter, spent several years. Here Sweyn, King of Denmark, landed for his invasion of England in 1013, and the traces of his fortifications may still be seen. And here, it is claimed, that bold and vain viking Canute made his celebrated attempt to exercise authority over the waters of the sea. All through the ages events of importance have occurred at Gainsborough. George Eliot made it the scene of her story, "The Mill on the Floss." She calls it "St. Oggs."

In 1896 Mr. Bayard, ambassador of the United States, laid the corner stone of the "John Robinson Memorial Church," to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the organization of the pilgrim congregation in that city. The church was completed

and dedicated in 1902 and an explanatory tablet was erected with this inscription:

This tablet, unveiled June 11th, 1902, in the 300th year after the formation of the church in Gainsborough, with which the name of John Robinson is associated, stands as a record of the co-operation of American with English Congregationalists in erecting a building to commemorate him, the thought of whom stirs equal reverence in English and American hearts.

John Robinson was a native of Gainsborough, a son of the arch-deacon of Lincoln Cathedral, born in 1575, educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, ordained to the ministry, was curate at Mundham and Norwich and was excommunicated for heresy. His congregation stood by him, "certain citizens being excommunicated for resorting unto and praying with him, who was utterly revered by all the city for the Grace of God that was in him."

John Carver was also a resident of Gainsborough before he took refuge in Holland with the others in 1607-08, and became a deacon of Mr. Robinson's church. Very little can be discovered about him. He was of humble parentage, but "grave, pious, prudent, self-denying and judicious." On the arrival of the pilgrims in the New World he was chosen the first governor, which indicates the respect in which he was held, but he died of sunstroke in the following year, the very day that the Mayflower started upon her return voyage.

Edward Winslow came from Droitwich in the County of Worcester, and his family were rich salt makers. He did not come under the influence of the pilgrims until he went to Leyden as a student at the university. There he made the acquaintance of John Robinson, was converted by him and joined the pilgrim colony.

John Winthrop was the son of a lawyer and was born at Edwardston in 1587. He joined the movement at Cambridge while he was a student, left Groton, where his family

were living, and sailed from Southampton in 1630, ten years after the Mayflower. Groton is in Suffolk County, seven miles from a railway station, and in the ancient church are several tablets to the memory of members of the family, which indicates their importance.

It is entirely probable that the removal to Holland was suggested and directed by William Brewster, because, shortly after his graduation from Cambridge, he became secretary to William Davison, secretary of state to Queen Elizabeth, and in 1585 accompanied him on an embassy to the Netherlands, where he spent three months and was greatly impressed with "the sight of a brave people in arms for national and religious freedom."

Therefore, when the persecution of the three congregations at Scrooby, Gainsborough and Babworth became intolerable, Brewster and Bradford entered into negotiations with a Dutch sea captain, who agreed to take them across the channel. After they had gone aboard with all their possessions, either through fear or for a bribe, the skipper betrayed them to the authorities, and they were arrested and roughly hauled ashore—men, women and children. The Dutchman refused to repay their passage money, they were robbed of almost all their funds and effects and several of them were kept in prison for months because they were unable to pay the fines that were imposed upon them for attempting to leave England without passports.

In the following spring, however, many of those who had attempted to leave Boston tried it again, and were more successful. They embarked upon a Dutch vessel at Grimsby Common, a tract of waste land near the mouth of the River Humber, whither they had made their way by stealth in small parties. After a long and disagreeable passage they reached Amsterdam and settled quietly down in the land of their adoption, "learning new handicraft and ways of living in order to meet their daily needs." Brewster taught English in the university at Leyden.

He afterward set up a printing press and published several theological works which could not be printed in London. The English government complained in 1619, and demanded his arrest and extradition. The Dutch government, having special reasons for wishing to be on friendly terms with King James, at once agreed, and in due course of time arrested the wrong man, who was sent to London for trial. Brewster immediately took flight and returned to London, which he considered the safest hiding place. He received the shelter and assistance of Sir Edwin Sandys, son of the archbishop of York, who had been one of his childhood friends and playmates at Scrooby. Sandys was treasurer of the Virginia Company, and through him Brewster obtained a patent for a tract of land in that colony.

He returned to Holland, and, with Bradford's cooperation, organized the company of pilgrims and embarked them in two vessels, the Mayflower and the Speedwell. Before they had gone far down the channel the captain of the Speedwell refused to continue the voyage on the ground that his vessel was unseaworthy. His passengers were transferred to the Mayflower, and the voyage was continued to Plymouth, where additional supplies were obtained. The name of the port touched before plunging into the unknown was therefore bestowed upon the rock upon which they laid the foundation of the greatest nation in the living world.

Few American tourists go to Scrooby. There is nothing about it in the guide book and it does not appear in the ordinary itineraries, but it should be the object of pilgrimage to all patriotic Americans, and especially to the descendants of the Mayflower colony.

The distinction of having been born in a locality which gave birth to so many persons of note can only be equalled by that other one which has become so prominent in recent years. I refer to the coming of titled foreigners to this country to secure American girls as their wives.

Nor do I condemn this growing custom, as the manner of some is, but rather look upon it as one of the ways by which Providence is to eventually bring the nations of the earth together, in the bonds of comity, peace, and mutual good will. If God made of one blood all the nations of men, surely it was never intended that they should hold each other by the throat, the stronger seeking the destruction of the weaker, or, at best, holding themselves aloof from each other and striving by every means in their power to enlarge and enrich themselves at the expense of their weaker and less favored neighbors. No, I do not so read the Sermon on the Mount, nor do I so interpret the Golden Rule. If it be objected that some of these marriages do not turn out well, why, the same thing, in view of the alarming extent to which the divorce courts are besieged, may be said as against any marriages at all in these United States of America; for it is an alarming fact that divorces are becoming notoriously frequent and the sacredness of the marriage relation is being cheapened to woeful extent.

As a foreigner, coming to the United States, I became enamoured of an American girl and in due time laid siege to her heart and hand; only, between the alleged European fortune hunters and myself there are a few differences, which I will take the liberty to point out, lest my wife, after living with me for nearly fifty years, might come to think that my motive in seeking her hand was of no loftier character than that which is so freely ascribed to these so-called "fortune hunters" of the present time. If, like them, I married an American girl, it was not

on account of her wealth in houses, or lands, or gold, or stocks, or bonds, but because of her personal worth, her great wealth in those womanly virtues which are the chief adornment of the best type of womanhood, the world over; and which constitute the only true and lasting foundation of good citizenship, here and everywhere. Besides, I had no title from the Queen. I was not a Baron, or a Lord, or a Duke, or even a Knight. I had no coat of arms to give in exchange for money, nothing of the sort. I had the arms right enough, also the coat, such as it was; the arms were in the coat, not on it, making a shield and an encircling buckler which may be supposed to constitute a reasonable protection, against which nothing can be said.

But, as the novelists say, of this more anon.

## CHAPTER II.

When I had reached my sixth year the family bid adieu to Elsham, and taking ship at Hull, set sail for London; passing down the river Humber, out to the North Sea and down the east coast of England, we entered the river Thames, and sailing up that noted stream, we passed among the many places of historic interest, the city of Woolwich, which contains one of the finest dockyards in the world, where the greatest ships are launched. Woolwich is also the seat of the chief arsenal of England. A little farther up the river, you come to Greenwich, well known as the seat of the royal observatory, from which the longitude of places is reckoned and marked on all English charts. Arriving at London in due time, conveyances were secured and we were driven over

the London and Oxford turnpike road through Uxbridge to Beaconsfield, twenty-three miles westward from London. Beaconsfield, (locally pronounced Beckonsfield) was a town of about fourteen hundred people, and is the place which gave to Benjamin Disraeli, Prime Minister of Great Britain under Queen Victoria, his title of Lord Beaconsfield. There we lived seven years on a farm known as the Hyde farm, located, as near as I can now remember, about two miles from the village. I must confess that my memory is clouded as to many things connected with that period of my life; I can only recall two or three things and even they may be of but little interest.

My school life began in earnest while we were at Hyde Farm, and I may say that my experience during these days was not unlike that of the boys and girls who live on farms in the United States and attend school in adjoining towns or in country places.

The school which I attended was a private institution kept by a Mr. Russell, who had for a helper a young man named William Treadway; we boys always called him Billy Treddy, not because we had anything against him but because, well, we were boys and it came handy.

In the morning, after an early breakfast, I was gotten ready for school either by my mother or my half-sister, Mary Ann Leedham, and I want to say right here that no boy ever had a better sister than she has been to me; from my earliest recollection she always had me under her care and would stoutly defend me against all my enemies, no matter whether I was in the right or wrong

of it; that made no difference to her, she never stopped to make fine distinctions. I remember, on one occasion, when I was a very little fellow, long before I had been made lappy with my first pair of pants, that a little girl who was considerably older than I and who was so brimming full of mischief that it had to have an outlet in some manner, seemed to find great satisfaction in making me the object of her mirthful capers, and sometimes, I fear, the victim of her angry resentment. Be that as it may, I was easily frightened by her threatening words or looks, being a good deal of a coward, but at the same time quite easily stirred up by any real or fancied insult which I would resent in the only way which seemed open to me, that is, by angry tears. My tormentor who perfectly understood my failings, played upon them with intense delight; she made faces at me, she frightened me with ghost stories and threatened me with all sorts of direful things. But one day my sister caught her teasing me in an unmerciful manner which aroused her indignation to the boiling point and catching the girl after a long chase, she settled accounts with her for all time to come, to my great satisfaction; but in doing so sadly unsettled, for the time being, at least, the friendly relations which had hitherto existed between the two families.

I carried my dinner in a little basket as did three or four others who lived far enough away from the school to make it necessary for them to take their dinner with them. Among the many good things which usually made my dinner was a fair sized piece of rhubarb pie; now I never cared for pie plant in any way.

and until recently I have hardly ever touched it since my Beaconsfield school days. I never said much about it at home because I was always looking for a chance to trade it off at school for something more to my liking, so that hunk of rhubarb pie seldom failed to show up at the bottom of my dinner basket.

There was one thing, however, which made the matter a little harder for me. One of the boys, who like myself, carried his dinner to school, always finished up with a huge piece of mince pie which never failed to make my mouth water; the kid himself was almost an exact counterpart of Dickens' fat boy, so graphically pictured by the great author in *Pickwick Papers*. My! how I did hanker after that fellow's pie. I tried to enlist his sympathies. I offered him my pie plant for it, I would joyously have parted with all mine for half of his; I offered to throw in some marbles a white ally and four commoners; I coaxed him, I badgered him, and I would have threatened him only I was afraid to. Nothing I could say or do ever induced him to let go of any portion of that tempting mince pie, not even a stingy bite of it. I was too honest to steal it, too poor to buy it even had it ever been in the market, and I could not get trusted for it, so the case was absolutely and utterly hopeless. I never liked that boy. Even at this late day, after so many years, I still think he might have let me had just one bite.

Our studies at Mr. Russell's school were all elementary, as befitted children of our age; we were only to get ready, as Mr. Russell was careful to remind us on every fitting occasion, for greater things later on. We were just entering

upon the most wonderful times in the world's history and we would do well to get a good ready for whatever lay before us; we would have to know a great deal more than our fathers, because so much more would be required of us, and so we were spurred on from day to day, by the inspiring words and the zealous example of that good man who earned for himself two shillings and six pence a week, or whatever the modest charge for our tuition might have been. But alas! his oft repeated advice so kindly intended, was lost to a great extent, I am afraid, upon most of us because of its very frequency; it became to us, *ad nauseam ad hoc* and ad everything else that was disagreeable.

The prevailing sentiment among those embryo British citizens, whose homes were to be their castles, in the not distant future, was that we didn't care to know any more than our dads. What was good enough for them was good enough for us, and right there we planted our hobnailed shoes, feeling that we could not do otherwise. But it must be remembered that we were very young.

Our chief was, on the whole, an excellent teacher and a humane man. He was by no means unduly given to the rod when we consider the times in which he lived and flourished, which was essentially a wallowing age. Of course, he found it necessary to use his cane quite frequently which to his younger pupils was an instrument of terror, though I am inclined to think it had a wholesome influence on the warlike kids of that day, who very early came to think that the highest proof of manhood was to be found in their pugnacious propensities which were very carefully nurtured and practiced.



It was a virtue to stand up like a man and give and take what was coming to us. To be sure we were required to commit to memory that wholesome advice given by the poet, for the good of all beligerent youngsters and had we at all times followed it, many a hard fought battle would never have occurred. It began in this way:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,

For God has made them so;

Let bears and lions growl and fight.

For 'tis their nature to;

But, children, you should never let

Your angry passions rise;

Your little hands were never made

'To tear each other's eyes."

I have a distinct recollection of having once, at least, passed under the rod. Four of us boys who ate our dinners on the school grounds, conceived the brilliant thought one fine summer afternoon when the sun was shedding his golden rays warm and bright overhead, the trees all clothed in their summer verdure, the song birds making melody in the hedge-rows, the bees busily humming and gathering honey from the flower gilded glebe; when all nature, in a word, seemed to be beckoning us away from the little stuffy school room and its droning lessons to the green meadows where the cowslips, daisies, buttercups and primroses grew; where the air was made fragrant with acres of sweet-smelling violets which are found in such abundance all over England, and which to me are the loveliest of all the flowers that grow. We were not strong enough to resist the temptation that day; we stole away from the school grounds after we had eaten our dinners and alas, did not return again till quite late in the afternoon, when, after discussing the awful situation among ourselves, guilty

wretches that we were, we finally mustered up courage and made a sneak for our seats. It was no go. The eagle eye of the master was upon us. We were invited to make ourselves more conspicuous; in other words, to align ourselves on the floor in front of the whole school. There was a little hesitancy at first but it didn't last long; we may not have been very apt scholars in certain directions, but in others we were right smart, a very short space of time found us all in a row with the master in front of us and we facing the school.

It was the first time in my life that I had been given the floor in the presence of an intelligent and sympathetic audience and that without asking for it.

The master stood before us armed with the insignia of office, his baton of power, his stern face bent down upon us; there was a gleam in his eye akin to that of the pirate chieftain as he haughtily treads the deck of the low-lying, long, rakish-looking craft, striking terror into the hearts of all about him—

"Hold out your right hand," said he, in a voice that made me tremble with apprehension, as the instrument of torture was raised over his right shoulder to make it more impressive. "Hold out your right hand." I slowly and timidly produced the required member from behind my back where it was concealed for the moment, and stretched it out in front of me; down came the merciless cane upon it just once, but that was quite enough. I was ordered to my seat and the others were served in the same way. There was no partiality shown any of us; we were all equally guilty and merited equal punishment.



The visible effect produced was not the same, however, one or two of us cried over it, the others did not; whereupon a discussion arose after school was out over the question as stated by one of the boys who had always managed in one way or another on many former occasions to escape chastisement for his own misdoings. "What's the use of cryin' anyhow?" said he. He was promptly advised that he would have found out if he had been one of the martyred four; it was one thing to sit on your seat and see somebody else get a lickin' and quite another thing to get it yourself. I don't remember whether I was one of the "crybabies" or not, no matter. I have seen some very spunky people cry when they were angry, the angrier they became the harder they cried. In what other way can a baby give expression to its indignant feelings so effectively as by squirming and kicking and crying? Nature has provided it with that masterful weapon for practical, not for esthetic purposes. Where is the young man whose sister has not seen the time when her greatest consolation was to retire to her own front room, up stairs, and all by herself, intone the wail of the weeping prophet of Israel. "O, that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears." Job Trotter had a handy faculty of producing them on demand; he was an expert in the use of tears; even the astute Sam Weller gazed upon Job Trotter in admiration when he was in tears. Tears are no mean weapons, no matter by whom or for what purpose they may be used.

The curriculum at the Beaconsfield school included memorizing and reciting passages of Scripture; these verses were called for on stated oc-

casions and they certainly served a good purpose to me, at least, for years afterward, upon entering the ministry I found that I was able to recall without difficulty many texts which had been fastened upon my mind in my childhood days at school. Three of them I recall at this moment: Genesis 3-15, Numbers 24-17, and Isaiah 53-6.

### CHAPTER III.

In England in those days as in other European countries, there was a deep seated belief in ghosts and other uncanny things, which, as might be expected, exerted an exceedingly unhappy influence over the children. Of course this wretched superstition where it existed among grown up people was generally confined to the ignorant, it had little place among those who could lay claim to much intelligence. At the same time its influence was felt to some extent, even among those who openly ridiculed the idea of ghosts; they were loath to pass through a grave yard at night, or even through a body of timber when it was very dark. The servants would tell their hideous, hobgoblin yarns with such doleful, scarey voices to the shivering children that the poor little things almost frightened to death, would not recover from the effect produced upon their minds for years. I have little patience with those heartless dolts who deliberately frighten children with ghost stories, or by practical jokes endanger the peace of mind and sometimes even the lives of grown-up people.

On the farm where we lived there was a body of timber skirting a

meadow through which I had to pass on my way to and from school. One evening after school, in company with two or three other children of my own age, I stopped to renew a game of marbles which had been interrupted when school called in the afternoon. We all became so deeply interested in the game that the time passed unobserved by us till the shadows of evening began to gather. I hastened on home as fast as I could, but we had lingered a little too long and it was getting dark when I reached the timber which had always been my bugaboo at night. I whistled and sang and made all the noise I could to keep my courage up, but unfortunately for me I could not keep my eyes off the timber, try as hard as I might, and oh, dreadful thing. I saw a ghost, a veritable full grown ghost. Now Roger Sainton used to say that a white sheet made nine parts of a ghost, and imagination one part, but I think that imagination makes all the ten parts of it if there be ten parts to it, though I did not think so then.

I saw the ghost with my own eyes, there was no mistake about that. It was not necessary that I should linger to investigate more closely the awful spectre. I did not tarry for a single moment. I stopped whistling and began to run, O, how I did run, nor did I stop till almost breathless and nearly frightened out of my wits, I reached home to be folded in my mother's arms. The ghost I had seen proved to be only an old white horse which had been turned loose in the woods and was innocently browsing on the leaves of the trees, near the edge of the timber, without a single thought of the dire alarm he had

created in one small breast. I was, very careful after that to pass those woods in the daytime, when I was alone.

Farm life in England as I remember it is essentially the same as in the United States. Of course there are differences arising out of local conditions and customs, the introduction of machinery, the improved means for transportation of the products to market and newer methods of labor, together with the comparative length of time the lands have been under cultivation; but the actual living is the same in all essential particulars. One of the chief sources of income at Hyde Farm was its fruit products, apples, pears, plums and especially cherries, never have I seen such quantities and such varieties of cherries. Well do I remember with what interest we children looked forward to the time when they would be ripe and ready for market. Baskets shaped like a half bushel measure were made of willow twigs and lined with fresh ferns. In these baskets the cherries were carefully packed and when they were filled the top was covered with ferns, and sticks as large as a lady's finger were crossed over the baskets and fastened in the sides; in this manner the cherries kept fresh and cool, were carried up to London and marketed. At that time there were no railroads in that immediate vicinity, so that everything had to be hauled to market in wagons and that gave me an opportunity to make a good many trips to London and see the city.

It was my father's custom to take a load of baled hay and cherries in their season, at the same time, for baled hay was always in demand

at the London hay market. We usually left the farm in the evening and travelling all night reached the city next morning in time for the opening of the market.

Those English farm wagons were heavy, wide tired affairs, not unlike the Pennsylvania wagon; much larger and more cumbersome than those used on an Iowa farm, and inasmuch as all public roads were macadamized and kept in thorough repair, immense loads could be hauled to market. The horses were hitched one in front of the other and driven tandem, generally three or four of them, while the driver found a seat on the thills close up to the front wheel of the wagon, on the high side. For this reason teams always turned to the left instead of the right in passing each other. Seated on the thills my father rode with his long driving whip in his hand, while I was made secure on the off side, till I would get too sleepy, in which event both of us would drop off our perches and trudge along beside the horses until wearied out I would hail with much rejoicing the suburbs of the city, where we stopped for a rest and a breakfast of mutton chops, hot cross buns and coffee.

Out of school hours or during vacation days my chief occupation was spudding thistles, a game at which I became quite proficient, not because it was enjoyable work, but because much practice through many days made me familiar with all the finer points of the game, so I could, under discouraging circumstances, like Mark Tapley, be quite jolly. If I had had a companion to share my burdens occasionally, and to talk to as the days went by it might have been different; but I

was alone and every thistle in the field was my mortal enemy, for every one of them stood for a Frenchman, and at that period, so soon after the battle of Waterloo, every English boy regarded with haughty scorn the people across the channel who had been their enemies, most of the time ever since the days of the Black Prince. An Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen any day. Let them come on, who cared; those thistles were Frenchmen, and this intrepid spudder warrior was ready for them. He made nothing of attacking them as they stood there segregated from each other, scattered over the field of battle, as in single file, or in serried ranks they stood before him; no matter, they were his prey, and right royally did he wade into them with all a Briton's brawn, for just a little while at a time. The largest and fiercest of them were colonels and line officers but they all fell, one after another, ingloriously before the prowess of that sturdy Briton's good right arm, gallantly assisted by his left. O, it was glorious in imagination, but hardly so in fact, for the nationality of those contemptible thistles with their utter destruction furnished the opposing troopless general with the only satisfaction he was ever able to get out of his campaigns.

During our years at the farm, death entered the family and removed two of its members, one, my half brother, George Leedham, a young man aged twenty-one, who had been afflicted by a sad accident in his childhood, having been scalded by the overturning of a kettle of boiling water which threw him into fits from which he never recovered but which eventually was

the cause of his death, for as he was wandering about the place one day one of those fits came on, and it was my sad lot to find him lying with his head and shoulders completely immersed in the mud and water of a deep ditch into which he had fallen, while his feet were lying on the bank. He had been dead some time when I discovered him. My poor mother, whose love seemed to center on him because of his misfortune, was nearly heart broken over the sad accident; and indeed it was a hard blow to all of us for George was a gentle, kind hearted, inoffensive young man, whom we all deeply loved. About the same time my infant brother, Frederick, died of scarlet fever. Thus we were called upon to suffer a double bereavement which was a great affliction to my parents.

The year 1851, which was our last year at Hyde Farm, was marked by what was to me an event of extraordinary importance—the first World's Fair. The Crystal Palace was he'd that year in London and it was my great privilege to see it. It had been widely announced that the entrance fee was to be reduced to one shilling on a certain day, because on that day the royal family was to be present and the price of admission was placed low so that the common people might have an opportunity to see the Queen. It so happened that my father and I were in London that day, but if the Queen was at the show we did not happen to see her, which was not at all surprising, considering the vast crowds of people in the vicinity of the palace and the consequent difficulty of getting about. However, we were not greatly disappointed for we had

once seen Her Majesty in her carriage of state driving on the London and Oxford road, on a previous occasion. It is said that the royal carriage is drawn by eight horses and that no private family is permitted to use that number. It is the royal prerogative and must not be infringed upon, for it is a distinguishing feature by which the royal family en route is known from all others, which I suppose is a necessity. However, those who have a desire to ape royalty can do so if they choose by driving seven horses and a mule, which I understand is sometimes done.

The Crystal Palace, which as its name imports, was built of glass and iron, its floors only were of wood. Of course it could not compare with the great fairs which have followed in Europe or America in the matter of dimensions or indeed in many other respects, for it was only 1851 feet in length and covered an area of only 21 acres. It was visited by six million people. But when we consider the fact that it was the pioneer of the great fairs of the world, it was certainly a wonder. Passing a monstrous piece of coal at one of the entrances, which was too large to be carried inside, my attention was caught by the great Kohinour diamond, chiefly I think on account of the extraordinary care that was taken to guard it from thieves, for I knew nothing of its value. The Kohinour was at that time the largest diamond in the world, but the enormous Cullinan stone found by a Mr. Tom Cullinan in the Transvaal is by far the largest as yet discovered, for it is said to be of 3,024 1-3 carats, or 1.37 lbs. avordupois and is valued at \$5,000,000.

But of all the things I saw that day, there was one that so deeply interested me that I have never forgotten its exact appearance. It was a wonder to a boy of my age and would be of considerable interest even now. It was just a common ordinary pocket knife with a bone handle and blades of steel, but it contained 1851 of those steel blades, from one to two feet long and proportionally wide and thick, on down of all sorts and sizes till the smallest could not have been more than a quarter of an inch long. They were all open from the handle and stood out in all directions like the quills on a porcupine's back when he is on a war footing. Up to that time that was the greatest sight I had even seen. I have often thought since, if that knife had been lost for a thousand years and then found by some antiquarian, what a time the wiseacres might have had over the monstrous size of a man, who, in the middle of the nineteenth century carried a pocket knife like that.

There were other places and things in London besides the Crystal Palace which were of great interest to me, not the least of which was Trafalgar Square, where the monument of the greatest of all English admirals, Lord Nelson, stands; Paternoster Row, where fifty years ago both sides of the street were lined with book stores, Cheapside, Fleet street, the Strand, London Bridge, The Thames Tunnel, through which I passed under the river; The British Museum, Westminster Abbey and many other places of historic interest which are the common property of all mankind.

One day as we were passing down

one of the principal thoroughfares, my father pointed out a sign which read: "BEN CAUNT, Champion of England." This he told me meant that Mr. Caunt was the greatest fist fighter in England, a fact that I was quite familiar with already, though my father was not aware of it. I have been told that one of those champions of the prize ring, before he entered upon his illustrious career as an exponent of the "manly art" was a brick mason, and one day he decided to make a change, so taking from his pocket his old bulls eye silver watch he imbedded it in mortar, between two bricks in the wall upon which he was at work, saying as he did so: "From this on I quit work and fight for a living." Tradition has it that the watch may be seen in the wall to this day, though Tom Sayers, the man who put it there has been dead for many years; however that may be there can be no question that if Mr. Sayers was desirous of fighting for a living, it was not necessary that he should leave the honest toil of a brick mason to enter the roped arena. Every man that gets an honest living finds that he has to fight for it, and generally he finds foes worthy of the best that is in him.

Among the well known public buildings in London, few are better known than the St. Paul Cathedral. It is certainly a magnificent structure and is well worth a visit. Even as a boy I was delighted with it when on one occasion I visited it with my father. To say nothing of the building itself which has so often been described by tourists and others, the great organ charmed me beyond measure, for it was a wonderful creation; I had never heard

of anything to compare with it nor have I ever since heard its equal, though at the present time there are a few larger in Europe and also in this country. On the dome or cupola of the cathedral there is a hollow iron ball which viewed from the ground appears to be not larger than an ordinary tea kettle, but in reality is large enough to seat nine full grown persons; my father was inside of it when there were seven others and he said there was quite room enough for another.

There is an interesting story connected with St. Paul's church which was told me many years ago: A horrible crime had been committed in the vicinity of the cathedral which was shown to have been committed at midnight. No trace of the perpetrator of the deed could be found though every effort was made to uncover the criminal. Large rewards were offered for his apprehension and conviction but without avail, he could not be found; at length suspicion fell upon a certain policeman whose beat covered the place where the crime had been perpetrated. The officer was not charged with the actual commission of the crime, but with neglect of duty, for which he was tried in court and would have been convicted had it not been for a most unusual occurrence. He was accused of being asleep on his beat instead of being awake and alert as he should have been. To this charge he plead not guilty, and in proof of his wakefulness declared that the clock on St. Paul's church instead of striking twelve at midnight, struck thirteen times, a fact which upon investigation was corroborated by the testimony of two other witnesses.

In the fall of 1851, we left Hyde

Farm and moved to Wooburn Green, a village in the same county of Buckingham, where my father rented a public house which had over its front door a swinging sign of sheet iron upon which had been painted many years before, so long that the letters had become faded and blurred with age, this legend: "Old Bull Inn." The house had been so called from the days of Charles the Second, for aught I know to the contrary. It was an old fashioned English Inn, and for that year we provided for the wants of the traveling public, both man and beast.

The year to me was uneventful except for one or two things, one of these was a dangerous illness from typhus fever which came very near proving fatal. It was only through the skill of two excellent physicians and my mother's constant loving care, who watched over me night and day as only a mother can or would do, that after a long wearisome period of hovering between life and death, I was finally pulled through to recovery. So near was I to death's door that during my unconscious mental wanderings, as the crisis approached, I told my mother I was going to die at twelve o'clock that night. It was a strange thing to say and it impressed all who heard it; of course they thought after that there was little hope, and as the time drew near all were filled with anxiety. At exactly twelve o'clock Dr. Rumsey, who had been with me all the evening, looked at the watch he held in his hand and then at me, a sigh of relief escaped him as he smilingly turned to my mother and said: "Mrs. Green, your son will get well." During the convalescent period I was seated at the



window overlooking the green, and was allowed to watch the cricket games between our fellows and the neighboring towns. Of course I was intensely interested in those games, being a member of the junior club. Great Marlow, a town about eight miles distant, was one of our chief opponents and I greatly enjoyed, even in my weak condition, a close game between the two clubs in which our fellows finally pulled out a victory.

The only very clear recollection of my school days that year was the presentation of a new testament to me by my teacher which I have before me as I write. It has my name on the fly leaf with the day it was given me, Oct. 14th, 1851.

And now, a word about "the stocks." This was an uncomfortable institution invented for the punishment of minor offenders against the law; it was used to some extent even as late as the middle of the nineteenth century, and may be at the present time in some places for aught I know. There was one of these machines at Wooburn Green, and on a few occasions I have seen it occupied, though not often. It was an affair made of two planks through which half circles were made, which when they were shut together formed round holes large enough to admit a man's ankle, but too small for his feet to pass through. The offender was locked in by his ankles and compelled to sit on the ground in that uncomfortable position as long as his sentence lasted. Of course such a spectacle as a man in the stocks was a source of immense amusement to boys, especially if the unfortunate sufferer happened to be there for drunkenness, which was generally

the case. The boys made the most of the amusement, it was away ahead of any other diversion for the baser sort and even those who rated themselves as belonging to the better classes were not averse to the fun; so they would gather around the unfortunate culprit, offering all sorts of suggestions touching the best way to "cut loose," making the absurdest remarks about his appearance. Was he as comfortable as could reasonably be expected under the circumstances? Would he like to send a message to his friends? Was there anything he thought he might like to drink? Would he sing to them, "Home, sweet home," if they would join in the chorus? And thus the young rascals worried and pestered their helpless victim until they were driven off by the constable.

One day, early in March, 1853, my father said to me, "Harry, do you think you could paint some letters on a board?" "Why, yes," I replied, "I think I could." "Well," he said, "I will tell you something, we are going to leave England for America as soon as we can get things settled up here and we will need some lettering on boxes; I will have some made and then you can try your hand on them."

So in a few days the chests were made and sent to us, I took a brush and some black paint which my father had procured and painted in pretty fair shape the following words, "S. Green, Passenger to New York."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

So we were to leave old England, the land of my birth and my home for the first fourteen years of my



life. I did not think much about it at the time except that the announcement filled me with joyous anticipations. I looked forward rather than backward in that hour, the backward looking came later. We were going to America; where was America; what was America? ...y people seemed to know very little about it except in a general way; none of us had any clear conception of what America was like, we were much befogged, as might be expected. It was a plunge in the dark to us youngsters, but if the older minds had serious doubts as to the wisdom of the move, the younger had none whatever. To me it was a great occasion, I was going to America; if they had told me we were going to Botany Bay it would have been the same to me, I think. As it was, it was a lark, a great trip, a big journey; we were going to travel by land and also by water, by stage, by cars, by ship, by boat and in every other old way, hip! hip! hip! hurrah! I was going to America; it made me "chesty," I sprang at once into a person of consequence among the kids of our town, and why shouldn't I? They were not going to America, I was; and I strutted around and made myself ridiculous overlording it among my boy friends who began to look at me with a kind of awe because I was going to America. But how would I like it? It would be so different from all my experience. Would there be good fishing, good hunting, did they play cricket in America, and did they have mince pies there, because if they didn't I wouldn't like it.

My father was pleased with the idea of emigration to America, to him it offered better opportunities

than were to be had at home, some of which were afterward realized. To my mother the prospect was not flattering, the thought of breaking away from the ties of a lifetime was not a pleasant one. To her it meant leaving home never to behold it again, and going away to a far-off land of which she knew little or nothing, to begin again the battle of life under conditions which were altogether unfamiliar to her and really alarming; to be deprived of the simple comforts to which she had been accustomed all her life, to make a new home in the wilderness among strange people. It was a hard thing to ask of a woman in advanced years, whose affections all clustered around her home and her native land. You can transplant a young tree and it will thrive, but not an old one, for the old one does not take kindly to new soil. Going to America meant much more to her than to any of the rest of us, and she never lived to see the day, when, comparing the new with the old, she did not look back with sadness to the hour she set sail for America. If she ever became at all reconciled to the change it must have been because her eldest son, William, had been in the United States a year, and had written back some accounts of the country and the prospects for its future development, so it was his letters that opened the way for our coming, little as they had to offer in the way of inducement to my mother. Another son, Thomas, who was married and lived in London, determined with his wife to go with us, so the matter was settled and all arrangements made for our departure.

The good ship Sir Robert Peel was lying at her dock in the Thames,

when we arrived in London. Immediately going on board we were passed into the steerage and there our troubles began. If we had been able to pay for our passage even in the second cabin, it would have been altogether different, there we would have enjoyed some comforts, but my father had met with misfortune, he had lost almost all that he had possessed, so that he was unable to pay the high prices demanded for cabin passage, and there was therefore nothing better for us than the steerage.

The Sir Robert Peel was a sailing vessel of eighteen hundred tons burthen, and for that day was a good average craft. Her captain was every inch a gentleman, a fine capable officer who won the respect of all on board. Many years afterward, I happened to be a guest in the home of Governor and Mrs. Larrabee, at Clermont, Iowa. The conversation at the table turning upon ocean voyages, the governor asked me the name of the vessel on which I had crossed the ocean. I replied: "The Sir Robert Peel." "Why, he said with a smile, "My brother was captain of that ship." "At the time we crossed the captain's name was Chadwick," I replied. "Yes," he assented, "at that time it was Captain Chadwick, and my brother was first mate; he afterward succeeded to the command of the ship." Upon reflection I was able to recall Mr. Larrabee as an efficient and gentlemanly officer. The steerage was crowded with passengers, who, like ourselves, were bound for "the States." There were four hundred and fifty of them of various nationalities, quite enough to make it interesting for the rest of us. If the black hole of Calcutta was much

worse than that steerage, God pity the poor wretches who were shut up in it. Of course the officers did everything in their power to make the place endurable, but the moral and sanitary conditions were terrible. It could not well be otherwise, nearly five hundred people crowded into so small a space, some of whom were shamelessly filthy. The stench at times became so unbearable that we complained to the officers and the wretched crowd was driven to the deck, and tar was burned in the steerage to purify the place; at that it was no worse than other ships and quite likely it was much better than some of them.

From that time to this, after an interval of over fifty years, I still retain the remembrance of those noisome emigrant odors. Indeed it is inconceivable how any person who has been obliged to endure it for any length of time, could ever forget it; you would know it among a thousand, wherever you might chance to meet it. A few years ago I was walking down Broadway, New York, in company with a friend; we were heading for Castle Garden, hoping that we might witness the docking of some incoming ocean greyhound. Long before we reached the point we were aiming for I suddenly stopped and began sniffing the air. "What in the world are you snuffing at," laughingly asked my friend, "What is the matter?" "Can't you smell it?" I excitedly asked him. "Smell nothing," he retorted, "Are you crazy?" "Not on your life," I indignantly cried, "Just wait a bit and you'll see." And sure enough, in a few minutes they came alongside, a large party of them; they had just landed and with their dunnage tied up in bundles and

slung over their shoulders, were making headway up the street, and I could scent them from afar, they had come to America.

It was not long after we had gone aboard that the ship having completed her lading, began slowly dropping down the river in tow of a tug, carefully feeling her way amid the intricate mass of river and sea-going craft. Both sides of the Thames were lined with cities and towns, on down to its mouth. We were leaving the old country for the new. To my younger sister and me it was a picnic, it was great, but to all the rest of the family it did not appear just that way, to them it was full of sadness, they never expected to look upon those shores again. This land of Poets, Philosophers, Warriors, Statesmen, Preachers, Authors, Painters, Sculptors and makers of homes; this land of green meadows fragrant with the odors of roses and violets, beautified with the cowslip, the primrose, daisies and buttercups; melodious with the song of the thrush and the nightingale.

"Green fields of England, whereso'er

Across this watery waste we fare,  
Your image at our hearts we bear,  
Green fields of England, everywhere."

Dear old England! We will never forget thee. Night comes on and the morning dawns; the good ship Sir Robert Peel, bound from London to New York, is well on her way; she sails down the Kentish coast, through the straits of Dover, past the Isle of Wight, or, as a native of Bucks would call it, "Oily Woot," through the English Channel, passes Land's End and away to the westward and the untried experiences of a new world. It was

not long before we began to pay tribute to Neptune, all but my father and my elder sister, Rebecca, promptly and generously rendered up our accounts, fully able to appreciate that line:

"When the swallows upward fly."

We were exactly five weeks between London and New York, which for a sailing vessel sixty years ago, was considered a fair passage. We were entertained nearly all the way by a young lady of much talent. She was a vocalist, possessing, as she herself readily admitted, a voice of much sweetness and power. The lady was also blessed with a benevolent disposition which induced her to carol for the poor sailors in the fore-castle, most of whom appeared greatly to enjoy her captivating musical ministrations, for they seldom failed to respond with great eclat. It must be admitted that her repertoire was not as extensive, nor was it as choice as it might have been if considered from the standpoint of the great artists. As a matter of fact she appeared to know only one song, but then it must be said to her credit, that what was lacking in variety, was more than atoned for in zealous repetition. There was never any doubt among the passengers as to her familiarity with "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," which she rendered with unflagging zeal, and the sailors always responded with salvos of applause and encored time and again to her intense satisfaction. Unfortunately however, there was one drawback, which to most artists would have been something of a handicap; she appeared to have few if any admirers other than the sailors before the mast. The passengers were either deaf to music or they were unable to appre-

ciate her particular rendition. I noticed that this singular attitude was most pronounced among the ladies, a fact which at the time deeply impressed my juvenile mind. That gifted lady was not to be silenced by this cold indifference, however, for she never ceased to warble till we dropped anchor at the port of New York.

Two or three young whales were sighted at a distance, a shark followed the ship for several days which the sailors said was a sure sign that there would be a death on board before long, and they were right. Schools of porpoises or sea pigies as they were called, frequently appeared about the ship; acres of them gambolling in the waters and flashing in the sunlight, delighted the passengers for hours at a time. About four weeks after we sailed and the novelty had worn off we began to get anxious to see land again. I asked one of the sailors when we would reach New York; he laid one hand on my shoulder and with the other pointing directly over the bow of the ship, said. "Do you see that hill yonder?" I replied that I did, for it often appears as you look forward at sea as though there was a big hill which would have to be climbed. "Well, sonny," he said, "When we get to the top of that hill we shall be in New York. "Where-upon I thanked him for his courtesies and slowly moved aft.

We experienced some very severe storms on the passage, when it became necessary to send all the passengers below and batten down the hatches secure against the waves, which swept over the ship quite four feet deep, but like the statesman for whom she was named, she always managed to right herself and sail

serenely on. In due time the banks of Newfoundland were reached. Of course there was a fog prevailing, there generally is a fog on the "Banks" and it became necessary to shorten sail and move cautiously on account of the numerous fishing smacks which are known to be plying their vocation in those waters where cod abound. We passed the banks in safety and after a voyage of exactly five weeks, dropped anchor in New York harbor.

It was a warm afternoon toward the last of May, the weather was all that could be desired, and we were able to get fine views of all that could be seen as we entered the harbor. Wearied with the long tedious voyage we were very glad to be ashore once more and stretch our legs on the soil or rather the pavement of the new world.

It was an auspicious landing, everything promised well, but oh, how hungry we all were, all but mother; if she was hungry she gave no sign of it for when we were shown a place where we could get something to eat after the ship biscuit, black sugar, rice and bad tea we had been living on so long, she ate nothing; the rest of us ate heartily, I know I did, and the food tasted good to me, but then I did not know what it was made of; it was mostly hash and I was hungry.

We remained in New York only long enough to procure tickets to Buffalo, which we reached after a pleasant run over the New York and Erie railway, as it was then called. The change from the Atlantic ocean to terra firma, from the steerage of the ship to the comfortable open cars was a very agreeable one and was enjoyed by all of us. At Buffalo we took steamer for Chicago.

where we arrived after an uneventful trip over the lakes. Chicago, at that time just a common, ordinary town located in a swamp on the shore of lake Michigan; not one of us had the faintest idea of what it was destined to become in the near future. If we had known then what afterward came to pass, it is quite likely the destiny of our family would have been quite different. Chicago, metropolis of the west, great commercial center of an empire, synonym for all that means enterprise, push, energy, thrift, faith and determination. For all these things and for her marvelous growth she has no rival in all the world.

We had already travelled more than three thousand miles by water since leaving London, but we were by no means done with it yet, for at Chicago we boarded a boat on the Illinois-Michigan canal and once more took up our pilgrimage, with La Salle, Illinois, as our first objective point. We had gotten down to a canal boat, what next? Don't smile, the Illinois and Michigan canal at that time was a very important thoroughfare, for it connected Lake Michigan with the navigable waters of the Illinois river, and that meant the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the Gulf of Mexico. Moreover, it was a change and that was something, besides, it gave us an opportunity to walk occasionally, and after all the distance was not so very great, only one hundred miles, and after five weeks in the steerage of a sailing vessel in the company of four hundred other emigrants we were ready for almost anything.

So we journeyed on till we reached La Salle. There we sojourned for three weeks, which gave my mother and sisters a much needed

rest for they were almost worn out with the long, continuous traveling under such depressing conditions. My father and I obtained employment during our stay at La Salle, which had really become almost a necessity for our funds were getting low. I was employed at a bakery and was paid all that my services were worth. Suddenly one evening while strolling along the shores of the canal a little good fortune came upon me. I found several pieces of silver amounting in all to between two and three dollars; of course I was greatly elated over what I had found and I thought if America was all like this it would not be so bad.

Soon after our arrival at La Salle I was sent to a grocery store to make some purchases for the house. Among other things I was directed to get a pound of treacle, but alas, when I asked the groceryman for it he was bewildered; I could not make him understand what I wanted. He was all abroad and I was completely at sea; he showed me some pickles and wanted to know if that was what I wanted and when I said "no," he suggested crackers, vinegar, salt, pepper and many other things all good in their places, but none of them was what I was after. Then he wanted to know what in blazes treacle looked like anyhow, and what they did with it. I told him it looked like—like—like treacle, and they ate it when they could get it, which had not been very often of late. At that he became quite uneasy, "could I see it anywhere, was it in any of them boxes or packages?" I was confident it was not, "Well," he said, "I'll be durned." Happily, however, he was saved from such a catastrophe for just then I caught sight of a barrel

which looked as though it might contain what I wanted, so I said: "What's in that barrel?" "Molasses," he replied. "It looks like it might be treacle," I said, whereupon he went to the barrel and drew a little of its contents on a piece of white paper. "That's what I'm after," I said, at which he snapped out. "Why didn't you say you wanted molasses in the first place so as not to make so much trouble, the fool notion of callin' molasses treacle and wantin' to buy it by the pound; these blamed furriners don't know nothin' nohow." But there was nothing the matter with the molasses and I was already beginning to learn things.

After the family had, as we thought, sufficiently recovered from the fatigues of travel and my father and I had earned enough with what we had on hand to carry us through, preparations were made for an immediate move still farther westward, in the van of the course of empire. Taking passage on an Illinois river boat at Peru, we were carried down that stream past Peoria to its mouth at Grafton; then down the Mississippi river to St. Louis, where we changed to an up river boat whose prow was pointed toward the north star. We were now breasting the current of the "Father of Waters," pushing our devious passage up stream, always keeping the channel by day or by night, nosing our way in and out among the snags and sawyers, avoiding by ceaseless vigilance every shifting treacherous sandbar. The pilot was a prince among men, who never failed to demand or to receive the homage of his subjects.

We were slowly nearing what was to be our future home. A sailor on

the Sir Robert Peel had asked me where we were going to settle when we got to America, and I had replied, in Iowa. He appeared to be groggy for a moment, but soon he got his sea legs under him and righting ship he said, "No, you ain't goin' to Iowa, ther' ain't no sich place as Iowa, you mean Ohio." I was staggered for a moment but recovering I assured him it was Iowa, and told him my brother William had been there a year and had written us where it was and how to get there. And here we were at last after nearly eight weeks on the way, by land and by sea, by railroad, by lakes, by canal and by rivers, having journeyed over four thousand miles. We walked down the gang plank of our steamer at a lively gait, and were warmly greeted by our relatives at Lyons. Iowa. Our journeyings were over and the new life in this world was before us. If we could have run direct across the state of Illinois from Chicago as the Chicago and Northwestern railway now runs, we would have been saved much time and labor and worry, but there were no railroads out of Chicago for Iowa in those days, so we were obliged to travel many hundreds of miles out of the direct course.

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#### CHAPTER V.

Lyons at that time was well on the frontier. It had a population of three or four hundred. There were three general stores, all on the river bank, a weekly newspaper, called the Clinton Mirror, which still continues its weekly visits to its patrons; there were two attorneys, one of which became a great criminal lawyer and noted politician; there were also two physicians, a few mechanics and a general popu-



lation such as was to be found in all villages in a new country.

Concerning a house located a short distance south of Lyons and occupied by a family with whom our people became quite familiar, a correspondent of a Minneapolis paper, has this to say:

"A relic of ante-bellum days, before the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln set free the black man, exists in Clinton in the shape of an ancient stone house on Bluff boulevard.

The house has the distinction of having been used as an "underground slave station" during the civil war. The name "underground station" for slaves describes those places of refuge in which runaway slaves from the south, who had made their way across the Mason and Dixon line, were received and sheltered. A black skin was an open sesame to the "underground stations." Now, after the passage of nearly half a century few of these buildings are to be found, having lost their identity as places of refuge for the runaways.

The old house has been untenanted for many years. After the war was over it acquired an unsavory reputation as a resort for tramps and vagrants. The superstitious, too, declared that the spirits of negro slaves came back to haunt the old house."

It was toward the end of June when we arrived in Lyons and as might be expected, there was little of a public character to occupy attention or furnish diversion. The Fourth of July was, however, a day to be remembered, it was the great national holiday, the only day of the entire year wholly given over to patriotism and noise; Memorial Day, which has largely supplanted the Fourth of July, Labor Day and Harbor Day were then unknown. To be sure St. Patrick's Day was celebrated wherever Irishmen were

to be found in any considerable numbers, but that was not an American institution, it was a matter to be left entirely to the wearers of the green and their lively enemies, the orange men, who fought it out together on the lines of "St. Patrick's Day" and the "Boyne Water." We were going to celebrate the "Glorious Fourth," and it must be done in grand style; preparations had been going on for some time, committees had been appointed to cover every thing actual and conceivable, so that nothing would be overlooked; every able bodied man in the village and most of the women had a place somewhere on some committee, so that no one might have a reasonable cause for complaint because they had been overlooked, while others no better than they had been given places where they had a chance to show off.

All arrangements were finally completed, the morning of the Fourth broke with the promise for a beautiful day, the little town was in gala attire, bunting was displayed on all buildings, a wheezy brass band had been dug up from somewhere and was industriously discoursing patriotic music; delegations came in from Camanche, Sabula and from all the regions round about, most of them dressed in their Sunday clothes and all bent on having a good time.

"We're here to celebrate b'gosh, an' we're goin' to do it right, yes, siree."

The cannon which was of the anvil variety had been noisily booming it's welcome from sunrise, fire crackers were being judiciously exploded by the small boys who knew well enough that it was necessary



to be very economical with them, they cost a lot of money and money was hard to get hold of, so they made them go as far as possible, and when they were all gone they looked sorrowful and sighed for more. The giant cracker had not been born then so there was not the danger there is now, but there was quite as much fun, it is not always those who have the most to do with that enjoy life the most. It is claimed that the man with a comfortable substance has a happier time than the millionaire. The little girl with a rag doll enjoys that better than she does a costly wax affair, and the boy with a bent pin or a cheap hook attached to a cheap line tied to a crooked pole catches more fish than the other person with his elaborate tackle and all his swell outfit. "Ice cream and lemonade made in the shade, only five cents a glass, (no nickels in circulation) only five cents, step right this way gentlemen, bring up your ladies, here you are, sir; yes, sir, five cents a glass, all right, thankee sir."

At precisely 10:30 a. m., the procession headed by the band took up its line of march for the grove where a platform had been erected for the Speaker of the Day, the Chaplain, the Band the Vocalists and quite a number of public functionaries besides one or two Mexican war veterans and a survivor of the war of 1812. Immediately following the band came a farm wagon on which was a hayrack nicely covered with bunting; seated on the hayrack were a sufficient number of young misses to represent the different states of the Union, all of them dressed in white and carrying small flags;

next came the President of the Day, the Orator, the Reader, and the Chaplain in a carriage, and after them a quartette of singers, (male voices) and citizens on foot and in carriages including honored guests from the neighboring towns. The program had been duly published in two issues of the Clinton Mirror and posters had been put up in prominent places over the "city." One of them was tacked to the front of the platform where everybody could see it:—

#### FOURTH OF JULY.

##### Grand Celebration at Lyons.

##### Patriots to the Front.

The citizens of Clinton and Jackson counties will celebrate the Seventy-seventh Anniversary of our National Independence at Lyons, Iowa, July Fourth, 1853.

##### Let Everybody Come.

President of the Day: Gen. George Washington Stumbaugh.

Orator: Hon. Thomas Jefferson Spindleton, of Le Claire.

Then followed the names of the chaplain, the reader of the Declaration of Independence and a long list of Vice Presidents representing the adjoining towns. Following the several townships in the county, also exercises in the grove, a big barbecue dinner was to be served at which an ox was to be roasted whole and everybody would be welcome. In the afternoon the Grand Unqueduck would parade through the principal streets with his Ramshackle Pollywogs; all sorts of games would follow the parade, including a sack race, catching a greased pig, and climbing a greased pole. The whole to wind up with a grand display of fireworks in the

evening and a big bowry dance; come everybody, come all.

After the opening exercises which consisted of patriotic music by the band, a patriotic song by the male quartette, a patriotic prayer by the chaplain, another patriotic song by the male quartette, dramatic reading of that "immortal instrument, the Declaration of Independence," followed by another patriotic tune by the band, the President of the Day, "in a few well chosen remarks" in the course of which he took occasion to congratulate the "vast throng" before him on their presence here today, showing by that very presence that they were true patriots, who loved their country above all else, yes, sir, they could point with pride to the glorious fact that they were descendents of the men who fought at Bunker Hill and Yorktown. But he would not detain them, he had no desire to trench upon the time which belonged to another. "You are here today my friends to listen to an orator whose fame has spread far beyond the bounds of the state which he honors by his residence in it. I have the honor and pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, of introducing to you the Honorable Jefferson Spindleton of Le Claire, who will address you." (Prolonged cheers).

The Honorable Jefferson Spindleton promptly arose and with a profound bow to the president of the day, stepped lightly to the front. In appearance, he was decidedly out of the ordinary; that he was no common man was plain to be seen, in fact he himself had said so on more than one occasion when the matter had been broached by his friends. He was tall and thin, he seemed to have been put together

in sections like a telescope and when he unjointed himself he was a surprise, he wore his hair very long and sleek, a tawny mustache that hung down below his chin on both sides of his face made him look like a telegraph pole with a yellow streamer on it at half mast; evidently he was a great man, who imagined himself to be no less a personage than Uncle Sam himself, who, according to Washington Irving, believed the earth tipped when he went west:

"Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen," began the orator. "With the clear cut sentences of that immortal instrument, the Declaration of Independence which has just been so finely read to us, (here he turned and bowed to the reader), still ringing in our ears, the shadow on the dial goes backward for three quarters of a century and we stand face to face with the men and the times that tried men's souls." He then proceeded to outline the causes which led up to the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the War of the Revolution. "A grand principle," said he, was avowed, but that principle was to become a recognized fact on this continent only after a mighty struggle with a powerful foe running through years of sacrifice, suffering and bloodshed. After reviewing at length, the progress which had been made in the development of our national resources, he uncovered a vein of humor which greatly pleased his listeners. The United States was not only a free and independent people, they represented a nation in the vigor and grit and grip of young manhood, a youth who has been making great strides in the march of progress. "He is close to the

front right now, a good looking, tall, well built, manly nobleman of nature, his massive head covered with nut-brown locks; he cultivates a mustache (here the speaker fondly passed his hand over his own magnificently adorned upper lip), scorning a cigar but smoking a corn-cob pipe, a slang phrase at his tongue's end, and a good deal of lip generally. Oh, yes, he is some, he is, he can whip all creation, especially the blanded Britisher."

In this strain he went on for some time to the intense delight of his auditors. "Why," said he, continuing. "He points you to the bird o'freedom and tells you that that 'ere bird can just put the tip of one of his wings on the Green Mountains and the other on the Rockies and stretch himself across the continent; he can rest his bill on Pike's Peak, and spread his tail feathers over the District of Columbia, and the tarnal critter can swoop down and scream freedom in the ears of kings and queens till they turn blue, so he can."

After these touches of humor, Mr. Spindleton, sniffing the odors of the barbecue which distinctly reached the platform with an appetizing fragrance and noting its effect on his hungry audience, observed that he was about to finish his remarks, which he very soon did, closing with a grand peroration in which he dramatically declared that he saw a vision of the future development and glorious destiny of this great country.

Among other things, I learned more about the naughtiness of George the Third that day than I had ever dreamed of before; it was a great occasion to me, the barbecue was a revelation. I had never

seen anything like it before, nor have I seen anything like it since; I began to think America was "some." If I had missed any of the inspiration at the stand, I certainly made up for the loss at the barbecue, at which I proved beyond all question that I was as good an American as any native on the ground.

Soon after the fourth my father obtained employment about two miles out of town at Fish's mill, which was undergoing repairs, so the family moved out to the mill and occupied the house of the miller which happened to be vacant at the time. For a few days all went well, my time was occupied chiefly in fishing in the mill-pond which was well stocked with sunfish, also in carrying water to the workmen at the mill, as well as in doing chores about the house. We were getting on nicely and really enjoying the new life upon which we had entered, until one day my sister, Mary Ann, was stricken with fever and ague; that was something new in our experience, it was a depressing surprise. One after another we were brought low, until all of us were either burning with fever or shivering with cold. It was a grievous thing that had befallen us and that at a time when we were least prepared to meet it. The cause was the malarial conditions under which we were living, breaking up of virgin soil, decaying vegetation which was extremely rank everywhere, and finally drawing off all water from the mill-pond. The demon was intermittent in his assaults for he would pounce upon us today and let us rest tomorrow; none of us shook every day and in that was our only consolation. Fortunately we

were not all down at the same time so we took our turns in waiting on one another. My father would shake one day and work the next until he became so reduced as to be unable to work at all, and that was really the case with all of us, for my own part I distinctly remember that I could hardly get about at all; so low had my sister Clara and I become that we were unable to climb over a stake and rider fence, we could only crawl under or through it. The doctors insisted that the evil spirit of the ague could only be expelled by calomel, which was supposed to be a purgative of great value, therefore we were fed on calomel. Whatever effect that powerful purgative may have had on the ague it certainly salivated us good and plenty; it loosened our teeth, but that did not matter very much under the circumstances, seeing we had little use for teeth in the absence of an appetite. In the course of time, however, all fully recovered and had plenty of time to philosophize over this new feature of life in a new country. Mark Twain has it that the shaking ague is a wise provision of nature, to enable a person to take exercise without exertion. If that be true nature must have been very kind to us for we took an immense amount of exercise that summer and had no occasion for over exertion.

In the fall we moved back to town and I entered the public school, where, under the helpful stimulus of the scholars, I soon began to drop off my superfluous "aitches," as I had previously done my English clothes. Some strong attachments were formed in these school days at Lyons, which remain to this day. They constitute one of

the brightest remembrances of my life and will remain with me as long as I live. The school building was a little old brick one, containing two rooms and was presided over by a Mr. Baker, at first. He was an excellent teacher who managed to inspire the scholars with a wholesome respect for the rules and reasonable desire to get on with their studies. He was followed by a Mr. Bell, a gentleman who filled the position of principal of the school with great acceptability. I have ever felt myself to be greatly indebted to Mr. Bell. He was a careful, pains-taking, wise administrator and was esteemed by the whole school. Of course both sexes occupied the same room, the girls on one side, the boys on the other. It was the custom when any of the scholars had violated the rules of the school to send them over to the opposite side, a punishment thought to be severe enough to reform the wrongdoer. I think most of us underwent that ordeal at one time or another, and a few quite often, especially the older ones. Indeed I have known instances where the punishment appeared to sit rather lightly on the offender, but being a foreigner, and quite unaccustomed to American ways, I may have been mistaken.

Friday afternoons were occasionally given over to special exercises in elocution, which, though they were not considered a part of the curriculum proper, were nevertheless of sufficient importance to command a good deal of attention, for in these exercises the art of public speaking was taught, and many a youth was expected to lay the foundation of future greatness at the bar, on the platform, or in the pulpit, at those exercises. At the close

of each school year elocutionary exhibits were made in the public exercises which took place before fond parents who viewed with pardonable pride the efforts of their boys and girls, fondly dreaming of the future that lay before them, and then and there determining that they should be given every opportunity to make the most of themselves. For my own part, I did not take kindly to some of the exercises which were enjoined upon us. I have never been able to commit to memory with any degree of readiness, so upon my urgent request the teacher allowed me to debate some subject with one of the other boys instead of "speaking a piece." I think now it would have been better in some ways if I had taken my turn with the others at "Ben Battle was a soldier bold," "The boy stood on the burning deck," "The Turk lay dreaming of the hour," "Webster's reply to Hayne," etc., etc., which with many others were found in McGuffey's Fifth Reader and furnished the staple of the orations.

Occasionally the school was honored with a visit from one of the resident clergymen, which was always a time of interest to us for it became an occasion for relaxation on our part as well as an opportunity for the display of latent talent in the way of cartoons and side remarks which were not always complimentary to the minister, who seldom failed to address us by request of the teacher; not that there was any disposition to be unruly or impudent, for the clergymen were all highly respected by us. We were just youngsters full of mischief which must have expression even at the expense of the preacher. The drift of the ministerial remarks was

generally toward the prospective, the opportunities which lay before us were faithfully set forth as well as the sacrifices our parents were making in our behalf and what they and others were expecting of us. We were all enjoying the happiest days of our lives, but "would soon have to leave the school and take our places in the world to engage in the activities of life. We were complimented on the progress we had made in our studies and on our appearance and deportment during school hours; we were assured that it was within our power to make of ourselves whatever we would; we might all win success in the world, some of us would surely gain distinction among our fellow men and women; indeed it was quite within the range of possibilities for us to become President of the United States some day. I must say, however, that that statement was always a stumper to me. I drew the line on the presidency, for in the first place there were several million boys in the United States at the time, a fact which it seemed to me would bar most of us from the coveted honor unless we lived to a very great age, for even among the great statesmen of the country, only here and there one in a lifetime has any chance whatever of being elected to the presidency, no matter how high his ambition or how well fitted he may be for the place. Then there was another thing which was a death-blow to any interest I might have had in the delusive prospect so temptingly held out to us. I knew I could have no lot nor part in the matter, I was forever barred by the constitution which requires that the occupant of the presidential chair must be a native born

citizen of the United States; so whenever the speaker reached that part of his remarks my interest naturally began to wane. Of course the exploits of the immortal Washington were dwelt upon with much fervour, his great achievements were laid before us in vivid colors; the cherry tree incident was made much of, the sin of falsehood enlarged upon in scathing terms; we were reminded over and over again that the lips of George Washington never uttered a lie, a fact upon which a sceptical Scotchman is said to have once slyly remarked that the reason the lips of George Washington never uttered a lie was because he talked through his nose, which was doubtless a pleasant reference to a habit said to be prevalent among Americans.

One winter I attended a select school opened by a clergyman in a room in the large brick residence of Elijah Buell, but it was not very successful, so with others I returned to the public school, where I remained for the year.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Cut off as we were from all communication with the outside world in the fifties, save by the river, it was natural that the advent of a steamer either up or down should be an occasion of interest especially to the younger portion of the community. It was a common thing therefore for us youngsters to race down to the landing when a steamboat whistle was heard and watch the boat come in; indeed much of our time when not necessarily occupied with our duties was spent along the river bank, for the great river always had a charm for us. We became quite expert in the

knowledge of river craft, the names of all the boats which regularly plied the stream were familiar to us. We could easily tell what boat was approaching almost as far as we could see it, either by its general appearance, the chuffing of its engines or some particular feature which distinguished it from others, but which would never be noticed except by the closest and most experienced observer. It was really wonderful how clever we became and how we did astonish grown up people by our skill; we seemed to know what boat it was by the same sort of mysterious observation as that which enables a seaman to know a distant sail or a hunter to know the tribe of Indian warriors his practical eye encounters on the prairies of the west. There was the G. W. Sparhawk, the New St. Paul, the Editor, Audubon, Shenandoah, and many others the names of which I cannot now recall.

The pilot was the great man of the river, he was the autocrat of his day; every one on the river and ashore acknowledged the supremacy of the river pilot, he was a much greater man than the captain and could command a much larger salary, and indeed he was worth it. An exact knowledge of the river from St. Louis to St. Paul, in those days before the government had come to the aid of the pilot with its charts and lights, was an accomplishment to be proud of. It was not surprising therefore, that to be a river pilot was, in the mind of every boy that lived along the river, the most desirable thing in the world, far better than to be president of the United States. So we all laid out to be pilots, but alas; not one of us ever reached that proud distinction, it



was too far beyond us till we had outgrown the desire. There was plenty of good hunting and fishing, the river abounded in cat, buffalo, pickerel, muscalonge and various other tribes of its finny denizens, while the sloughs north of town furnished an abundance of wild game; there were plenty of ducks and geese and quite a good sprinkling of wild turkeys. My chum, Joe Conway and I frequently made trips up the river about Turkey Slough and the islands between Lyons and Sabula, where, in the spring when the June rise had uprooted the trees along the banks and sent them down stream, and logs had been loosened from rafts and set afloat, we were able to build small rafts of these uprooted trees and floating logs which no one owned or claimed, and so realized enough from the sale of them to pay us quite well. We usually provisioned our boat for a week or more and with our hunting and fishing outfit and our dunnage, proudly sailed away to the hunting and fishing grounds where we stayed till our raft was completed and we had filled a barrel or two with fish which we speared at night when it was still and the water was clear enough to see objects on the bottom. These fish we thoroughly cleaned and salted ready for market. We got our ducks and geese in the early morning and about dusk in the evening. We, of course did our own cooking, which was quite a simple affair. Ready sale was always found for both fish and game, while our rafts were easily disposed of.

Speaking of successful hunting and fishing it may not be out of place at this point to mention a noble catch of a huge channel cat,

i made one evening about sundown. I had baited a large sized hook with a good chunk of liver and fastened it to a strong line, expecting if I caught anything at all where I intended to fish it would be a big one. So I leisurely rowed out to the current and let the boat drift down stream with one end of the line securely tied to the stern and the other with a heavy sinker attached dragging behind. I did not have to wait long for a bite; after about ten minutes my line suddenly began whizzing through the water at a tremendous rate and I knew at once there was going to be something doing. Fortunately the line was both long and strong so there was no fear of its breaking or unwinding to its full extent. I patiently played my catch; whenever the line slackened I rapidly pulled it in hand over hand, and as promptly paid it out again when it began to tighten. It does not take very long to tire a fish out with this sort of play, he soon becomes exhausted and is easily landed. After some effort I succeeded in getting my cat into the boat and pulled for shore. When I reached home and put him on the scales, he weighed exactly twenty-seven pounds. He was much the largest fish I ever caught, and I was quite proud of my success.

The manner of getting logs down the river at that time was very different from the way it has been done in recent years. Then the crews were gotten together at St. Louis or at various points along the river and taken north to the pineries on steamboats to such points on the Wisconsin and St. Croix rivers, as were convenient for collecting together logs, which had been gotten out the previous winter by crews of



loggers in the forests of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and hauled down to the river banks ready for rafting as soon as the spring opened and the streams were clear of ice. It required large numbers of men to handle some of those rafts, which were of enormous size; great skill was also required to keep them in the channel where they could float down stream in safety, avoiding obstructions and keeping clear of the sand bars, safely passing steamers which were their inveterate foes, but which were in mortal terror of them, running the rapids unharmed, which was no easy thing to do, and holding together when the winds blew hard and the waves ran high. But all that has been changed, now a small rafter managed by three or four men is quite sufficient to handle the large rafts which are speedily and safely towed down the river. The pineries of the north, however, will soon be exhausted. At the rate they have been depleted by the enormous drafts which have been made upon them, it will not be long before this great industry will have become a thing of the past, unless what little remains is carefully protected by the government.

Occasionally the town was visited by celebrities of more or less prominence, who seldom failed to receive such patronage as they deserved from those who had the price for tickets. Among those traveling notorities, I may mention the Lombard Brothers, who were great singers, Mrs. Scott Sitdons, Artemas Ward, who with the possible exception of Josh Billings, was the greatest of American humorists, and many others. I remember A. Ward quite well, happening to overhear a conversation between the long haired

oddity and two or three of our citizens on the relative attractiveness of men and women, in which Mr. Ward unblushingly declared that he was never impressed with womanly beauty but that he was always charmed with a handsome man. I looked upon him for a moment with an eye in which all the astonishment and abhorrence of my boyish nature was concentrated, and then with a lofty air, I turned on my heel and walked away, to the immense amusement of the great humorist and his friends.

In the memory of the oldest in-reached. About 2:00 p. m., I start-what is now the middle west, has never been surpassed for severity and suffering. For many weeks it was intensely cold and the snow was quite four feet deep on the level; in many places the highest fences were entirely out of sight for days. The Rev. Landon Taylor, a prominent pioneer preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church, who had been sent as a missionary to the settlers along the Missouri river in the fall of 1856, says of the situation in western Iowa: "On the first day of December, 1856, winter commenced with snow from the northwest, increasing in severity until the afternoon of the second day, when the climax was reached. About 2:00 p. m., I started from my office for dinner about ten rods distant. When about one rod on my way I became lost, not being able to see my hand before me, and the storm cutting my breath, I halted and queried: strange if I should perish within a few feet of my door. But I thought as I am facing the storm northwest, if I return southeast I will strike my office, and this happy idea

brought me into safe quarters. The storm continued for three days and snow reached the depth of four feet on the level, accompanied with a crust so hard as to bear up a man. This was truly a snow blockade, for no one could travel for weeks and the people being short of provisions, many had to subsist on hominy and a few potatoes. Such was the depth of snow during this winter that in some instances it was dangerous to venture far from home, in view of the hungry wolves. A Negro had been out a little distance from home chopping, when on his return he was driven by a pack of wolves into a fence corner, where his remains and his axe were found, with six dead wolves lying by his side."

While the houses of the poorer people were mere shanties of boards and very cold, there was always plenty of fire wood so they could be kept comparatively comfortable, except in the extremest weather, when it was impossible to keep warm even by piling the old double-decker cook stoves which also served as heaters full of wood. We were living at that time in one of those shanties which my father had put up, in the hazel brush at the outskirts of the town. The severe cold and deep snows had driven what game had not already perished, into the towns for food and shelter. One morning just as my mother was opening the back door to throw out a pan of dish water, a flock of quails which had been feeding near the house flew up to escape threatened danger. Unfortunately just at the moment when this occurred a young hunter who had been on the trail of the birds for some time, raised his piece in a direct line for quails and the door and fired at

the moment when it opened, not seeing my mother in his eagerness to shoot the birds and taking no thought of the danger of firing in the direction of the house. It was fortunate the gun was loaded with nothing heavier than quail shot, for if it had been, mother would surely have been killed, as she received the entire charge in her face, neck and breast. It was a long time before she fully recovered from the shock, which, as may well be imagined, was very severe; but we were all thankful she escaped with her life.

At that time there were no railroads in the state running west from the Mississippi; all produce was hauled to the river towns by wagon, which was a slow, tiresome, expensive way of getting it to market; it also entailed much suffering during the winter months for be it remembered that there were no arctics or fur-lined shoes, nor were there any fur overcoats as at the present time; so that farmers who were obliged to haul their wheat, pork and other products to market, some of them fifty or sixty miles, suffered intensely from frozen hands and feet, and not infrequently from lack of nourishing food, being several days on the road, often hindered by blizzards and the deep snows, through which they were compelled to shovel a passage for their teams. Then, too, when they had overcome all obstacles and finally reached the river, prices were so low that it took almost all the load brought to pay their expenses. As an illustration of the difficulties connected with the transportation problem, the farmers after killing and dressing their hogs at home and hauling them to Lyons, were obliged to cut off the heads and feet,

which they sold or gave away to anyone who would take them rather than pay the expense of their transportation by boat to market down the river. This the steamboat people were glad to have them do as they were often unable to meet the demands upon their carrying capacity. Also in addition to these troubles there was another very serious embarrassment; the country was without a stable currency, there was not a sufficiency of coin to do its business and its paper money was decidedly unsafe. Much of it here in the west was what was characterized as wild cat, red dog, shin plasters, etc., which might be good to-day and worthless tomorrow. It became necessary for business men to have at hand a bank note detector, which was of some value if the issue was the very latest, for it gave the value of the paper money at the time of issue, which would be worth anywhere from ten to ninety cents on the dollar. It also gave great opportunities for dishonesty on the part of the buyer if he was disposed to take undue advantage of the ignorance of the farmer and unload on him depreciated currency, the true value of which the farmer would be ignorant. It was therefore very discouraging to men who had hauled their grain fifty miles to market and sold it at night, to find the money which was supposed to be good when they were paid either utterly worthless or not worth more than forty or fifty cents on the dollar next morning. Many of the merchants issued their own paper in the form of a due-bill which they afterward redeemed in cash or paid in goods. In this way the money problem was partly solved for the time

being at least, for the residents of the towns.

The fearful tragedy at Spirit Lake, which so horrified the state and concerning which so many different accounts have been given, occurred the following spring. As it is a part of the history of our state in which every Iowan is interested, I take the liberty to quote from one who was on the ground and may therefore be reckoned as an authority whose words may be received without question. The Rev. Mr. Taylor says: "The Indians having camped near Smithland for the purpose of hunting and fishing, occasionally some few would pass through the town. At this time, three or four called in at a store, with a few ears of corn gathered up in a field thrown out to the commons. A few of the whites or rather roughs asked them where they had obtained their corn, to which the Indians frankly replied. No more was said, but the whites went out into a thicket, cut each one a hickory, then returned, fell upon the Indians and chased them into their camp. The males, most of them, being absent on a hunt, the whites gathered up all their guns remaining and brought them to Smithfield, having made them promise before they left, that on the following day they would go down and shake hands with the Omahas, another tribe, which the Indians knew would be certain death. When the hunters returned and found what had been done, they started in the night for the Cherokee, and commenced their depredations. Some forty or fifty of the whites were killed and several of the Indians. When I tell you that liquor was the moving cause, my readers

will not need any further explanation. I have read several incorrect statements in relation to the origin of this massacre, but this is the first so far as I know, that gives the true history. If those roughs had behaved themselves, the Indians would have retired and this sad affair would never have taken place."

During the summer months when not at school, I was employed by a Mr. Pease, a carriage painter, with whom I learned something of the business, though I never became an expert at it. Mr. Pease was a fine mechanic who understood his business thoroughly and had I remained with him it is likely I would have made a success of it; as it was I learned only enough to make me just an ordinary workman, which after all, may have been quite as well, all things considered.

There was a young fellow among my associates, an easy going, good natured, sentimental sort of a chap, who was given to imagine that all the girls were in love with him, his personal attractions were so great, he really thought he was irresistible. It must in justice be said, however, that his mania assumed a mild form and did no other harm than to make him the subject of much amusement among the young folks who seldom failed to enjoy themselves at his expense. He was the owner of a guitar and fondly imagined he was something of an artist with that instrument, vain thought. He never attempted anything when any one was present except the "Spanish Fandango," I believe he called it, and whenever he wrestled with that he was thrown quite as often as he downed it. But he never became discouraged, he stuck to it with a persistency worthy

of nobler things. It was his unfortunate listeners who suffered; they always became down hearted the moment he began to twang the strings, and one after another, it seemed to be borne in upon them that they had quite forgotten something down town which must be attended to at once.

None of us, however, had anything to boast of. We seldom felt it to be quite safe to get gay at one another's expense, for we were all about equally ambitious to shine in the musical world, or elsewhere. Alas! that it should be so. O, how we did torture the popular songs of the day. I have often thought in later years, how "Annie Laurie," "Belle Branden" and "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower" must have suffered had they been conscious of what we were doing to them. What a deep sense of injury must have pervaded their souls and shocked their sensibilities as we mercilessly tortured them in our maddening attempts to make any unfortunate, unhappy listener, who could not make his escape acquainted with their virtues. I am sure if those unfortunate heroines had possessed the sense of hearing and the powers of speech, they would have indignantly protested against our well meaning, but misdirected efforts to do them honor. As it was they could do no more than to suffer in silence while we tortured the night air in their praises.

I was now to embark for the first time in a business enterprise on my own account. All my life, I had been quite well satisfied to work for others, receiving such wages as I might be able to earn, but seeing as I thought, a good opening for business on an unpretentious scale

with a fair prospect of future growth, I prevailed on one of my friends to join me in the ice cream and lemonade business. So we pooled our ready money, which was very little all told, and with what credit we could get, bought what fixtures we could neither rent nor borrow, and securing a small room opened our ice cream saloon. After a long consultation with each other, during which we thoroughly discussed the matter, we concluded to have a big send-off, a sort of grand opening, at which our friends were to be invited to drink lemonade and eat ice cream at our expense. It was a brilliant idea, there could be no doubt about that, because all the young people about town said so. It was a master stroke and would have been the making of us had it not been for just one thing, we had too many friends—that night—more than we had ever dreamed of; more than we ever had before by all odds and far more than we ever had afterward. They came singly, they came by twos, by threes, by fours, they came in groups; they came early, they stayed late; they were hungry, they were thirsty. Heavens! how they did eat that ice cream and drink that lemonade; Why, they simply ate and drank everything there was in the shop and rested not till the last saucer had been emptied and the last glass had been drained to the dregs. And there we were, as helpless victims as were ever attacked by a mob. Poor Jim, I will never forget his woe-be-gone looks, the utter misery upon his face when the last guest had taken his departure and not a cent in the drawer. What was to be done? Nothing. We had exhausted our resources the first night,

everything was cleaned out, we had no future. Nothing to go on with, no money, no credit, even our fixtures had been pledged for what we had had to borrow to start with. It was bad, no mistake about that. We were in much the same situation as that of the base ball player who declared that he had only one innings to five outs—he was out at the elbows, out at the toes, out of money and out of clothes, out of credit and in debt. Now what was to be done, we were unable to borrow any more money. Somehow, those who had any to loan, which were not many, did not appear to have unbounded confidence in our business ability, while “our friends” who had so promptly availed themselves of our hospitality kindly volunteered the opinion that we were “two fools who ought to have known better than to give away everything we had, we deserved to fail.” It may have been very ungrateful of us, but candor compels me to say that these tenderly expressed sentiments did not tend to soothe our lacerated feelings; they were not like balmy days in June to us, and in all the years that have followed the remembrance of them has not made for the development of generous impulses in the breasts of two deluded mortals. So we went into bankruptcy, closed up our shop, and each went his way to earn by hard knocks his share of what we were owing and get on his feet again. It was a good lesson in some ways and though dearly bought was worth all it cost us; if we could have secured a little help we might have pulled through and gone on with the business, but that was not to be had and perhaps, after all, it was just as well in the long run.

## CHAPTER VII.

In the early autumn of 1859, four young men, Frank Lothrop, Frederick Blakeley, William Blakeley and the writer concluded to go south and spend the winter, where, we were told, steady employment was to be had for mechanics at much better wages than were paid in the north. Instead of going by steamboat, which was too expensive for us, we concluded to purchase a sail boat which we had heard could be bought at a reasonable figure. The boat would carry probably a ton and a half, and we were told she could easily be disposed of at Memphis, where we intended to stop and spend the winter, if we had no further need of her. So after looking her over we closed the bargain and immediately ordered her on the dry docks, where she was carefully overhauled, caulked and given a new coat of paint; we christened her the "Morning Star." A canvas covering after the style of the prairie schooners so common in those days was fitted on our boat to furnish protection from the sun and rain, and from the dews at night; it was so arranged as to enable us to put it on or off at our pleasure without much trouble. The mast was shipped with mainsail and jib, and everything made ready for our voyage of five hundred miles toward the Gulf of Mexico. After we had been properly provisioned, cooking utensils provided, shot guns and fishing tackle carried aboard, we bid adieu to such of our friends as had strolled down to the landing to see us off unlaced the hawser, hauled it aboard, ran up the flag to the mast head and then amid the cheers of our friends backed out into the stream, turned the prow

to the south, hoisted the sails and were off, singing as we went:—

"A life on the ocean wave,

A home on the rolling deep."

Inasmuch as there was no crying need for our immediate presence in the south, we determined to take plenty of time to the trip and get all the enjoyment we could out of it. The first day out we were favored with a fair wind, enabling us to make a splendid run, passing Camanche and Le Claire with flying colors, raising our spirits and filling us with exhilarating sensations which were very pleasant indeed.

The river itself, with its ever changing shores presented to our view a panorama of beauty which was a constant delight, a series of pictures painted by the skilled hand of the Divine master artist one after another revealed themselves to our vision, challenging the admiration of us all, appealing with a wondrous power to that sense of beauty which God has implanted in all His intelligent creatures; wide stretches of table land reaching from the river side inland, many a mile, successively followed by gentle sloping vistas winding backward among the hills, disclosing the marvellous beauty of the scenery as far as the eye could reach. Then in their turn followed by lofty, abrupt, rocky bluffs, first on one side of the river, then on the other, rising perpendicularly to a great height, giving a sense of strength and power, a massive grandeur worthy of the Great Architect of the universe, who spake, and it was done. It was autumn and the leaves of the trees were of many colors, green, red, yellow and purple, gloriously tinted by the breath of the wind, the lips of the sun, the tears of the clouds, the gentle



touches of baby frost and the continuous fondling of Father Time. Noble old "Father of Waters," the days of the years of thy life have been neither few nor evil, rather have they stretched away through all the generations of the past; aye, in the long ago, before even the mocassined feet of the red man had pressed the golden sands upon thy shores, or his canoe had lightly ridden upon thy gentle billows, thy laughing waters from the north, gradually swelling into a mighty torrent, then sobering, deepening and widening on its way till it broadens and deepens into a solemn flow, majestically gliding on its course to the sea.

Then there was the handiwork of man joined to the work of God, touching the splendors of nature with human life and energy and clothing every mile of the way with a delightful harmony, which was as ennobling to the soul as it was enchanting to the eye. Every now and then as we sailed on our course charming little villages could be seen nestling at the feet of the bluffs as though they were seeking shelter from the storms which swept over the open prairie behind them, or sitting at the feet of the great rocks which towered above them as a man would sit at the feet of God.

Interspersed with these villages, larger and more pretentious places would occasionally break upon our view. They were to be the cities of the future for even then foundations were being laid which, later on became evidences of the forethought of their projectors. Large side-wheel steamers and smaller stern-wheelers on their way from Saint Louis to Saint Paul, loaded with merchandise for the rapidly increas-

ing populations of the northwest and crowded with passengers, most of them emigrants or home seekers, who were soon to become the lords of the land; or returning from St. Paul loaded down to the water's edge with the products of the newer country, but carrying fewer passengers, were frequently met with on the upper river, that is, north of St. Louis. Great rafts which always claimed, and never failed to receive the right of way—the terror of the boats, big or little, might be seen almost any day, lazily floating down stream like some monstrous turtle, asking odds of no one and seldom showing the least consideration for any craft that might by chance get in its way. It was only when the raftsmen and the steamboat men happened to tie up for the night at the same town, which they were sometimes obliged to do when the river was at a low stage of water and the night was dark, that there was any actual conflict. But when they did thus come together, it sure was a case of Greek meet Greek, for after taking on a cargo of "forty rod" as it was called, and both sides had thus been placed on a war footing, hostilities began, and generally they were continued all through the night with necessary intermissions to allow each side to replenish its ammunition at the low down doggeries with which the river towns abounded. The battle raged in spite of all the authorities could do to stop it, the drunken combatants would blaze away at each other with pistols, hammer one another with their fists, with clubs or anything they might be able to lay their hands on, rendering the night hideous with their brawling blasphemy and their howls of pain as they were

pummeled by their adversaries. There was not much choice between them, one side was as bad as the other, so no one cared which had the best of it. There was always a deadly feud between them in the old days. They thrived on broils and contentions. Bickerings and strifes were their meat and drink, the river and its shores were their battle fields and in many instances their graves. These affrays became so notorious as to become at last utterly unendurable. The young men of the towns were dragged into them to some extent; low doggeries and bawdy-houses lined the river front for an entire block, rendering it unsafe for decent citizens in that neighborhood after dark, for they were always in danger of being robbed or even murdered.

Finally it was determined to break up the foul dens and rid the town of their presence. But as the police force of the town which consisted of a single watchman was not strong enough for so great an undertaking the problem was a complicated one. It was solved at last, however, by the members of the fire company, Resolute No. 1, who volunteered to do the work. It was a serious undertaking, but the boys were not deterred by the danger, they were in dead earnest. So one dark night near eleven o'clock, when the orgies were at their height, the company with bells on the hose cart muffled and every precaution taken to guard against noises of any kind which would be likely to alarm the revellers, swiftly and silently made their way around by side streets to the river front of the block which was to be made the object of attack. As soon as the hose had been reeled off the cart

and borne up the river bank as near the first point of attack as was deemed necessary, word was given and the stream began pouring through an open window into a hall on the first floor where a dance was in full swing. Pandemonium at once broke loose, the dancers were terror stricken, they shouted and cursed and screamed and ran in every direction, only to be met by a stream of water wherever they went. It did not take long to clean out that building nor the others which were attacked with equal vigor, every one of them was soon done for and the town was happily rid of the loathsome pests. It came very near being a much more serious matter for me than I had anticipated, however, for it was my duty to direct the play of the stream and as I was doing so an old fellow who kept a vile place next door to the dance house crept out and mingling with the crowd, wormed his way unobserved to the spot where I was standing. His hand clutched a half brick with which he doubtless meant to kill me; he was standing within ten feet of me and had raised his hand to hurl the brick, when fortunately for me, he was seen by the pipe-men, who instantly turned the stream upon him, striking him fairly in the chest and whirling him head over heels in a complete somersault. Had he not been seen in time my career would most likely have come to an end right then and there. The following morning which was Sunday, the citizens assembled on the battle field, where addresses were made congratulating the fire company on the good work they had done.

Many are the stories told of life on the river in the early days, some

of which are unquestionably true, others are legends of the olden times. The late Doctor R. C. Ambler of Lansing, Iowa, made me acquainted with the legend of O-ne-o-ta, a beautiful Indian princess of the Iowas, and her lover Wau-kon-a-ket, a young chief of the Winnebagos, a tribe which at the time of this writing has its lodges near the Minnesota line, not far from the village of New Albin, Iowa, where most of their trading is done. Just south of the village near the place where the Oneota river empties into the Mississippi, there is a rocky bluff, known as Blackhawk's Point, so named after a battle which it is said was fought there between the whites and that redoubtable warrior, during the Blackhawk war, the truth of which seems to be corroborated by the fact that the skeletons of men, Indian war implements and other evidences of strife have been exhumed in the vicinity at various times, in sufficient numbers to warrant the belief that it was the scene of a battle at some period, which, with the traditions associated with the locality would seem to leave little room for doubt.

Wau-kon-a-ket and O-ne-o-ta were in love with each other, but sad to relate the course of their love ran far from smooth. The father of the princess, old Decorah, swore by all the traditions of his fathers and by the great Manitou that a prince of the Winnebagos should never wed his daughter. But Wau-kon-a-ket was a brave young chieftain, descended from a race of warriors, resolute of purpose, resourceful in plans, determined and tireless in their execution. So it was whispered about before many moons had come and gone, that in spite of the

watchfulness of the old chief Decorah, stolen interviews were held between the young lovers, which became so frequent that they could no longer be concealed from the irate father, who determined to take the young chief's life. Happily he was overheard by a friend of the young lovers, planning with a rejected suitor of his own tribe, for the destruction of Wau-kon-a-ket. His purpose was at once revealed to the young people, who, of course immediately took measures to prevent it. The young chief in accordance with the custom of his people was in the habit of showing his attachment to the young princess by frequent presents of deer, turkeys or the skins of wild animals which he had killed in the chase. To obtain these trophies which were to be had in greater quantities toward the rising sun, it was the hunter's habit in the winter, to cross the river on the ice in the morning and return in the evening laden with his game. This was well known to Decorah, who had plotted with two of his warriors to cut the ice in the path of the hunter, so that when he returned at dusk, he would fail to observe the trap which had been set for him, be plunged into the waters and carried away under the ice. It was a bold scheme and would have succeeded had it not been for the love and courage of the faithful O-ne-o-ta, on the night when the vengeful scheme was to be carried out, who, having previously by accident learned the details of the plot, silently stole out of her wickiup and climbing to the top of Blackhawk's Point, concealed herself on its rocky summit till the moment should arrive when her lover would make his appearance on

the other side. As he approached the fatal spot where the ice had been cut a bright light suddenly flashed from the summit of Blackhawk's Point and O-ne-o-ta stood revealed to his vision, a nymph of the woods like some Houri of Paradise, her brilliant eyes aglow with the fine excitement of the moment, her beautiful face illumined with enchantment, her coal black hair streaming in the wind, her glorious figure stretched to its utmost as she swayed backward and forward, gently waving in her shapely hands a lighted torch, which warned her lover of the danger to which he was exposed, enabling him to pass in safety around the treacherous place, and in a few moments lay the fruits of the chase at the feet of his beloved O-ne-o-ta. The old chief, Decorah, who was really a magnificent specimen of the red men, dearly loved his beautiful daughter, and with a father's pride in her, desired only to shield her from unworthy suitors. After the escape of Wau-kon-a-keet from death on the river, which he, not knowing the part O-ne-o-ta had played in it, ascribed to the Great Spirit, withdrew his opposition and in due time the two tribes, the Iowas and the Winnebagoes were united by the marriage of O-ne-o-ta and Wau-kon-a-keet, whereby an old feud of long standing was removed and happy relations restored between the two tribes.

Speaking of this legend to my friend, the late John B. Kaye of Calmar, Iowa, I asked him to make it the subject of a poem, which, after a little modest hesitancy, he consented to do. Mr. Kaye, who was the author of *Songs of Lake Geneva*, *Vashti* and other books of poetry,

was a gentleman of talent who is best appreciated in the middle west where he is well known. Mr. Kaye begins his poem, which contains thirty-one stanzas, with a description of the heroine which also marks the style of the poem:

"Dark, dreamy eyes, skin like the  
autumn leaves

When gold and crimson mellow  
into one;

Hair like the midnight gathered in-  
to sheaves;

A glance as bright and mellow as  
the sun;

A smile which many a tall brave  
had undone;

Sweet O-ne-o-ta, still her spell  
she weaves."

I would be delighted to publish the entire poem, which I am sure would be greatly enjoyed by my readers, and am only prevented from doing so by the limits of this work.

About noon of the second day out from Lyons we reached Davenport, where we spent several hours looking over the town and forming some pleasant acquaintances, concluding our stay there we weighed anchor late in the afternoon and pointing sou-sou-west by sou-west, by west, by sou-west, with a fair wind we laid our course for Muscatine; night overtook us, however, before we made that port, so we ran into a harbor where we were sheltered from the wind and dropping anchor, remained there through the night. Weighing anchor next morning after an early breakfast, we continued on our way in good spirits. The wind having freshened during the night, was blowing great guns by noon, but the Morning Star steadily held on her course; with furled jib

and mainsail partly reefed she sped before the gale; down into the trough of the sea she suddenly plunges, threatening to engulf us beneath the angry waves, then rising again, tossing and dancing on the crest of the wild billows she dashes the spray in our faces, laughing at us like some elfish sprite, she leaps from wave to wave as though she would spring from under us and be free. But the Morning Star is a staunch little craft, always obedient to the helm, full of courage and confidence in her abilities to meet every emergency. Manned by a crew that knows how to handle her, she flies past Muscatine on the wings of the wind, showing a clean pair of heels to every onlooker; speeding on her way she gallantly outrides the storm and we anchor in safety at the close of another day. That night the wind went down and next morning the sun rose bright and clear, a cloudless sky overhead and the quiet waters of the river beneath us. With all the serenity of a glorious October morning about us we watched the flight of large numbers of ducks and geese making their annual passage from the virgin lakes of the north to the rice fields of the south. The smoke could occasionally be seen lazily rising from the chimneys of isolated log cabins or stone dwellings on either shore, while now and then a fisherman's house fastened to the overhanging branch of a tree, partly concealed by the clustering foliage about it, might be seen by a close observer as it lay hard by the shore of some one of the numerous islands in the great river.

We had nothing to do but to enjoy the day, which we did to the

fullest extent; without using either sail or oar we quietly floated down stream with the current. As everything seemed to be favorable for a night on the water, we resolved not to tie up as we had been doing, but to run all night, so, after a hearty supper and a run on shore for an hour, we fastened a red lantern to the masthead and pulled into the stream. In due time a watch was set, which happened to be this old salt, whose duty it was to promenade the fore-and deck and keep a sharp lookout till the next watch came on, which was at eight bells, or four o'clock in the morning. The others turned in and were soon snoring at a rate to awaken the echoes along the shores and startle the wild game from their uneasy slumbers. All went well till about three o'clock in the morning, when something happened for which no provision had been made on the ship's log-book. The poet of the crew tells of it under the inspiration of the moment in the following inspiring words, which will no doubt live as long as the annals of the river in its earlier records shall be written and sung:—

One sailor man awatch on deck,  
His shipmates fast asleep—  
Wist not the danger they were in,  
A sailing on the deep.

Sail, ho! the lookout loudly bawls;  
Wake up, ye lubbers, don't ye  
hear  
Yon steamboat, coming round the  
bend,  
My faith, she's drawing near.

Up! up! my hearties, man the yards,  
Or 'neath these waves we sink;  
For if that monster bumps us one,  
She'll spill us in the drink.

Shiver my timbers! here she comes,  
Hard on our leeward side;

Sheer off! sheer off! you chuffing  
beast,

The channel's deep and wide.

Stand by, stand by, brave yankee  
tars,

For by old Neptune's hairy lip,  
By yon foul fiend we're nearly  
swamped,

Stand by, to pump the ship.

And indeed it was necessary for every one of us to move lively, for the steamer, which was one of the largest of the upper river boats had passed so close to us that the waves from the wheels nearly filled our boat before we could get out of her way and we were in actual danger of going to the bottom of the river. As it was, however, we promptly got the buckets at work and while two of us bailed the boat, the other two slowly rowed the water logged craft to shore.

We were given no choice as to what part of the channel we preferred. The larger and stronger craft always crowded the smaller and weaker vessels out of their way; they invariably claimed possession of the channel. The right of way was theirs and few of the weaker boats were disposed to question the right because they knew they would only be swamped if they did, so they cleared when they saw the big fellows coming. Possession on the river has always been nine points of the law, even as it is said to be elsewhere, but self possession is the tenth, and self possession stood us well in hand that night.

On shore we spent the rest of the night and nearly all next day repairing damages. Our provisions were thoroughly soaked and a good portion of them were utterly spoiled. We were drenched to the skin, so that we were obliged to strip our-

selves of everything we had on. This we did and after building a fire, hung them out to dry, while four fresh water sailors in undress attire, ran about and tumbled and rolled in the sand and shouted and sang and whistled and did every other idiotic thing that four young fellows, under such circumstances, might be expected to do. Meanwhile the clothes were drying around the fire, what few provisions had not been ruined were gotten into shape for breakfast, the coffee began to simmer in the pot, the bacon was soon frying in the pan, the sweet potatoes boiling in the kettle, and in due time breakfast being over with and morning breaking, we were early on our way again, wiser, if not more accomplished seamen. At the next town our larder was replenished and once more we all felt equal to almost anything that might happen to us.

Frequent stops were made as we proceeded on our way down the river. At Hannibal, we spent a Sunday; at Nauvoo we went ashore to see the town and view the ruins of the old Mormon temple of which we had heard much said. At Carondelet, five miles below St. Louis, we spent a week, mostly in the city, however, which gave us a much needed rest and fine recreation. Indeed there was hardly a town on either side of the river that we failed to look over, spending from an hour to a week, enjoying its attractions and incidentally picking up quite a store of information of more or less value to us.

There was excellent fishing all the way down and frequently good hunting, all of which enabled us to keep our larder well stocked with fish and game. And so it came to



pass that after a most enjoyable trip of four weeks, we at last reached the end of our voyage and dropped anchor in the quiet waters just above the city of Memphis.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

Frank Lothrop did not remain at Memphis. As soon as the boat was sold, which was done at some sacrifice, he said good bye to us and left for Rome, Georgia, where I was afterward told, he entered the confederate army and was killed at the first battle of Bull Run. I think he must have been forced into the rebel army for he was a loyal citizen who had come to Iowa from Massachusetts, where he was born, some years before. Poor fellow, he was as fine spirited, kind hearted a man as one could wish to know, and was only one of the many who were compelled to do battle against their country in violation of their convictions of right and duty.

The rest of us remained at Memphis, where we soon found work at our trades. The hotel where I boarded was kept by a Mr. Oldridge, a former resident of Dubuque, so it seemed a little more like home to me. When I applied to him for board he said that though he was pressed for room he would take me in if I would bunk with another young man whose room mate had just left, provided it was agreeable to him. This arrangement was satisfactory to both of us, especially as it had to be that or nothing. After we had retired for the night I asked my room mate whose name I had learned through Mr. Oldridge, what part of England he came from, for I had early discovered by his conversation that he, like myself was an Englishman, by birth. When he

told me the county and town where he was born and where he had lived all his life before coming to America, I was interested at once and began asking him questions about certain persons I had known in that same town. After naming several of the most prominent persons in the place, including Mr. Russell, my old school master, I finally asked him if he knew Kit Williamson. "Why," said he, "he is my brother," a fact which I had already discovered, but had kept to myself. Then he wanted to know who in the world I was. I told him I had lived the greater part of my life in the old country on the Hyde Farm; that I had attended Mr. Russell's school at Beaconsfield, when he was a student there, that we had spun tops, played marbles and hunted for bird's eggs together; that we had wrestled and quarrelled with each other to our mutual delight; that my name was Harry Green, and that I was mighty glad to see him and find in my room mate none other than my old school mate, Sam Williamson of Beaconsfield. We were not allowed to enjoy each others' society very long, however, for Mr. Williamson after a few days left Memphis for Cleveland, Ohio, where he was lost to me. I have never heard of him from that time to this.

My sojourn at Memphis that winter was not all I had been led to believe it might be. In some respects it was quite pleasant, but in other and more important things it was a grievous disappointment. Young as I was, I was interested in the social life of the South, which I found to be altogether different from what I had been accustomed to in the North, where no caste lines were visible. In Iowa, all homes

were open to me; in Tennessee they were closed against me. I did not then understand why it was. I had heard a great deal said about "southern hospitality;" that winter I discovered that so far as I was personally concerned, there was more hospitality in the North than there was in the South. Later on I came to understand more clearly the animus of the southern attitude toward northern strangers, and I felt better as the reasons for it became more intelligible to me.

To a clear understanding of the situation in the South at that time, it must be borne in mind that this was the winter of 1859, when John Brown of Ossawatimie made his celebrated raid into Virginia. It is perhaps needless to say that every city in the south was profoundly stirred by the old man's movement against what they called "The Divine Institution." It did not occur to me at the time, but in view of what afterward came to pass, there is no doubt in my mind that the citizens of Memphis firmly believed that we northern boys were part of an extensive influx of abolitionists, who were making their way into every part of the South, intending, when a favorable opportunity presented itself, to strike a blow at slavery. They seemed to have had the impression that there was to be a concerted movement all through the southern states, in which John Brown was a conspicuous factor; so we were looked upon with suspicion. I think we were closely watched, our every movement was shadowed at night, at least that was the impression among us at the time and it made us very careful what we said and did. My letters from the North were always opened and read

before I was permitted to receive them. Of course I strenuously objected to what I regarded as an unwarranted liberty, indeed as an outrage. I protested against it to the postmaster, but my protest was not regarded, it did no good. He told me there was a doctor, H. Green, in the city, who claimed the letters.

"Well," I said, "he ought to know by this time that those letters belong to me, he has been reading enough of them already to have found that out, besides, the post mark ought to be sufficient." Then I added another "H" to my name, which I must admit compensated me in some measure for the loss of so many "aitches" the first year or two after I came to America.

Rather queer, is it not, that Brother Jonathan, who persistently takes such unwarrantable liberties with the final "g" and the letter "r," should make merry over the infirmity of John Bull anent the much abused "h," but such is human nature, we are all slow to see ourselves as others see us, the mote and the beam play a large part in the affairs of men. One evening during my second year at Lyons, while playing with some of my companions, my arm was accidentally driven against a fence post and injured, so as to cause me to cry out with the pain of it; whereupon one of my companions Lafe Sloan wanted to know "What's the matter with you?" "I've 'urt my helbow," I said. "Aw," he yelped, "that's nothin'; I thought somethin' hard had hit ye the way you was a yellin' and takin' on over it."

There is a story told of the late Senators Hoar of Massachusetts and Blackburn of Kentucky, which serves to illustrate the local or rather

sectional peculiarities of speech in some portions of the United States. It is well known that Kentuckians have little use for the letter "r" as a terminal, while, on the other hand, the people of Massachusetts are prodigal in its use. A Massachusetts man will unblushingly assure you that the battleship "Indianar" steamed into the harbor at "Havanar, Cubar," in plain sight of the "Alamedar de Paular." One of Mr. Blackburn's constituents who was visiting in Washington was anxious to see what Judge Hoar, of whom he had heard a great deal, looked like. He knew that the two senators were warm personal friends, so he asked Mr. Blackburn one day at the Capital, if Senator Hoar was in the room. "No, suh, Mr. Blackburn replied, "Senatoh Ho is not on the flo, I saw him go out at that do, at half past fo."

To resume my narrative, after attaching the additional "H," I became H. H. Green, and have been so called ever since. But my letters were opened by mistake by Dr. H. Green, just the same in spite of my most vigorous protests, an indignity I was powerless to prevent, which however went far to convince me that I was not wanted in Memphis at any rate. This conviction was strengthened by a real misfortune which was far more than a mere affront, however unpleasant that might be. I was thrown out of employment, my boss summarily discharged me with the bald statement that my services would not be needed any longer. This was to me a serious matter, the cost of living was unusually high that winter and it had taken all I could earn to pay my board and other necessary expenses, so that I was literally

stranded on what was to me a foreign and hostile shore. The reasons for my discharge whatever they may have been were sufficient to prevent me from obtaining work at my trade with any other employer. That left me in a very awkward position. I was indebted to Mr. Oldridge a small amount for board, which troubled me not a little. I was in the woods and was unable to see my way out. After carefully considering the matter I went to Mr. Oldridge and frankly explained the situation to him and finished by saying, "Now, Mr. Oldridge, I cannot leave Memphis till spring, and if you can give me anything to do about the hotel, I will thankfully undertake it and do my best to earn enough to pay what I am owing you and also enough to pay my way up the river again." "Why," he said, after a moment's thought. "There is nothing to do about the hotel except the ordinary work, washing dishes, making beds, waiting on the table and caring for the rooms; if you want to do that I will take you on." "All right, I can do that and will be glad to do it." So I went to work, earning enough to pay Mr. Oldridge what I was owing him, and also saved up enough to pay my passage up the river in the spring.

I saw but little of the Blakeley boys during the winter as they were in another part of the city, nor do I remember just when they returned to the North. William, the younger, afterward enlisted in the 26th Iowa Infantry and was killed at the battle of Arkansas Post.

In the spring I bade good bye to Mr. Oldridge, who had proven such a good friend to me in trouble, and taking passage on a steamer, made

my way back again to Iowa, soon to take part in the stirring events which immediately preceeded the great civil war. Indeed my departure from Memphis was not taken any too soon, for already ominous clouds were beginning to appear on the political horizon, which were larger than a man's hand and which were destined soon to deluge the land in fratricidal strife. It was not till twenty years after my winter in Memphis that an opportunity was given me to square accounts with some of the much mistaken people of that city.

Near seven o'clock Sunday evening, June 3rd, 1860, a party of four young people, of whom I was one, were leisurely making our way to church when we were suddenly startled by the appearance of a horseman, who came riding by at the top of his speed and shouting as he passed, "Camanche is blown down."

Immediately my brother William drove up with his horse and light wagon on his way to the storm stricken town, eight miles distant. Making our apologies to the girls whom we left to proceed to church alone, we boys jumped into the wagon and when we reached Camanche such a scene of utter ruin lay before us, as I hope no one who may happen to read these words will ever be called upon to witness. The town, unfortunately lay in the direct track of the tornado, which had arisen somewhere about Hardin county and sweeping eastward, gathered in volume and power as it tore along, ravaging the entire country through which it passed, carrying desolation and death in its course. Trees were uprooted and cast prone upon the ground, fences

and telegraph lines were leveled, houses, barns and structures of every sort were destroyed; men and women, horses, cattle, almost every living thing in the course of the storm king was killed or wounded. It was a time of great sorrow, the like of which had never been known in Iowa before. Had the population of the state been as large as it was twenty years later when Grinnell was smitten, the destruction would have been much greater.

Upon reaching Camanche we immediately set to work joining those already on the ground, clearing away the debris, uncovering dead bodies which we laid side by side on the floor of a hotel which had been left standing. Men, women and children, bruised and mangled, a pitiful sight, heart-rending in the extreme. The wounded were tenderly cared for by loving hands, everything was done for them that was possible under the circumstances. All night long and the next day the good work went forward until every dwelling had been thoroughly searched and all the dead and injured had been found and cared for. The home of Mr. W. H. Bennett, five miles east of DeWitt, was an old fashioned log house to which was attached a frame lean-to. When they saw the storm approaching, the family, with the exception of Mrs. Bennett, who was in DeWitt at the time, hastened into the lean-to for shelter, having no conception of the destructive force of the storm; that part of the building however, was utterly demolished and the family buried under the ruins. Mr. Bennett, who was uninjured, soon succeeded in extricating himself from the debris and in liberating his children, with the exception of the

eldest daughter, who could not at once be found. She finally made them know where she was, however, by working her fingers up through the shingles of the roof under which she was buried, when she was promptly released. Two of the girls, Mary and Martha were slightly injured, happily no one seriously. I did not know till long afterward that at the time I was riding down to Camanche that Sunday evening, a young person who was to become dearer to me than all others was lying under the ruins of that lean-to on the Wapsie Bottoms.

Numerous interesting stories are told concerning the strange freaks of the great storm, some of which though doubtless true are of such a whimsical nature as to place them almost beyond the bounds of belief, and were it not that they were vouched for by persons who were either participants in or observers of the things they describe and are entirely trustworthy, one would be inclined to relegate what is related to the realms of fiction.

The hired man on the farm of Mr. Bennett happened to be the hero of one of these queer freaks. He was in the barnyard milking and had filled his pail about two-thirds full, when he was astonished to see the cows suddenly drop to the ground, their noses pointed to the southwest. Almost instantly the barn was demolished and he was lifted up and carried through the air nearly a quarter of a mile, then gently set down on his feet badly frightened, but entirely uninjured. Whereupon he nonchalantly made his way back to the house, carrying in his hands the pail of milk of which not a drop, as far as could

be seen, had been spilled on his aerial flight.

The tornado is caused by the concurrent action of two or more currents of air coming in contact with each other and producing a spiral column which assumes a funnel shape with the flange uppermost. It whirls around with marvelous force, drawing to itself or flinging from it every moveable object with which it comes in contact. It seldom moves for any considerable distance on an even course, it generally whirls through the air with a rotary motion, now striking the earth, then rebounding and flying upward, it speeds on for a short distance, then down to the earth again. In this manner it pursues its course until its force is expended.

Soon after the tornado I made an engagement with Mr. G. W. Stumbaugh as night watchman at his saw mill. Mr. Stumbaugh had been unfortunate with his property; he had built two mills previous to the one I was to look after, both of which had been destroyed by fire. These unfortunate losses had seriously crippled him and had given him much concern as to the watchman for the new mill, especially as he believed both mills might have been saved with proper care on the part of the watchman. When my name was proposed for the place there was at first some hesitancy on his part, as there was also on my own, on account of my age and lack of experience. These objections, however, were finally overcome and so after receiving instructions concerning my duties I went to work with a decided feeling that I had undertaken a big responsibility which would demand my utmost care. My duties began at six o'clock

in the evening when the mills closed for the day and continued till seven in the morning. I generally began my work by raking out the fire from the furnaces, so as to lower the pressure of steam as soon as possible; then I cleaned up the sawdust around the different saws for we had Muly, Lath and Shingle as well as Circular saws; after that had been attended to the journals were to be watered to cool them off, and then carefully oiled.

At midnight my meal was eaten without much ceremony and it always tasted good, for I was blessed with a huge appetite and my mother was a good cook and seemed to find great satisfaction in catering to my likes, which she perfectly understood. It is a great thing to be blessed with a good mother. The hours usually dragged slowly along, making the night seem much longer than it was, and always there was a strong tendency to drop asleep, especially toward morning. This tendency caused by the drowsy atmosphere of the mill gave me no little concern, but it made me all the more alert so it was really a thinly disguised blessing. Whenever I felt it creeping over me I took a turn in the yard outside, where the cold air speedily awakened and refreshed me. There were two or three sources of danger to the mill against which I was cautioned to be particularly watchful. One of them was the fear of incendiary fires; the boss had all along believed that at least one of the fires before mentioned had been caused by an enemy of his out of revenge for some fancied injury, and he feared the new mill might be destroyed the same way. Another was the fear that hot jour-

nals might set the sawdust on fire or the floor near them. I always guarded against danger from this source by pouring water on the journals and on the floor near them soon after the men quit work at night, so there was little to fear from over heated journals or from the floor near them.

One of my most important duties was to get on a full head of steam in the morning in time to start up the machinery as soon as the engineer made his appearance. This I had always been careful to do without any trouble, until one morning, about five o'clock, with a good head of steam on and big fires in the furnaces, I discovered to my dismay that the pump was out of order, refusing to do its work; no water was going into the boilers; an explosion would soon follow unless something was done to prevent it. So I threw open the furnace doors and raked out all the fire, leaving the doors open to cool off the inside as soon as possible, then I ran to the whistle which was located over the boilers and began the biggest and longest blow I ever made in my life, which is saying a good deal. There was no let up to it; it was the long roll of an army in the presence of an enemy. The old general, owner of the mill, came tearing down from his home on the hill in his shirt sleeves; the engineer and several of the workmen were soon on the ground and measures were promptly taken to set everything to rights. I was commended for my timely discovery of the defective pump, and on the work I had done to safeguard the property. Also on my personal escape from destruction, for if the boilers had burst while I had been standing



over them, there would not have been enough of me left to hold a wake over. My work at the mill was continued until it closed down for the winter, when my attention was turned to other things.

During the month of September of that year in company with several other young men, I became a regular attendant at the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School. One Sunday soon after the school opened, I chanced to turn my head toward the door at the moment a young lady I had never seen before, was entering the room. Turning to my nearest classmate I said: "Will, who is that girl?" "What girl?" he inquired. "Why, that one who has just come in." "O," he replied, "her name is Bennett, Mary Bennett." "But who is she, where does she live?" I asked. "Her people live in the country, out near DeWitt, somewhere, I believe, and she is attending school at the seminary."

"Well, Will," I calmly said. "Let me tell you something, if I ever get married that girl will be my wife."

He turned toward me in astonishment and assuming a rather pitiful look, as though he suspected I had suddenly been attacked with a weakening of the brain or some other misfortune equally as bad, slowly said, as though speaking to himself: "Well, I declare, can it be as bad as that?" Then turning to the others, he continued: "Say, boys, Green has just been hit awful hard, he is done for, sure as you live."

Explanations followed, whereupon it was agreed among them that it was all up with me, and indeed they were not far out of the way as subsequent events proved. I had no opportunity to meet Miss Bennett for some time after that, but the

arrow remained where the little God had so discreetly lodged it, and when the opportunity did come I was prepared to make the most of it.

One Sunday evening, soon after her people had moved to town, I saw her again at the church. She was a member of the choir and that evening had left her hymn book at home. As soon as this was known I requested permission to get it for her, as a younger sister upon whom she was depending to bring it failed to do so. Permission was graciously granted, and the hymn book was secured and received with many blushes of modesty on her part and much satisfaction on my own. That incident led to an acquaintance upon which my heart had been set from the moment I saw her first in the Sunday School.

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#### CHAPTER IX.

The summer and fall of 1860 were made memorable by the important political campaign which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency of the United States. For several years preceeding the election of Mr. Lincoln the country had been in a constant ferment. The political pot was kept boiling over the fires of an intense partisanship, the like of which has never been equaled in the United States.

Max O'Rell, the distinguished Frenchman, who visited this country at that period declared that the sole amusement of the Americans was politics. He was not far out of the way either, for politics was the very breath of life; every man was a politician. They talked politics in the morning, they thought politics through the day, and they

drank politics and fought politics around the corner grocery at night. The newspapers in those days were political papers; eliminate politics from them and little would have been left. The preacher was systematically scolded by one party because he preached politics and by the other party because he did not preach politics.

Beginning with the campaign of 1848, in which General Zachariah Taylor and General Lewis Cass were pitted against each other for the presidency, there was never a time, till thirteen years later when the great problems involved were permanently settled by the Civil War, that the vehemency of partisanship was allowed to moderate. In 1848 General Taylor led the Whigs. He was the logical nominee of the Mexican War party, and he had for his motto, "General Taylor never surrenders," which I think, in view of his war record was very appropriate. His opponent, General Lewis Cass, represented the Democratic or Loco Foco party as it was called. It was in that campaign that the Barn Burners seceded from the Democratic party on the issue of extending the slave territory in the United States by the annexation of Texas, thus forming the Free Soil party, of which Martin Van Buren was the candidate in 1848, and which was destined later on, with the accession of the Whigs to become the Republican party. The term Barn Burners was derisively applied to them because of the circulation of a story of a farmer who, it was said, burned his barn to drive out the rats who were eating his corn.

In the newspapers of the day there was a wood cut of a monkey

utilizing the paw of a large but recalcitrant pussy cat to pull out some chestnuts from a blazing hearthstone fire which served as an illustration for the following doggerel:

"We Southerners want a Northern  
man,  
Or slavery will expire;  
To plant it now where breathes the  
free,  
And pull us out the fire.

This Northern doughface is the man,  
And when we touch the wire;  
He is the very one to pull  
Our chestnuts out the fire."

Then there was a cartoon representing a slave driver with a long whip driving a chained gang of slaves from slave territory into free territory, across the Democratic platform, which served as a gang plank and was supposed to represent General Cass' opinion of the practical effects of the Wilmot Proviso, which was an amendment offered by David Wilmot, representative from Pennsylvania in 1846, to a bill before the House of Representatives, calling for an appropriation of \$2,000,000 for the purchase of Mexican territory. This amendment provided that, "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist in any part of the said territory." It was adopted by the House but rejected by the Senate, from which it will be seen that the slavery question was preeminently in the minds of the people. It steadily grew in importance until it became the all-absorbing question for the statesmen of the day. Through the presidency of Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan, it ceased not to occupy all hearts, until finally it culminated in the election of Abraham Lincoln and the War of the Rebellion.

Among the most prominent of the conspicuous actors of the times, on either side of the great struggle, were, W. H. Seward of New York, the recognized leader of the Republican party; Charles Sumner of Mass., the most able, active and pronounced abolitionist at Washington; Brooks of South Carolina, who with a budgeon dastardly assaulted Sumner on the floor of the Senate, leaving the mark of the beast on his person; Joshua R. Giddings, Ben Wade and Thomas Corwin of Ohio, Horace Greeley and Henry Ward Beecher, Owen Lovejoy of Illinois, whose brother Elijah, a Presbyterian preacher was murdered by a mob at Alton, Illinois, because he incautiously expressed opinions adverse to slavery; James W. Grimes of Iowa, James Buchanan, who defeated the Pathfinder for the presidency in 1856; John F. Potter of Wisconsin, who made Roger A. Pryor of Virginia apologize for words spoken in congress at a time when the domineering spirit of the South was becoming unendurable, and Northern men were contemptuously called "Mudsills and "Black Republicans" by their opponents.

There had been a great deal of wrangling on the floor of the House, derisive epithets had been fiercely applied to each other, until Mr. Pryor suddenly brought the contention to a crisis by challenging Mr. Potter to a duel, a common resort on the part of the slave holders. Mr. Potter, to the astonishment of Mr. Pryor and his friends, promptly accepted, and chose bowie knives as the weapons, whereupon his adversary declined on the ground that the bowie knife was not a civilized weapon. Thus a large bubble was

effectually pricked, to the advantage of Northern men who were greatly heartened by the incident.

There was Toombs of Georgia, the rebel implacable, who vauntingly declared that he would live to call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill monument; Jefferson Davis of Mississippi and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, who afterward became vice president of the Southern Confederacy, a small man physically, but a giant in intellect, the noblest as well as the ablest of all the men of the South. Then there was Stephen A. Douglass of Illinois, and that greatest of all Americans, Abraham Lincoln, the memory of whose character and services will live forever.

In the autumn of 1860, the Republican National Convention assembled at Chicago and held its sessions in the Wigwam, a wooden structure erected for that purpose. At that convention Mr. Lincoln was nominated over Mr. Seward, his strongest competitor, and then and there began the most important and far-reaching political campaign ever conducted in the United States. The people of the west went wild over the nomination; one of their own number had been chosen, a man of the people whom everybody loved, and in whom they had the utmost confidence. Organizations of "Wide Awakes" were formed, consisting of companies of young republicans, whose interest was probably to some extent enlisted by the semi-military character of the organization. They were provided with glazed caps and capes, which, though inexpensive, were quite attractive; the boys armed with torches making a fine appearance as they went through the evolutions, in which they were

usually quite well instructed. I think something of a military spirit was inculcated in the youth of the North by the drills and parades of the Wide Awakes, which came to be of service a little later on. In the meantime three other candidates had been nominated, representing the different factions of the Democratic party. Mr. Breckenridge of Kentucky, Judge Douglas of Illinois and John Bell of Tennessee. As the campaign proceeded, the interest became so absorbing that the people could think or talk of little else. Our company of Wide Awakes under command of a Mr. Watson, a clothing merchant, was invited to Chicago to attend a great gathering of Republicans to be held there and I succeeded in obtaining permission to go with them, though my boss at the mill was an enthusiastic Democrat, and had little use for the Republican party, but he was a good square man, always ready to do the right thing. So we went to Chicago and there we marched and counter-marched and listened to speeches, that is, some of us did, and we drank lemonade and saw the sights and had a good time, shouting for "Honest Old Abe," hurrahing for "The Rail Splitter of Illinois," and getting thoroughly worn out with our exertions and yet wishing we could have such a campaign every year.

So it went, day after day, night after night, with music and speeches and shoutings, till at last the great day of election arrived, when the American people were to record their verdict on the problems of the day at the polls. The occasion was one of unusual interest to me, because, during the preceding March I had come of age and was entitled

to a vote, as becometh the American citizen. I was proud to reach that distinction and was determined to make the most of it. To be sure I had never taken out naturalization papers, because it was not necessary, my father having done so before I became of age; and besides nature had done for me all the naturalizing that was needed. Nevertheless, I was assured by my boss that if I attempted to vote my vote would be challenged and dire consequences would follow if I persisted in voting, and sure enough, when I stepped up to the polls with all the tremulous dignity of a new made citizen and presented my ballot, it was promptly challenged. I raised my hand ready to swear it in, when I was told with a laugh to go ahead, I was all right. I have always been proud of that vote, for at the head of the ticket stood the name of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, followed by that of Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, who was the candidate of the party for vice president.

The attitude of the several parties on the question of slavery at the time of Mr. Lincoln's election was about as follows: The republican party insisted that slavery should be confined where it already existed, i. e. within the territory bounded by Mason and Dixon's line, and that congress alone had power to legislate it into the territories, because the general government was the only law-making and law-administrating power in the territory. It was, therefore, a constitutional question, and would require a majority of three-fourths of the states and of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress to change the constitution and admit it into the terri-

teries. The Southern wing of the Democratic party, represented by Mr. Breckenridge, maintained that under the constitution, it already existed by right in the territories of the United States and could only be excluded by action of Congress. The Northern wing of that party, led by Judge Douglass, insisted that the constitution was practically silent on this phase of the slavery question, and that the troublesome problem could not be settled by an appeal to that instrument, that it was a matter to be left for settlement to the people of the territories themselves, a doctrine which Mr. Douglass called "squatter sovereignty." Mr. Bell represented nothing particularly, he was a mere go-between, who cut very little figure in the campaign. A popular writer of the day puts it in this way: "The Lincoln party was in favor of voting slavery down in the western territories. The Breckenridge party was in favor of voting it up. Douglass did not care whether it was voted up or down and the Bell and Everett party didn't know anything about nothing."

The election of Mr. Lincoln over the torn and disunited Democracy sounded a grave note of alarm. "Will it be made the pretext for actual hostilities?" was the nervous question asked over and over again. Then it would be dismissed as a fear that was utterly absurd. "Why, the secession scarecrow has been dangled before our eyes too many years to produce any fright now," said the North to itself, and then as some one has said, "It would sink back on its pillow of security with a shamed face smile to think that it had caught itself dreaming aloud." While the people of the

South were hanging over the precipice of disunion and anxiously peering down to see what was hidden in the valley below. If they could have seen the awful torrent of blood and tears that was to come, that was destined to overwhelm the nation, the raised right arms of North and South alike, would have dropped shuddering at their sides and there would have been no war. Jefferson Davis had declared in a speech in the U. S. Senate delivered in May, 1860, that the South would regard the simple election of a Republican president as an overt act of hostilities. Toombs of Georgia, and Wigfall of Texas and other fire eaters were even wore bitter, the breach continued to widen till the guns of Beauregard at Fort Sumpter awakened the sleeping North to a realization of the fact that the South was determined to make good its boast.

Scenes like that which occurred in the Ohio House of Representatives were not uncommon in the northern states. Gen. Cox says "a senator ran in from the lobby in an excited way and catching the speaker's eye said, Mr. President, a telegram announces that the secessionists are bombarding Fort Sumpter." There was a solemn and painful hush, but it was broken in a moment by a woman's shrill voice from the spectators seat, crying, "Glory to God." It startled everyone, almost as if the enemy was in their midst, but it was the voice of a radical friend of the slave, Abbey Kelly Foster, who, after a lifetime spent in public agitation, believed that the freedom of the slave could only be accomplished by blood atonement. Then came the President's proclamation calling for 75,000

men to serve for three months; very few people thought the war would last over three months. A war spirit was aroused, war meetings were held, patriotic speeches were made, patriotic sermons were preached, the flag was unfurled and it floated from every public building; private residences were adorned with its beautiful folds, martial music filled the streets, new songs were made to fit the times, the newspapers were filled with war dispatches, and war editorials, war was in the air, red, bloody, cruel war; men breathed it into their lungs, women had it in their hearts; companies were organized, regiments were formed, rendezvous were appointed and officers were chosen. And then as the hour of departure drew on, kisses were lovingly exchanged between the dear ones so soon to be separated, perhaps forever. Blessings were tenderly pronounced, promises were solemnly made by stalwart sons to anxious mothers, yes, promises to be very careful to keep out of danger and not get hurt, very pitiful indeed were these partings in many instances. O, it was war, war, war, with a long and dreadful train of consequences like a black cloud speeding on its direful course, full of civil omen.

Immediately upon receipt of the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon by the seceders, men everywhere sprang to arms, offering their services to the government. Republicans and Democrats alike vied with each other in patriotic fervor.

The Clinton County Guards, a company of young men from Lyons and Clinton, Iowa, and the surrounding country was recruited un-

der the president's call of April 15, 1861, asking for 75,000 volunteers to serve for three months. The company was not long in perfecting an organization, which was effected by the election of H. P. Cox, Captain; N. B. Howard, First Lieutenant, and Thomas Snowden, Second Lieutenant. Four Sergeants were also chosen and four Corporals, of whom I was one. The company was enrolled May 6, 1861, and ordered to report at Keokuk, Iowa soon afterward.

#### CHAPTER X.

There was much of romance thrown around the enlistments of the volunteers in those first days of the war. We were feted and feasted, lionized by our friends and neighbors with all the glamour and pomp and circumstance accorded the Knights of old who were about to embark on a crusade to the Holy Land, under the far famed Richard of the Lion Heart. The ladies of Lyons and Clinton were quite as patriotic and quite as enthusiastic as were the men; they assembled at the city hall and with needles and thread and thimbles helped the tailors to get us into uniforms as soon as possible. We were presented with a uniform of gray, the pants were adorned with stripes of red, quite three-fourths of an inch in width and ran from the top to the bottom. My goodness, how proud we were; at first we strutted around like so many turkey gobblers, puffed up by our finery. And why not? Were we not soldiers of the United States, and were we not going to war? Yes, sir, and in three months we would be back again with the rebels whipped and the rebellious states all in the Union once more.



The Lyons Mirror, whose editor, Mr. W. D. Eaton, has been a personal friend of mine over fifty years, speaks of an incident connected with the first day of the company as follows:

Co. I was organized at Lyons, with twenty-five men from Clinton, and others from the surrounding country, and failing to get into the First Iowa under the three months call, waited and entered the Second for three years, many of its members continuing in the field through the war.

The files of the Mirror for those days having been destroyed by the fire of 1870, we fall back on the Advocate of May 18th, 1861, in which an account is given of the departure of the company for Keokuk, on the steamer Northerner, at four o'clock on the morning of the 17th. After speaking of the infantry band visiting Clinton in the forenoon of the 16th, under escort of the cavalry recruits afterwards becoming Co. B, First Iowa Cavalry, the Advocate said:

In the afternoon they assembled and marched to their parade ground, accompanied by the Hawkeye Rangers, Capt. Leffingwell, and the fire companies, when a beautiful silk banner was presented them by the ladies of the city. The presentation was made in behalf of the ladies by Capt. W. E. Leffingwell, who made a speech in his usual happy style perfectly appropriate to the occasion. The banner was received and a reply made in behalf of the volunteers by Rev. A. J. Kynett, which was also one fitting the occasion. The whole affair went off pleasantly, and the day was one long to be remembered in our city. A very large number of people congregated to witness the presentation and to bid adieu to the patriotic band about to depart for the war.

Other like incidents followed, but this first scene of the kind yet vividly remains in the memories of the surviving participants.

The flag referred to by the Mirror was of silk, it was nine feet long

and five feet wide and as I shall speak of it in another place it will not be necessary to make any further mention of it at this time.

Just before the company took its departure for Keokuk, an incident occurred which well illustrates the intensity of feeling among the loyal people of the North against those who were opposed to the war at that early day and who were afterwards called "copperheads," because of their secret machinations against the government. "Copperhead" was a venomous serpent of the rattlesnake family, which however, is without rattles and gives no warning before it strikes. A prominent resident of the town who was a man of considerable influence but was persona non grata to many on account of his haughty ways, was known to be a "copperhead," and inasmuch as everyone was expected to align himself on one side or the other, he was requested to show his colors. At this he became very indignant and declared that he would do nothing of the sort, not he, whereupon he was waited upon by a squad of the guards and notified that if the flag was not flying from his residence within an hour, his home would be torn down over his ears, and since it was of brick, the consequences might be serious. Within the hour, the flag was fluttering in the breeze and the house was not disturbed. The gentleman, however, not long afterward sold out and left the town for more congenial associations.

Soon after this word was received by the company to be ready to go into camp at Keokuk. The steamer upon which we were to take passage was expected down from the North at sundown one Thursday evening

about the middle of May. As the hour approached the company began to assemble with many of the citizens at the landing, but word was soon received that our boat was delayed and there was no telling just when she would arrive, and as a matter of fact, she did not put in an appearance till nearly morning; so the night was spent in waiting for the boat and visiting with our friends, and it passed quickly enough for some of us, for we were very pleasantly engaged. At length when the whistle blew announcing the arrival of the boat, the stragglers hastily ran down to the landing and all the boys were on hand at the levee when she was made fast and the gang planks were pushed out. We were soon aboard, having said our final farewell and then at four o'clock in the morning, amid the waving of handkerchiefs, the shouts of our friends and the whistling of the steamer, we backed out into the stream with flags flying and the band adding to the enthusiasm the inspiring strains of the "Star Spangled Banner."

It is said that during the Crimean war, one night before the storming of the Malakoff, the entire British army lying in the trenches before Sebastopol joined their voices and sang together the famous Scottish ballad, "Annie Laurie."

"They sang of love and not of fame,  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

The scene on the steamer as I recall it after so many years was not unlike that in one respect at least, for though we were not yet in the trenches we were on the way there, and some of us in groups by ourselves sang "Annie Laurie," while others sang other favorites and all

were thinking of the loved ones we were leaving behind us, wondering whether we would ever see them again.

In due time we reached Keokuk, after a pleasant run down the river, and were assigned quarters with several other companies which were already in rendezvous there.

Squad and company drill was begun at once and was kept up with a zeal that from the commanders' standpoint was highly commendable, but as those embryo soldiers viewed it, was declared to be "too much of a good thing; there was no use overdoing it; they didn't enlist to be drilled and paraded around all day long, they enlisted to fight, and they didn't see no sense in so much drilling, nohow." But the drills were continued with little regard to the feelings or wishes of the men, for we were to be made into real soldiers and fitted as well as might be for the serious work which lay before us. Some of us lived to see the day when drill and discipline not only saved us from defeat, but was largely instrumental in winning for the Union forces one of the most signal victories of the war.

The Clinton County Guards had enlisted under President Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand men to serve for three months, but very soon after we reached Keokuk thirty companies were gathered there, and as the state of Iowa had only been asked for one regiment as its quota, it dawned upon us that our services might not be needed after all. That, however, was an error, which was soon dispelled, for on the third day of May the president issued his first call for men to serve for three years or during the war. The thirty companies in

rendezvous were divided into three regiments, to be known as the First, Second and Third Iowa Infantry; the First alone being mustered in for three months, the Second and Third for three years. The Clinton County Guards fell into the Second, and from that time forward ceased to be known by the name under which it had been enrolled, but was mustered into the service of the United States as Company I, Second Iowa Infantry Volunteers. The field officers were immediately elected by vote of the line officers and men. Samuel R. Curtis, who was at that time the member of Congress from the first district, was elected Colonel; James M. Tuttle, Lieut. Colonel and Marcellus M. Crocker, Major. Lieut. N. P. Chipman was appointed Adjutant. Mr. L. D. Ingersoll, author of "Iowa and the Rebellion," speaks of the regiment in the following complimentary terms: "The Second Regiment of Iowa Volunteer Infantry, one of the most distinguished of our commands, was organized at Keokuk very soon after the commencement of the war. It was the first regiment of three years' men that our state sent into the field, and the first of all to leave Iowa for the theatre of war. Its companies were enrolled during that first splendid uprising of enthusiasm which followed the atrocious bombardment of Fort Sumter, and they had within their ranks many men of great talents and of considerable reputation in the state. There never was, perhaps, in any country a military organization of equal numbers which possessed more men of merit." This kindly expressed estimate of the regiment is not beyond the facts. It is in no sense

overdrawn. It is fully sustained by the record made by both officers and men, a record of which the state of Iowa has ever been proud.

S. R. Curtis soon became a Major General, and for a time had command of the Department of the Missouri. He commanded our army at the battle of Pea Ridge which he won, greatly distinguishing himself there, as also subsequently during the war. Tuttle, "Old Pap Tuttle" as the boys called him, became a Brigadier General, and was known all through the western army as a soldier worthy of his rank. Crocker rose to the rank of Major General and acquired great military fame at Jackson and Champion's Hill. Chipman was made an Aide-de-Camp in the regular army with the rank of Colonel, and was Judge Advocate of the Court, which tried the monster Wirz of Andersonville prison fame.

The regiment left Keokuk on the 13th of June, disembarking at Hannibal, Missouri, and moving to the western part of the state, with headquarters at Saint Joseph. This journey across the state was made during what was known as the "Reign of Terror" in northern Missouri. We were given the duty of guarding the railroad eastward from St. Joseph, which was constantly threatened by rebel citizens known as "bridge burners," who made it their mission to destroy the railroads and gather in recruits for General Jackson and the rebel army.

The Iowa State Register and Leader of recent date contains an interesting reference to this early period of the war in Missouri, and the part taken by the Second Iowa in it, which, as it says, was entirely overlooked in all reports made by

officers to the War Department at Washington:

"Colonel Crosley, who has charge of the compilation of the soldiers' roster at the capitol, yesterday came upon one of the most important official reports among those made by the Iowa officers, but no trace of which, curious as it seems, is found in the official records. By some strange oversight it was not included in the copies of official reports published by Adjutant General N. B. Baker, in either of the volumes of his reports, during or after the close of the war; neither can it be found in the war of the rebellion records published by the war department.

Yet it has reference to one of the most important early events at the west, with particular reference to the beginning of the campaign in Missouri in the spring and summer of 1861.

This old report is dated "Camp Lyon, St. Joseph, Mo., June 27, 1861," and is addressed to "Brig. Gen. N. Lyon, commanding," and signed "Samuel R. Curtis, Col. Second Iowa Volunteers, commanding expedition."

It gives in detail and at length the movement of the troops under his command, but the vital feature of the report relates to the manner in which the Hannibal & St. Joe and the North Missouri railroads were taken possession of by Colonel Curtis.

It was on account of the remarkable effectiveness and promptness with which Colonel Curtis accomplished this vital operation that he was made immediately a brigadier general, which led later to the rank of major general. It, too, was the beginning of the career of the gallant Second Iowa which made an unsurpassed record. That a report of the importance of Colonel Curtis with respect to the capture of the most important line of connection in the northwest, and which would have been destroyed had he delayed a moment in executing its capture, should have been overlooked hitherto is amazing to military experts and to historians.

Colonel Crosley said yesterday that the find was actually invaluable. Samuel R. Curtis resigned from congress to take command of the Second Iowa. He was a West Pointer, and so thoroughly did he instruct his men that the Second was the first Iowa regiment to take the field, the First regiment following the next day, and the Third a few days later. On June 13, 1861, Colonel Curtis received a telegram from Gen. Nathaniel Lyon ordering him at once to move the troops under his command into the state of Missouri, with specific instructions to take military control of the lines of the Hannibal & St. Joseph and North Missouri railroads.

Colonel Curtis states in his official report to General Lyon, just now discovered, that he received the order at 1 o'clock a. m. and that at 5 o'clock a. m. the Second Iowa was embarked on board the steamer Deans. Landing at Hannibal, Mo., the same day, Colonel Curtis at once proceeded to take military possession of the railroads indicated, using for that purpose the Second Iowa infantry, the First Iowa infantry—which had followed from Keokuk and reached Hannibal on June 4th—a detachment of the Sixteenth Illinois infantry, numbering 450, and 250 Home Guards which he found stationed at Hannibal upon his arrival there, making in all a force of about 2,700 under his command with which to execute the order of General Lyon, a seemingly impossible task, considering the length of the line along which this small army was to be distributed, but without hesitation the order was obeyed.

As he advanced, small forces of the enemy were encountered and quickly overcome, flags, munitions of war, prisoners and supplies were captured, and loyal and peaceable citizens assured protection. Leaving detachments to guard the bridges, buildings and other railroad property from destruction, he pressed forward, and at the conclusion of this famous report said:

I arrived at St. Joseph June 15, 1861, and encamped a short dis-

tance below the city on the bank of the Missouri river. I had thus in fifty-six hours from the time your dispatch reached me at Keokuk taken military possession of the entire road and established a sufficient guard along the line to protect it, and at the same time scattered and disorganized the rebel forces that were mustering through this portion of Missouri.

Upon his arrival at St. Joseph, Mo., he found a force of 650 union troops, which had been sent there by General Lyon. When the expedition started from Hannibal, Colonel Curtis was not aware of the presence of these troops at the other end of the line. While they did not directly co-operate in his expedition, the fact that they were already in possession of the city when he arrived there was an important factor in the success of this most remarkable military achievement.

"The promptness with which the order was obeyed alone saved this important line of railroad for the transportation of union troops and supplies, and prevented a more prolonged resistance by the rebel forces in that portion of the state by Missouri," says Colonel Crosley. "Colonel Curtis was promptly promoted to the rank of brigadier general and later was given the rank of major general.

"The Second Iowa infantry thus began its military career under an able leader whose influence and example was an inspiration to the splendid officers who subsequently became its commanders, succeeding each other in vacancies caused by promotion, by death on the battlefield and by disabling wounds."

One evening soon after dark, while part of the regiment was temporarily stationed at Macon City an accident occurred which filled us all with sadness. We had all lain down for the night, and quiet brooded over the camp as most of the boys were fast asleep, and those who were still awake were so worn with ceaseless vigil that they were not in

a humor for much excitement, besides, we were in the enemy's country with a watchful foe close about us. The guard had just been changed and those who returned to camp found us lying on our arms, the guns loaded and ready for immediate action. Unfortunately one of the returning guards accidentally struck his foot against the lock of a loaded musket in such a way as to cause its discharge. The bullet entered the side of Albert Winchell, one of the brightest and best boys in the company, who, when he enlisted, was a student at Cornell College. He lived only two or three days. Just before dying, he said: "Boys, if it had only been done in battle I wouldn't have cared, but it is hard to die this way." And indeed it was, but such are the fortunes of war, and the soldier must submit. His body was sent home and was interred with all the honors of war, a large concourse attending the funeral of the first of our company to fall.

Replying to a letter of inquiry about Winchell, I wrote from St. Joseph a few days later: "Poor fellow, he was asleep when he was shot. I shall never forget the look he gave me when he awoke. I thought he would have died immediately. I heard him mumbling something; Mr. Pennyman said he was praying. Mr. P. and I stayed with him; the company was ordered away and we two were left to take care of him. I sat up with him the first night; he was in great pain. I started for St. Joseph the next morning after our nurse and a trunk with some changes of linen, but before I could get back he was dead. Mr. Bettesworth had been sent on by the Captain to take him home. I should have come with him



had I been there at the time, and would never have left him if I had known the end was so near."

At Hunnewell occurred the death of the first rebel at the hands of a member of our regiment. We were marching through the village and one of the boys asked a young man who happened to be standing near a well, for a drink of water. His request was not only refused, but the refusal, it was reported, was accompanied with an insulting remark and at the same instant the rebel attempted to fire a revolver at our man. For some reason it missed fire, and before he could aim it again he was shot dead in the presence of his poor old mother, who was standing a few feet away from him. It was a sad thing and very wierd, but it was only an incident of war and though it was the first of its kind to us, it caused only a passing flutter and was soon forgotten in the stirring events which followed.

A few evenings after that, while an energetic German was on picket guard, one of the boys thought he would have a little fun at "Bill's" expense, so he slipped outside the line and made his way cautiously in the direction of the lone sentinel, who heard him coming, but the night being dark, he could not see who it was, so he shouted, "Halt dare, halt dare, I tells you, advance unt say, 'Alla Villa,' or by chinks I blows de top of your head off alretty." It is needless to say that the countersign, which was "Palo Alta, was promptly given. During the latter part of July the regiment was ordered to Bird's Point, Missouri, which lies just across the Mississippi river from Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio, and geographically is to southeast Missouri what

St. Joseph is to the northeastern part of the state. Here our duties were similar to those we had been performing at St. Joseph and vicinity. It was at Bird's Point I received my first promotion from Corporal to Second Sergeant. After a brief stay at the Point we broke camp and prepared to leave for a healthier location. We were glad to do this for the regiment in a very short time had become reduced by malarial influences and camp diarrhoea from nearly one thousand men to a little over four hundred fit for duty.

The regiment was ordered to Pilot Knob, a point about one hundred miles southwest of St. Louis, which place we reached in good time. All the troops in that territory were given an important stunt, which was no less a task than to capture Jeff Thompson, a noted rebel guerilla, who by his great activity and perfect knowledge of the country was a constant annoyance to our men, whom he pestered day and night. The peripatetic Jeff slipped away from us so often when we thought we had him sure, that the boys at last absolutely refused to believe in the existence of any Jeff Thompson in the flesh, and as freely expressed their opinions to one another upon the subject as did Betsy Prig to Sairy Gamp, when she said concerning the alleged former husband of that lady, "I don't believe there's no sich a person." But then there was although he was like uncle Ephraim's crow, Peter Jackson, "when you cotched him sah, he was done gone clar way fum dar."

At Pilot Knob we found some troops from Illinois and Missouri under command of General B. M. Prentis, who later won fame at Pittsburg Landing. While there we



were joined by the Seventh Iowa, which had just entered the service and became a part of our brigade, remaining with us till the close of the war. During our stay at Pilot Knob it was reported that a question of rank had arisen between General Prentiss and General Grant, who had received his commission as Brigadier General at Cairo. General Grant had entered the service as Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry and had been promoted as stated. The question was finally settled in Grant's favor, whose commission, it was reported, was dated but an hour or two before that of Gen. Prentiss. Who shall say that this little difference of date may not have had a far-reaching influence on the fortunes of the war?

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#### CHAPTER XI.

We remained at Pilot Knob, or Ironton, till the 27th of August, when we were ordered to Jackson, Missouri, where the regiment lingered till September 8th. From Jackson we marched to Fort Jefferson, Kentucky and there we stayed until September 23rd, when we were ordered back to our old camping ground at Bird's Point. In the meantime Col. Curtis had been promoted to Brigadier General; Tuttle had been commissioned Colonel and Crocker Lieutenant Colonel; he was soon afterward, however, given the Colonelcy of the Thirteenth Iowa Infantry and Captain Baker of Co. "G" became Lieutenant Colonel with Adjutant Chipman as Major.

There were many interesting features connected with our tramps about Missouri, some of which were very pleasing. Soon after leaving Ironton we met with a gratifying surprise in the discovery of a large orchard loaded with apples and

peaches. It was a delightful find for the fruit was thoroughly ripe and was really delicious. For a long time after eating them my mouth would water at the thought of those peaches. Never in my life had I tasted anything that seemed so good; they were even better than English mince pie, and that is saying a great deal. We all ate and ate till we could eat no more and then for a change we would eat an apple just to prepare the way for more peaches. I think it must have been with us as it is said to have been with a certain individual, who, upon being told that he might make three choices of whatever he liked best, chose first, plenty of whiskey; second plenty of tobacco; third after hesitating a moment, a little more whiskey. We had only one cause of regret which was not lessened in any degree because it was shared by all: there was mourning that day because there was a limit to our capacities, we could eat no more. Of course the commanding officers were wroth with us; we were given to understand that such depredations as we had committed must not be repeated under any circumstances, that though we were in the enemy's country, we must respect the rights of property; all of which was listened to with great respect, but with very little inclination to observe, for while we were disposed to guard the property of Union men, whose sympathies we knew were with us, we had as little regard for rebel sympathizers in the South who lacked the courage to take up arms and join their friends at the front, as we had for copperheads of the North, who were content to fire at us from the rear.

The owner of the orchard was a rebel and that was quite enough for

us; why should he not contribute to our comfort?

In those first months of the war of the rebellion there was a great deal of unnecessary squeamishness about the conduct of the war, which gave way gradually as the struggle progressed and as the purposes, methods and strength of our enemies were developed. We became impressed with the thought that there was in the minds of the authorities at Washington, an unwholesome fear of unnecessarily offending a large element in the North whose sympathies were not openly with us, who might be won over by a mild conduct of the war but be hopelessly driven from us by a vigorous prosecution on the part of our armies. That there was some foundation for this feeling cannot be denied. We were a heterogeneous people, thrown together from many countries, whose political notions and social views were very different in some important respects from our own. Then there were also commercial complications to be considered. Trade between the two sections was of course utterly destroyed except insofar as blockade runners might be able to evade the restrictions imposed by the conflict and run their goods into southern ports. The large manufacturers and traders of New York as well as the cotton factories of Manchester and Leeds were suffering immense losses through the war. It is not to be wondered at therefore, that these people with the thousands of mill operatives and workmen generally who were dependent upon trade with the South, should feel unkindly toward combatants who were, as they understood it, responsible for their troubles. In addition to these

considerations, hostilities were at that period, confined almost entirely to the border states. In the west we had not yet pierced beyond Missouri and Kentucky. Neither of these states had formally seceded from the Union, though efforts had been made to carry them out with the other seceding states. Governor Jackson of Missouri and Governor McGoffin of Kentucky had done their utmost, but both of them had signally failed, for in spite of all they were able to do their geographical position made their states the battle ground across which the armies marched and fought all through the war; especially was this the case with Kentucky. Then, too, the people were much more nearly equally divided in their sympathies than was the case in the states farther south. So it was quite difficult often to know who were union men and who were rebels; who were entitled to have their property guarded and who were not. In view of all the facts, it must be conceded that the officers in command were acting wisely when they insisted on recognizing the rights of property, and punished severely any who were found violating those rights. In spite of all their efforts however, the soldiers who were unable to appreciate these considerations, moved by a desire for something besides hard tack and salt pork raided the surrounding country and acquired perishable property, as opportunity might offer, paying for what they got when convinced that the owners were union men and "gobbling" it when they were known to be rebels. So upon leaving Ironton it came to pass that there opened before us as fine a field for this sort of enterprise as the heart of any soldier

could wish for. Self appointed foraging parties went out in all directions, scouring the fields and the woods for game, returning to camp loaded down with the fruits of the chase. Surely the pigs did squeal, the ducks did quack, the geese did hiss and the turkeys did gobble. No conference of ministers ever made the chickens roost higher than they roosted on that memorable march. Judging from pictures which appeared in Harper's Weekly, representing scenes which were of every day occurrence, one would almost have to believe that Don Quixote had risen from his grave to lead a new onslaught on the flocks of geese which would persistently dispute our passage of many a Mis-ouri Dardanelles.

One evening just about dark the command reached a point where we were to camp for the night. The tents were pitched near a farm house, which was surrounded by peach trees laden with fruit. Now, it happened to be my turn to serve as Sergeant of the Guard that night.

In the line of duty I had placed the guard about the house which was occupied as headquarters for the officers, and in returning to my tent jumped over a low stone wall which served as a fence around the house and orchard. I had jumped the wall because it was the shortest cut between the guard line and the camp, and I was very hungry after the all day march. It so happened, however, that just as I went over the wall Major Crocker, who was in command of the regiment at the time, came riding past. The Major, not knowing I was on duty and thinking I had been stealing peaches, immediately opened on me with his double shotted battery of

heavy verbal artillery. For a few moments I was made the target for a lot of hot shot that raked me fore and aft. It was red pepper and Greek fire combined. Of course I made no reply, but when he had exhausted his ammunition and had ordered me to my tent, I went directly to my captain and told him what had taken place. I did not enjoy being branded as a thief and had no intention of resting under a charge like that. Major Crocker was possessed of a quick temper, but he was also a gentleman, and so when Captain Cox went to him and explained the situation, how I came to be in the orchard and why I had jumped over the wall instead of going around by the gate, he came at once to our tent and calling me out, apologized to me in the presence of all who happened to be standing near. The action was characteristic of the man, for M. M. Crocker was every inch a gentleman, a man of fine abilities as a lawyer and a soldier, who became one of the most distinguished of our Major Generals.

It was at this point that I witnessed for the first time the ceremony of drumming a man out of camp. The offender had been guilty of some disgraceful transgression of military law which was punishable by dishonorable dismissal from the army. The troops were formed into a hollow square and the culprit, with coat turned inside out and his hands tied behind him was marched around the square between two files of soldiers, to the tune of "Rogue's March," after which he was conducted outside the camp, his hands untied and he was told to "git," which he did in short order amid the shouts and jeers of

most of his old comrades, who were glad to be rid of him.

During our second sojourn at Bird's Point in Sept. 1861, General John C. Fremont, who was in command of the Department of the Missouri, with headquarters at St. Louis, issued a general order to the effect that any slaves fleeing from their masters and coming into our lines were to be allowed their liberty, sheltered, fed, and given every assistance on their way to the North and freedom. That order caused no little stir among the Union troops, some of whom rejoiced over it, others were not at all pleased with it; "they had not enlisted to help free the niggers and they didn't propose to do it, not much, if the government wanted the niggers freed it would have to get somebody else to do it, for they wouldn't." A few colored people came into our lines, but they were not encouraged in any way, and General Fremont's order, which was altogether untimely, was immediately countermanded from Washington and Fremont was soon superseded by General Halleck. Fremont's heart was right but he had assumed a prerogative that belonged only to the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, who in good time issued his great proclamation of freedom to the slaves of the South, which was declared at the time to be a military necessity.

The winter of 1861 was spent in St. Louis recuperating and doing provost guard duty in the city. It was an agreeable change from the malarial camps of Missouri and Kentucky, and was greatly enjoyed by the regiment, as it gave us fine opportunities to see the sights in

the city, which we were permitted to do under the necessary restrictions imposed by military law. It cannot be denied that these restrictions were sometimes broken over; the rules were not always complied with as they should have been, some of the consequences of which were seen after our first battle; but on the whole there was no greater complaint than might naturally be expected under the circumstances.

There happened to be at that time in the city a certain institution known as McDowell's College, which was being used as a prison for captured rebels. It was part of our duty to guard the prisoners confined within its walls and I must confess that we found them to be as pleasant a lot of fellows as you would be likely to meet anywhere on earth. There was one young fellow for whom I formed quite an attachment, considering the few opportunities we had for seeing each other, and I think my feelings were reciprocated by him. I had rendered him some slight service, the nature of which has passed from my memory long since, but he appeared to be very grateful for it, whatever it was, and in return he gave me a pipe which he had whittled out of some soft stone and marked with various devices. It was all he had. On one side of the bowl he had cut the word "Liberty," on the opposite side the words, "The South." On the under side a flag; on the upper side of the short stem, "Jan 27th," and on the under side the word, "Mont;" on one side of the stem, "McDowell's," and on the other, "College." I have always kept that young fellow in my mind, but have never seen or heard of him since that winter; but I still have the pipe.

It was generally supposed that McDowell's College was a rebel institution, for its president, Dr. McDowell, was reported to be a surgeon in the Confederate Army in Texas, which was enough to dissipate any respect that might otherwise have been felt for the school as a seat of learning. Connected with the institution there was a museum which contained numerous specimens of natural history, such as stuffed rabbits, dried bats, mounted owls, toads, striped pigs and various other uncanny things which we were told were to be sacredly guarded from vandalism. Unfortunately, however, there was a hole in one of the walls through which some scamp managed to crawl and find his way into the museum. Once there he appropriated several of the specimens, which he disposed of down town in exchange for such dainties as were not to be had at the barracks. As soon as the loss was discovered a great hue and cry was raised over it, and strenuous efforts were made to discover the pilferer. But do as he would the commanding officer, General Schuyler Hamilton was unable to uncover the offender. If anyone knew who it was they would not tell, so the guilty party went unpunished. But General Hamilton was not to be defeated in his purpose if the party actually guilty of the trespass could not be found, the regiment of which he was a member should be made to feel the weight of official displeasure. Now, it so happened that all this took place just as we were about to embark for active service in the field again. A general order was issued in which the regiment was publicly disgraced. Our march through the

city from Benton Barracks to the steamboat landing was a queer affair. It would have borne all the ear marks of a funeral procession, had it not been for the sense of humor which pervaded a large portion of the regiment. We were not allowed to carry our colors, the flag remained furled and we were ordered to march without music, two things that no true soldier could endure without protest. Even so, we found a remedy. Every man who happened to be the happy possessor of a pocket handkerchief fastened it to the bayonet on his gun, and it immediately became a flag. Well, well; there were flags of all shapes and sizes and colors, clean and unclean, new and old fluttering in the breeze and jauntily proclaiming the independence of the boys who carried them; but that was not all. We keenly felt the loss of our music, especially as one of the best bands in St. Louis had enlisted and joined the second Iowa. No, we could not march without music, so to supply that difficulty, every man who was able to get his mouth into a pucker began to whistle "Yankee Doodle," just as the procession started and kept it up with more or less zeal till we reached the levee. The city was all stirred up over it; the rebel portion was in great glee over what they were pleased to term "the dishonor of the Yankees," while the loyal people made light of it. Windows were raised on both sides of the streets, doors were thrown open and men, women and children waved little flaglets, fluttered their handkerchiefs and laughed and cheered and whistled with us, and did everything they could to cheer us up; for we had acquired a popularity in St. Louis

and had made many friends there. It was an unjust punishment, but the disgrace of it was soon to be wiped out by what historians designate as one of the brightest and bravest achievements to be found anywhere in the annals of war.

The year 1861 had not on the whole been favorable to the Union arms, the war had not been skillfully conducted. McClellan in western Virginia had gained some reputation, Grant had gained a victory and nearly lost it at Belmont, Butler had achieved success in Hatteras Inlet, Dupont had won Port Royal and some other things that had kept the national heart from absolute despondency, but taken together the results were against us. But the splendid campaigns in the west in 1862 more than atoned for all that had been lacking in '61. The first of these great victories and one of the most inspiring of the whole war was won on the west bank of the Cumberland river on the 13th, 14th and 15th of Feb. 1862. Gen Grant had left Fort Henry on the Tennessee on the 12th, with a force of about 15,000 men. On the morning of the 14th Lew Wallace joined him with 2,500 more and at the same time Gen. Thayer of Nebraska was steaming up the Cumberland with six other regiments, all under convoy of the Ironclads, St. Louis, Louisville and Pittsburg and of the wooden boats Tyler and Conestoga, making a total of 27,000 men all told.

The Cumberland river runs north instead of south and empties into the Ohio above Paducah, Ky. It was a spirited scene that trip up the Cumberland, full of life and stir and energy, the iron gunboats, the loaded transports, the little

Government Dispatch boats, but a little larger than one of those pretty electric launches on the lagoon, with their thin piping whistles they made a queer contrast to the hoarse fog-horn blows of the larger craft; it was a panorama of beauty of thrilling interest to all who understood the grim import of the trip. We were on the way to Fort Donelson, which we understood to be one of the strongholds of the enemy in the west. I think nearly all were anxious to get there as soon as possible, the easy capture of Fort Henry caused us to fear that a like result might be reached at Donelson before we could get there to have a hand in it. Indeed, most of our boys seemed to be in much the same frame of mind as was a member of the Twelfth Iowa, of whom the late Capt. E. I. Weiser of the Third Iowa once told me. The Twelfth man was overheard by a comrade just on the eve of the battle, praying with great apparent fervency, that the enemy might give them "a stout fight." It is needless to say that his prayer was fully answered. The Captain of the boat on which we were being carried to the Fort was a rank rebel sympathizer, whose affinities came to the surface at a time when the troops were in no mood to condone them. On some pretext he permitted the steam to run low, unnoticed by the officers of the regiment, and when his attention was called to it, he began to make excuses, saying that the fuel was nearly gone and wood was hard to get, though we had passed several wood piles on the river banks. Col. Tuttle said very little; he had noticed a large pile a short distance ahead of us, so he quietly drew his revolver and pointing it



at the head of the Captain, inquired of him: "Do you see that pile of wood yonder on the right bank of the river? Well, you get to that wood and have it on board in short order or your carcass feeds the fishes in this river." We were soon at the wood pile and the deck hands and roustabouts had the help of all the soldiers that could be used to advantage in getting it aboard, and we had no further trouble after that.

Fort Donelson was a formidable bastioned work, well calculated for a defensive position, built on a hill about 100 feet above the waters of the Cumberland and containing nearly a hundred acres of land, located on the west bank of the river. On the south there is a small stream called Indian Creek, which was filled and overflowing with back water from the river; between Indian creek and Dover a little town near the Fort, there is now a national cemetery containing a large number of Union and Confederate graves. To the north there is another stream called Hickman's creek, which was also filled with back water. The ground was very rough, broken and full of deep crevices or fissures, it was nearly all covered with trees which had been cut down so that the tops lay outward from the works and facing the Union army, the limbs had been trimmed and sharpened to a point, forming a very dangerous abattis over which it was necessary to charge to reach the intrenchments which extended along a ridge about two miles long and back from the river. The fort was garrisoned by about 21,000 men under command of Floyd, Pillow, Johnson, Buckner and Forrest. Grant's army was divided

into three divisions. The first under McClelland, occupying our right, the second under Lew Wallace, holding the center, and the left under C. F. Smith. The army was made up of western men, chiefly from Illinois, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa with one regiment from Nebraska and one from Missouri. In one particular Fort Donelson was unlike almost all the other great battles of the war, four states furnished nearly all the troops. To illustrate the heterogeneity of the Union army the composition of my own company will serve as a sample of the whole, we had nineteen different states and nationalities in it.

The Second Iowa which had disembarked from the steamer McGill about three miles below the fort was assigned to Lauman's brigade of Smith's division and occupied the extreme left of the Union line. The other regiments in the brigade were the Seventh and Fourteenth Iowa, the Twenty-fifth and Fifty-second Indiana and Birges' sharpshooters. A short distance in the rear of the brigade was Mrs. Crisp's house, a one story log structure with an addition on one side, and a stone chimney on the other. It was Grant's headquarters.

On the 13th there had been some heavy skirmishing all along the line. The Illinois boys on the right had a hard time getting the line of investment complete. About three in the afternoon, Foote's gunboats steamed up the river and engaged the water batteries. We heard the firing and it was music in our ears. Our expectations were high; we remembered Fort Henry and the splendid work done there, but we were doomed to disappointment, for one after another the gunboats were

disabled and dropped down out of range. Flag Officer Foote was wounded and the rebels were jubilant. It was a bitter disappointment to us; we had expected so much and our hopes were suddenly and cruelly dashed to the ground. The boys were filled with gloom, and they began to magnify the strength and numbers of the enemy. Some blamed Grant, some Halleck, some Foote, nearly all praised the Confederate officers and everybody wondered what was to come next. In the meantime it had grown intensely cold, it was raining, sleeting and freezing, we had no tents, no shelter of any sort, not even a tree; we had no blankets, no overcoats, it was a fearful night, and we were terribly exposed. God in heaven only knows how some of those poor fellows suffered that awful night; a few froze to death, some contracted ailments from which they died before they left the fort, others died in the hospital a few months later, and some are carrying the effects of that exposure to this day, and will carry them to their graves. We were not allowed to have any fires, because that would draw the fire of the enemy's guns, which were but a short distance from us, and in full range.

During that night a council was held between Pillow, Floyd and Buckner, which resulted in a determination to make a sortie in the morning and cut their way out and get away by Wynn's Ferry to Charlotte. So in the morning just at daybreak, before our fellows had time to get into line, the enemy came pouring down on our extreme right and struck Oglesby's brigade of McClernand's division. The battle swung on till it reached Wal-

lace in the center. McClernand's men were rolled up in a mass. The Eighteenth Illinois lost 44 killed and 170 wounded; the others suffered much, their ammunition gave out, for in the early days of the war neither side seemed to take in all the necessities of the case, and contingencies were not provided for as they were later on.

When it looked as though all was lost, Pillow was greatly elated. He was a very vain man, and he thought he had Grant's whole army before him; so he sent a telegram to Sydney Johnson, commander of the Confederate forces in the west: "On the honor of a soldier the day is ours." Johnson sent it to Richmond and it created great enthusiasm there, but it was a mistake, the day was not won by any means, but it might have been; Napoleon would have won it, so would Wellington, so would Grant, so would Buckner. But Pillow was vacillating just when it required nerve, and decision of character, and the day was lost to the Confederates and all went with it.

When Grant found his men in retreat he simply said: "Gentlemen," addressing himself to Wallace and McClernand, "the position on the right must be re-taken." That was all, and then he galloped away. The lines on the right were reformed and preparations were made for a new investment of the enemy's works. Grant said to Webster, his chief of staff, "some of our men are pretty badly demoralized, but the enemy must be more so, for he has attempted to force his way out but has fallen back; the one who attacks first now will be victorious and the enemy will have to be in a hurry if he gets ahead of me."

Then he directed Col. Webster to ride by his side and call out to the men as they passed: "Fill your cartridge boxes quick and get into line, the enemy is trying to escape and he must not be permitted to do so." And that did the business, it acted like a charm, the enemy was forced back into his works, never to leave them again except as prisoners of war.

At two o'clock in the afternoon General Smith received orders to charge the works in his front, and he selected Lauman's brigade to lead. It was a forlorn hope for Colonel Shaw of the Fourteenth Iowa, told me that General Smith had no thought of carrying the works: it was designed on the part of Grant only as a feint till the right could be reinvested. But something must be done and that right quick, so General Smith said to Colonel Tuttle: "You are to assail yonder rifle pits, can I depend on you?" "Support me promptly General," said Tuttle, "and in twenty minutes I'll go in." Twenty minutes was the exact time it took Marshall Soult to climb the Pratzen slope at Austerlitz and fiercely fight the column of Kallo-rath. Twenty minutes, the destinies of kingdoms and empires have been decided in less time than that. Twenty minutes at Waterloo meant everything to Wellington. Twenty minutes in a man's lifetime may not mean much, but twenty minutes on the field of battle means everything.

Well, the column is ready, the line is formed at a considerable distance from the rifle pits, the Second Iowa is in front, divided into two equal parts, the left five companies leading, the right wing following one hundred and fifty yards behind, then comes the Fifty-second Indiana, the

Twenty-fifth Indiana and the Fourteenth and Seventh Iowa, while Birge's sharpshooters are deployed on our flanks as skirmishers and right well they did the business, every man of them was a preferred marksman; they had learned how to draw a bead on the prairies and in the woods of the wild and woolly west, they knew just how to bark a squirrel, which required fine marksmanship. They were armed with long, globe-sighted Henry rifles, and dressed in clothes neither blue nor gray, nor butternut exactly, but a kind of mixture between them all, so they were not easily distinguished from surrounding objects. They all wore coon skin caps with the tail, like Grimes' coat, "all hanging down behind." They never maneuvered as a corps, though some of them figured as a corpse; every man fought on his own hook, when the time for action came it was "cap-teens full, biscuits for all day, all right, hunt your holes," and away they went like so many Indians. They hid behind rocks and stumps, they crawled into hollows, they climbed into trees and stretched themselves out along the limbs, and in that way they did us some royal service, for they made it very interesting for the men that worked the batteries on the other side.

Gen. Smith leads the column out to a point where it debouches in full view of the enemy and in easy range of his musketry; yonder are the rebel works full five hundred yards away. There is a deep ditch on the inside, on the outside of it the works are thrown up forming an embankment, behind which the defence conceals himself while he shoots at the prosecution. There are openings in the earth works, through

which the artillery pours its grape and cannister and shot and shell and hell. All the hillside is covered with the abattis already referred to, so dense that a rabbit would be bothered to get through it. The line is formed, the officers draw their swords, the men grasp their muskets with a firmer grip.

Those old Belgian muskets,  
Those smooth bore muskets,  
Those time-honored muskets,  
Those rust covered muskets,  
We shot with that day.

Now the word is spoken, men look into each others faces, just for an instant, some are pale, some are flushed, some look wildly on before them, many a silent prayer goes up to God for protection and for success, but never an oath is uttered, no, no, eternity lies just over the brow of that hill there, while death lurks along its sides. It may be you, it may be me, God save us. The word is spoken, the column moves, full of grim determination and not without fear. A horse might be free from fear at such a time, so might a pig or an ox, but seldom a man. Side by side the men push on, they jostle each other, the fallen trees are in the way, the sharp pointed limbs are dangerous hindrances, but the line is well preserved, not a word is spoken, not a gun is fired on our side. Silent as the grave and inexorable as death the boys move on. Ping, ping, ping, bang, ping, ping, ping, ping, bang, bang—whiz, bang, bang, bullets and grape, shot and shell, whistling, screeching, screaming away on their mission of death, but no man speaks, no man halts, the column moves on, Sergeant Doty is down, never to rise again till God's resurrection call shall awaken him from sleep. Others are falling in quick succession,

some drop dead, shot through the heart, through the head, mangled by grape and torn by shell. Some are only wounded; they lie still where they have fallen. Some manage to hobble away to the rear, some seek a place where they may find shelter and care for their wounds, but they are killed before they can find it. Not a groan is heard nor a cry; they suffer in silence that they may not dishearten their comrades; they die like soldiers. There is no halt, no hesitancy, no, not for an instant. Like lions stealing on their prey the left wing, and then the right wing climb the steeps. Captain Cloutman of Ottumwa drops dead with a bullet in his brain; twenty paces further on Slaymaker of Davenport is instantly killed; so is Lieutenant Harper, so are forty others. Tuttle is wounded; so is Major Chipman; so are one hundred and fifty-seven others, some of them unto death. Blood is streaming from their faces, bursting from their breasts, getting down into their shoes, reddening the trampled snow at their feet. Arms drop lifeless at the side of the body, limbs are torn away in an instant. A cannon ball bears a head away and leaves a lifeless trunk behind. But now the rebels are flying, the works are taken at the point of the bayonet; our men leap the trenches with a shout of victory, bayoneting all that linger a moment behind, and now for the first time Tuttle's voice rings out clear and strong, "Give them — boys," and some one writing of it afterwards said: "If ever mortals inflicted the torments of the damned upon the denizens of earth, it was then and there in obedience to that command." Colonel Hanson and his Tennesseans made a splendid fight of it but they

were swept away like chaff from a threshing floor, and Donelson was ours.

Mr. Charles Boynton, an Iowa poet sought to immortalize the charge of the Second Iowa in a poem of many stanzas, from which I have taken the liberty to select the following lines:

"The rebel flag o'er Henry waves  
For but an hour, and o'er the graves  
Of traitors pass the victorious bands,  
Till Cumberland breaks on the sight  
And Donelson in waiting stands  
Astride its rampart crowned height.

Where are the Winklerieds that now  
Will scale the tempest crowned  
brow,  
Will raise again the inspiring cry—  
"Make way for Liberty," and high  
Upon the uprising shaft of fame  
With him record their deathless  
names.

Behold them here, the Alpine  
heights  
Ne'er nursed a braver, bolder stock.  
Than now as Freedom's chosen  
knights  
Spring forth to meet the battle  
shock;  
Up the steep hillside, on they press;  
No faltering in their steps is seen.  
Among their ranks each gleam the  
less  
From out the bright and starry sheen  
Of bayonets glittering in the light,  
Marks where the eternal morn has  
risen  
To greet the spirit of one whose  
night  
On earth has closed; whose flesh barred  
prison  
Has open'd its door and let the soul  
Pass upward to its destined goal.

Onward they press, the fiery tide  
That meets their front lays low the  
pride  
Of many a hearth; still on they  
sweep,  
Till on the strong embattled steep  
They meet the foe, and hand to  
hand,

In fierce and desperate conflict  
stand,  
Then o'er the opposing ramparts  
leap:  
No earthly power can backward  
keep.

The immortal band that dare  
To plant the starry banner there."

The rebels fell back to an interior line of rifle pits and we held the works we had taken.

Speaking of the part played by the private soldier in the War of the Rebellion, a distinguished orator has said: "We may not forget that many an humble individual inspired by a purpose pure and noble, has striven manfully against great odds and without hope of other reward than that of an approving conscience. It is only in the seclusion of the family circle or in the hearts of a few firm friends that these humble individuals receive the homage which is their due and the tribute of love which gratitude alone can give. For all time the projectors of great things, the leaders and prominent actors of the world have received the homage of their fellow men; their lives have been filled with the fragrance of their own good deeds and of the emoluments and honors which have been showered upon them." It is the custom when persons who have rendered great public services yield up their lives, to accord to them every meed of praise their services merit, and when men and women have towered above their fellows in bravery, charity and sacrifice pass away, an appreciative people are swift to recognize their worth and to pour out libations of love. In the halls of legislation their achievements are rehearsed by eloquent tongues, panegyrics are pronounced from pulpit and platform, in the parlors of

the wealthy, by the fireside of the lowly, in homely phrase, the common people talk of the distinguished dead and tell to each other the story of their lives. Stately and costly funeral trains convey the embalmed body and richly draped casket with all its elaborate adornments to the beautiful mausoleum which awaits its reception. Great cities contend with each other for the honor of providing a burial place for their bodies, costly monuments are erected to their memory and their tombs become the shrines of a grateful people. History has great things to say of Moses, Alexander, Marlborough and Frederick, who is called "The Great," of Napoleon and Wellington the "Iron Duke."

I once saw a noble monument in the heart of London, erected in memory of England's great naval hero Lord Nelson. I have stood at the base of another, in the capital of our own country, erected in honor of the father of his country. I have gazed in wonder upon the splendid Egyptian obelisk in Central park, called Cleopatra's needle, with its vertical lines of incised hieroglyphics, a shaft of enduring substance which has defied the ravages of time and beat back the storms of centuries, a noble tribute to the genius of a once great people. It has been my privilege to stand beside magnificent statutes of Jackson, Lincoln and Grant, shafts of fame worthily put up by their fellow citizens, but I think the most significant and comprehensive of all that I have ever seen is that which came to us from France, which looks upward and outward from New York harbor, "Liberty enlightening the world." It stands for a great world-wide prin-

ciple, and grandly represents the common soldier of the Revolution and the Rebellion, by whose prowess the seeds of liberty were planted, to be plucked when they shall have developed into ripened fruit upon every part of this American continent.

It is not easy to refer to one's own experiences in the war with that freedom which is necessary to a clear statement of the different situations in which you are placed and your personal relation to conditions and results, without an appearance of egotism, which, though far from existing in fact, nevertheless is liable to create an impression in the mind of the reader prejudicial to the modesty of the writer.

I have ever before me as I set down these things the question of that little girl, whose father was speaking with great fluency of the part he had taken in the struggle, utterly unaware of the impression he was making: "Father, couldn't you get anyone to help you put down the rebellion?" However, as these records are intended for family perusal rather than for the general reader, I am encouraged to believe my loved ones will be inclined to condone any apparent outcropping in this direction, and look with leniency upon what may be said of my own personal part in the great conflict.

Just as we were passing over the rifle pits of the enemy, I felt something strike my right leg as though I had been hit with a switch or carriage whip; no great harm was done however, as it was merely a musket ball which had passed through my trousers, making a rent which was easily repaired. Immediately after that five of us became separated from the regiment; we had not un-



derstood the orders, which were to hold the line of intrenchments we had captured and remain there. So it came to pass that we five, W. L. Journey, Thomas Paine, Joseph Conway, C. H. Reeder and myself had unwittingly exposed ourselves to a deadly fire from the point to which the enemy had retired. In less time than it requires to speak of it, Thomas Paine had received a wound from which he died soon after the battle. Conway and Reeder escaped unhurt, but Journey, who was the Orderly Sergeant of the company, was struck on the breast by a musket ball which though it did not cause instant death would probably have proven mortal had not his death been caused a few moments later. As it was the moment he was hit he said to me: "Harry, I'm shot," and dropping his gun he staggered backward, falling into my arms. Near where we were standing there was a tent which had been occupied by some rebel officers, and close to the side next to our lines there was a trunk which had been left by them in their haste to get away. When Journey fell I caught him and led him with as little pain as possible behind the tent, thinking we would be out of sight of the enemy, and in less danger on that account. Alas! I fear it was only another instance of the ostrich hiding his head in the sand. We were either seen or they knew just where we were. I had laid my arm on the trunk with Journey's head resting on it while he was stretched on the ground and was giving him a drink of water from my canteen, when one of the many bullets with which the enemy was riddling the tent, cut my coat sleeve and entering the brain of my comrade in-

stantly killed him. I drew my arm out from under him and as speedily as possible made my way back to our lines. Upon examining my clothing after the battle I was not a little surprised to find no less than nine bullet holes in them, one of which had gone through my cap.

It has always seemed to me that there was a great deal more suffering and a greater loss of life in that battle than was necessary. No arrangements seem to have been agreed on for the removal of the wounded who were unable of themselves to leave the battlefield. To my certain knowledge some of the wounded who happened to fall between the lines were left on the field all night in the frost and snow; a cruelty which would not have been permitted a few months later. Edward Banks, a private of Company I was seriously wounded by a cannon ball which had torn across his abdomen, exposing his bowels. So frightful a wound would probably have been mortal even with the best of care, nevertheless there might have been a chance to save him, if he had been properly cared for. As it was he was left on the field all night lying within the lines of the enemy. His brother Henry and I visited him three times during that long night, making him as comfortable as possible. On our third visit the rebel guard, who seemed to be a kind hearted fellow said to us: "Now boys, this is the third time you have been inside our lines tonight, and it must be the last. You will have to do the best you can for your comrade and then leave him till morning; it is too bad but I can't help it, these are my orders." So we did all we could for the poor boy and then left him. In the morning

he was dead. Perhaps his wound was too grievous to admit of his removal and perhaps the surgeons were all too busy with other cases to give him attention. I know not.

Following is a specimen of a letter written just after the battle, with the response that followed four days later:

Hospital, Feb. 18th, 1862.

I write with a great deal of pain,  
 dear girl,  
 I've not been able before since the  
 fight,  
 And my brain is still so much in a  
 whirl,  
 That I can tell you but little to-  
 night.  
 I'm wounded—don't start, 'tis not  
 very bad,  
 Or at least it might be worse, so I  
 said,  
 When I thought of you, I'm sure  
 she'll be glad,  
 To know that I'm only wounded, not  
 dead.

Sweet Home, Feb. 22, 1862.

I read your name in the terrible list,  
 But the tears froze back that sprang  
 to my eyes.  
 And a fearful pain that I could not  
 resist  
 Crushed my heart till I only longed  
 to die;  
 The blessed tears bye and bye came  
 again,  
 And I felt as you in your letter  
 said,  
 A feeling of gladness 'mid all my  
 pain,  
 That Robert was only wounded, not  
 dead.

That night an important Confed-  
 erate council was held inside the  
 works, at which it was agreed to  
 surrender the fort. Floyd, who was  
 in command said, that under the cir-  
 cumstances he would turn over the  
 command to General Pillow, who  
 said that there were no two men in  
 the Confederacy the Yanks would  
 rather capture than himself and  
 General Floyd, so they turned it

over to Buckner, who was a real  
 soldier and a gentleman. Pillow  
 was afraid of his neck and so was  
 Floyd, who at the outbreak of the  
 rebellion was Buchanan's Secretary  
 of War, and he had so scattered  
 the little army of the United States  
 that it was distributed all over the  
 country. He had taken the arms  
 and munitions of war from the  
 North and placed them in the forts  
 and arsenals of the South. Indeed  
 he had done everything that he  
 could while still a member of Presi-  
 dent Buchanan's cabinet to deplete  
 and ruin the North and build up  
 the South. And so the change was  
 made, and then and there the traitor  
 Floyd ended his infamous car-  
 eer of thievery, treachery and  
 cowardice, by stealing himself away  
 in the night with 3,000 men, and  
 Pillow went with him with more  
 men, while Forrest with 1,000 cav-  
 alry floundered his way out through  
 the mud and backwater and dark-  
 ness to Nashville.

On the following morning after  
 the Confederate council was held,  
 we were drawn up in line of battle  
 for another advance, a prospect  
 which, considering the carnage of  
 the day before, was very depressing;  
 but there was no desire to shirk so  
 far as could be noticed; every man  
 appeared to be ready to move should  
 the word be given to advance. Hap-  
 pily, however, we were saved from  
 any further fighting in that battle,  
 for as the first gray streaks of morn-  
 ing light appeared in the east, a  
 bugle was sounded from the rebel  
 lines, which, though it was not at  
 first understood by us, was soon  
 greeted with cheers, for it was ac-  
 companied by a white flag, the ap-  
 pearance of which filled us with  
 hope. It meant a parley, to say the

least, and that might result in all we were hoping for; and it did. The bugle announced an officer who was carrying a letter from General Buckner to General Grant, in which a proposition was made, suggesting the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation, and at the same time proposing an armistice till noon. Grant's reply to that letter was the first really energetic war note the country had heard from the field, and it thrilled the whole land. It filled the army with new courage and the country with new hope. "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." General Buckner did not hesitate to accept the terms offered, indeed, there was nothing else left for him to do. So he sent General Grant the following reply: "The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms you propose."

As the memory of the events of those days come to me now, after the passage of nearly half a century, I look back to Sunday, February 16th, as one of the proudest days of my life; for immediately after the terms of surrender had been agreed upon the Union army proceeded to take possession of the fort. Lauman's brigade, with the exception of the Second Iowa, was formed in two lines facing inward, so as to give ample room for men to march between them, four abreast; then we were formed at the foot of the col-

umn and marched through the lines to the head. Our hearts were light and so were our steps, for we received such recognition that day as I had never hoped or even dreamed of. Each regiment, as we passed it dropped its colors in salute, the bands played and the men cheered and cheered again. It was a great ovation, such as seldom comes into the lives of men, and we were happy. As soon as we had reached the place of honor at the head of the column, our own band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" and followed by the entire army, entered and quietly took possession of the fort. The rebels who had been disarmed, were standing around in all sorts of attitudes gazing upon us with such looks of dejection, as to move us with pity for them. I am sure we would gladly have done anything in reason to make their lot less humiliating. However, they were fortunate in falling into the hands of a generous foe, who was not disposed to deal unkindly with them, for after all, were they not our prodigal brothers.

The fort had surrendered and with it a vast amount of stores, guns, ammunition and implements of war. 13,500 prisoners were turned over to Grant, the largest number that had ever been taken in a single battle on the American continent up to that time. Donelson was won, but it had cost us dearly. McClelland lost 1,500 men killed and wounded, Wallace lost 300, Smith lost 1,350 and later on his own life. It was indeed a great victory, and the country went wild with delight; all sorts of extravagances were indulged in, even the coolest and wisest heads were turned for the moment; and little wonder. When Donelson

fell, Columbus and Bowling Green and Nashville went with it. Buell had all along insisted that the union army should make Nashville the point of attack instead of Donelson, but Buell was wrong.

The Mississippi river was opened up again as far as Island No. 10, and it was demonstrated that the troops of the west were in every way a match for the men of the South. It was Grant's opinion that if a competent officer had been in command of all the troops west of the Alleghanies the whole southwest would have been taken. In January it had been said in Europe, "The fate of the American government will be sealed if February passes without some great victory." Halleck had telegraphed to McClellan: "Fort Donelson is the turning point of the war and we must take it at whatever cost." After the battle Grant telegraphed to Halleck, after speaking of the supplies captured, said of rice: "I don't know that we will want any more during the war. I think I will send you the tail of the elephant in the morning at farthest." And in his congratulatory address to the army he said: "Fort Donelson will hereafter be marked in capitals on the map of our country."

Harper's Weekly on March 1st, in an article entitled: "The Beginning of the End," said of Donelson: "It is probably the culminating point in the struggle between the U. S. government and the malcontents." Even Mr. Lincoln shared the general optimistic views of the country. Harper's Weekly of March 8th said: "The president assumes in his amnesty proclamation that the rebellion has culminated and will henceforth steadily decline, and undoubtedly

the general feeling is that the heart of the difficulty has been pierced and that nothing now remains for it but to bleed to death." It was then that Halleck created the phrase that was so often referred to afterward: "The backbone of the rebellion is broken."

Lieutenant Snowden said to me: "Well, Sergeant, we may as well go home now, the war is about over." Discharges were freely offered to the sick and the wounded. Even those who had been but slightly hurt were offered a discharge. I was offered one myself, and it was urged upon me in lieu of a furlough, which I greatly desired at that time.

In Richmond there was a reign of terror. The union sentiment began to assert itself; the city was placarded with calls upon union men to watch and wait. Many of the leading citizens were arrested upon suspicion of being union men, and everything was at sea.

It was along about that time that so many puns and riddles and jokes began to be perpetrated about the war. It was the success at Donelson that filled Mr. A. Ward so full of patriotic enthusiasm, that he declared he was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations. The greatest feat of the day was "Footing it up the Cumberland." They said that many a man who had a raging fever before going into battle had the ague afterward. A civilian gravely told a friend that a 74 pounder was a cannon that sent a pound ball 74 miles. A dull and plausible man was like an unrifled gun because he was a smooth bore; while many a man who was a quartermaster in the army, had a wife who was a whole master at home.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Of course Fort Donelson is not to be compared with some of the later conflicts in many important particulars. Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg witnessed the destruction of vastly more property. Thousands more were killed and wounded because more thousands were engaged on these fields, but in the whole range of military operations not one ever surpassed Fort Donelson in purely military value, and so it has ever been regarded among military men.

Of the part taken by the Second Iowa in this great victory, Mr. L. D. Ingersoll, whom I have quoted elsewhere, has this to say: "As for the Second Iowa, it here won a reputation which can never fade from the minds of mankind so long as the victory of Fort Donelson shall be remembered. In the fine army of western troops, whose wonderful gallantry wrested the stronghold from the insurgents, and caused even rebel writers and rebel officers to admit that the volunteers of the northwestern states and the territory of Nebraska were more than a match for the best troops of the South; in all this fine array the Second Iowa won the palm of the most conspicuous and daring conduct. All the troops, with a sense of justice which is ever characteristic of brave men, gladly admitted it, and the lines of the army rang with loud praises of Colonel Tuttle and his regiment, as well as of General Smith and Colonel Lauman, the general officers who had charge of the assault. More, the admirable achievement of the regiment brought forth enthusiasm from the imperturbable Halleck, a thing well nigh as wonderful as the miracle of Moses

which brought forth living waters from the barren rock of the wilderness. He telegraphed as follows: St. Louis, Feb. 16, 1862. Adjutant General N. B. Baker: "The Second Iowa Infantry proved themselves the bravest of the brave. They had the honor of leading the column which entered Fort Donelson." H. W. Halleck, Major General. I may add that General Halleck was in command of the Department of the Missouri, which at that time included the territory in which Fort Donelson was located. Also that N. B. Baker was Adjutant General of Iowa, under Governor Kirkwood. Mr. Ingersoll goes on to say: "It may well be supposed that the fame of the Second Iowa, borne on the swift wings of the telegraph and the press, soon penetrated every part of Iowa. The General Assembly was in session, and when a committee sent to the field of battle to care for our wounded, returned to the capital, bearing with them the flag that had been borne on the glorious field, there was an outpouring of people and of eloquence at Des Moines. The flag was presented to the House, for custody on the Speaker's desk until the close of the session, then to be turned over to the State Historical Society. The Hon. Rush Clerk, Speaker, received the flag and made an address of which I quote but little: "The valorous deeds of the Second Iowa are already a part of our national history, and make up one of its most brilliant pages. It would be vain to rehearse them now. The unfaltering onset of those gallant men is written in the sleepless memory of a million freemen. Nothing can be abated, none of their achievements forgotten." It was a page of history, written in blood,

for of the six hundred and thirty officers and men who formed the storming party, which were all of the regiment fit for duty at the time, forty-one were killed outright and one hundred and fifty-seven wounded, many of them so severely that they died soon afterward.

Of the events immediately following the battle I am wholly ignorant, for the day after we marched into the fort, my chum, Joseph Conway and I went down to the river to examine the water battery which had played such havoc with Foote's gunboats, and on our way back I was seized with a weakness for which I was unable to account. My limbs refused to sustain the weight of my body, and had it not been for my friend I would have fallen to the ground. As it was a faintness came over me and I could go no farther. Fortunately we were not very far from the camp: so that after resting awhile, I managed with the help of my friend, upon whom I leaned, to get back to my quarters. My illness proved to be a severe case of pneumonia, brought on by the exposure to the severe weather from which so many suffered, and especially that of the night of the 14th. We had no sooner reached the company quarters than I lost all knowledge of what was passing about me. The four weeks following were an utter blank to me and will ever remain so, a fact which on some accounts has always filled me with regret.

When I finally regained consciousness, I found my self lying in a bunk which had formerly been occupied by a rebel, but it was none the worse for that, and some of the time following I was glad to be alive. Even so, it was a rather sorrowful

awakening, in view of what was so soon to follow. When I first opened my eyes in consciousness they rested on the face of my dear faithful friend, Joseph Conway, who was more than a brother to me; a great, big-hearted, whole-souled fellow, as noble a man as ever lived. From the time of our first acquaintance in our school days through all the years which have followed, though our pathways in life have been somewhat different, I have never for one moment forgotten that splendid man, or thought of him with feelings other than those of the deepest gratitude, for what he, on more than one occasion, has done for me. God bless Joe Conway. Poor fellow, he has for years been entirely deaf, an affliction caused by the concussion of cannon firing in the battle of Corinth, which at times was very severe.

My sickness had greatly reduced me in flesh and left me very weak. Also I was left alone, except when my food was brought in. This food which was the best that could be procured at the time, consisted chiefly of coffee, army biscuit and salt pork, all good enough in themselves for a healthy man, but not very appetizing to a convalescent as weak as I was. Many times since then have I been prone to make comparisons between an illness like that and one equally severe under the loving care of a mother or a wife at home. In comparison with my sufferings at Fort Donelson it is a positive luxury to suffer at home, with a devoted wife and loving friends to care for you, anticipate your needs, provide you with food suitable to your condition, and do for you in every way. I have had occasion two or three times in my life to prove all this,



for I have seen the time when a painful, serious illness was a positive enjoyment though it may seem a strange thing to say.

Upon regaining consciousness I learned that the regiment had gone to Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee river, having taken its departure a few days before. A little squad among whom was my friend Conway had been left behind to take by boat such camp equipage as could not well be conveyed over land. The boats were to proceed down the Cumberland to the mouth of the Ohio, then down that river to the Tennessee and on up the Tennessee to General Grant's camp at Pittsburg Landing, where the Union forces were gathering in great numbers. As soon as I was able to crawl out of my bunk and pack what few things I possessed in my knapsack, I started for the river, where I was told a steamer was loading with supplies to be carried to Pittsburg Landing. Securing a stick which someone had thrown away, I began my journey to the boat landing. Unable to carry my knapsack, I seized it by the strap and dragged it after me, as I placed my stick in front and managed to pull myself a few steps forward; then unable to go any further, I would drop to the ground in utter helplessness and declare to myself that it was no use, I could not make the boat; I might as well die right there as to make any further effort. But then there was the battlefield with all its scenes of anguish and horror as vivid before me as on the day it had been fought. In my weak condition I could hear the groans of the dying; I could see the torn and mangled dead lying around me as I had heard and seen them on the day of the battle. It

was all fresh before me, and it was utterly horrible. To one in a normal condition it would have made little impression, comparatively, but I felt it all and more. Then I would think of home and the loved ones there, and I would say to myself: "Come, come, this won't do; I will not give up, I will make another effort," and getting to my feet again after a struggle, would put out my stick and drag myself forward a few steps, only to collapse and go down again utterly exhausted. It was fortunate for me that it was down hill all the way, or I never could have made it; as it was, after giving up the struggle and lying down to die several times, I succeeded in finally reaching the landing and found the boat I had been told was there. Leaving the fort some time in the morning, it had taken the entire day to reach the river, and the distance could not have been much over half to three-quarters of a mile. It was late in the evening when I reached the river. I was soon discovered by my friend, Conway, who was greatly astonished to find me there. I told him I wanted to get away on that boat to a hospital somewhere if possible. He immediately went to the captain to obtain a passage for me, but soon returned to say the captain had declared with an oath that he would not have any sick men aboard his boat. "Well, Joe," I said, "I am going on this boat, they can do no more than throw me into the river and if I am to go to heaven now, it is just as near by water as it is by land." "Yes," he replied, "that's so, and I'll tell you what we'll do. You stay where you are till after dark, then I'll get you on board unseen by the officers of the

boat and you can hide under that canvass (indicating some tenting stuff that was piled upon the bow of the boat) till she pulls out and after that we must take our chances." So I concealed myself under the tent stuff until the boat backed out into the river and headed down stream, then crawling out of my hiding place I appeared among the boatmen very weary and very hungry. No man knows how much he can endure untill he is put to the test. Disheartened utterly, he may be confronted with difficulties apparently insurmountable; he may time and again be tempted to yield before them and give up in despair, but if he possesses good courage and holds to the anchor of his soul, he will eventually overcome them all and then the victory will be the sweeter because of the severe struggles which were constantly required to master them.

It was fortunate for me that the steward of the boat was a good Union man and that he possessed a kind heart, for he took pity on me as soon as my condition was made known to him. He made me some excellent soup which did me much good, and I felt very grateful for it. When we reached Paducah I was transferred to another boat and sent down the Ohio river to Mound City, Illinois, where a temporary hospital had been provided in an old packing house, where I found quite a number of sick and wounded soldiers, who, like myself, had been temporarily left there until some other disposition could be made of us. I was detained at Mound City only until word could be sent to my father, who immediately came after me, and obtaining a furlough took me home, where I soon regained health and strength.

During the period of my convalescence, the battle of Shiloh was fought and as I knew the Second Iowa must have been in the battle I was greatly troubled about it until news from the field reached us. The people at home seemed to think I would know all about it and I was bombarded with all sorts of questions, none of which I was able to answer, as I knew no more about it than they. I could only say that I thought it highly probable a great battle had taken place. Reports from the field soon came in however, from which it was learned that two privates of Company "I" had been killed and Captain Cox and another private wounded. Immediately after the battle Captain Cox tendered his resignation and came home. Upon receiving the news from Shiloh, I hastened back to the regiment to learn that during my absence I had been promoted to the office of Orderly Sergeant of the company. I found the boys in good spirits and eager for an advance farther into the enemy's country.

There is little to be said of the advance south from Pittsburg Landing so far as active operations were concerned. All the forces in that section were concentrated under Major General H. W. Halleck, with Grant second in command. Halleck, while possessing many soldierly qualities, was not a great field commander. Had Grant been given command of all the forces in the West at that period the immediate results would have been different. The advance from Shiloh to Corinth, twenty miles away, which was the objective point held by Beauregard, the Confederate General, was made during the month of May. General Halleck was over cautious; he was

fimid, and moved slowly when he should have pressed the advantage gained at Pittsburg Landing. A short march would be made and then intrenchments thrown up at night, the army sleeping on its arms and kept in a state of constant alarm, which in the light of subsequent events seemed to have been quite unnecessary. General Halleck had arrived at Pittsburg Landing April 11th and assumed command of the army in the field. Ten days later General John Pope reached there with an army of 30,000 men who had just captured Island Number Ten, on the Mississippi river. These troops with the Army of the Ohio under General Buell and the Army of the Tennessee, under Grant made an effective force of 120,000 men, which far outnumbered those under command of Beauregard, who stood ready to evacuate Corinth just as soon as Halleck was ready to make a vigorous assault on the place.

One day as we were advancing in line of battle, confronted by a heavy skirmish line, a little incident which was over in a moment startled me and one or two others who happened to notice it. When marching in line of battle the Orderly Sergeant's place is at the head of his company, but the moment the command is given to halt, he drops back in the rear of the line. On the occasion referred to I was marching in my place as usual, when the order to halt was given and I stepped back. Now it requires but an instant for the gap to fill when forty or fifty thousand men are marching in line, especially where the ground is rough and broken as was the case at that time. I had no sooner stepped back and a little to one side than a bullet whistled through the vacancy,

cutting a twig in two which was exactly in line where I had stood, and would have entered my body at the left breast. It was a little thing to be sure, but it turned some very white faces in my direction for the moment. What we are prone to call little things, are sometimes among the mightiest forces of the universe in determining the destinies of the world.

Inasmuch as our brigade which was now composed of the Second and Seventh Iowa, the "Union Brigade" made up of fragments of the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa regiments which had escaped capture at Shiloh, and the Fifty-second Illinois, was destined to spend many months at Corinth, which place was later to become the scene of one of the great battles of the war, I take the liberty to quote from the Memoirs of General Grant as to its location and the ease with which it might have been taken, had General Halleck pushed things: "Corinth, Mississippi, lies in a south-westerly direction from Pittsburg Landing and about nineteen miles away as a bird would fly, but probably twenty-two by the nearest wagon road. It is about four miles south of the line dividing the state of Tennessee and Mississippi, and at the junction of the Mississippi and Chattanooga railroad with the Mobile and Ohio road which runs from Columbus to Mobile. From Pittsburg Landing to Corinth the land is rolling, but at no point reaching an elevation that makes high hills to pass over. In 1862 the greater part of the country was covered with forest, with intervening clearings and houses. Underbrush was dense in the low grounds along the creeks and ravines, but generally not so

thick on the high land as to prevent men passing through with ease. There are two small creeks running from north of the town and connecting some four miles south, where they form Bridge Creek, which empties into the Tuscumbia river. Corinth is on the ridge between these streams and is a naturally strong defensive position. The creeks are insignificant in volume of water, but the stream to the east widens out in front of the town into a swamp, impassable in the presence of an enemy. On the crest of the west bank of this stream the enemy was strongly intrenched. Corinth was a valuable strategic point for the enemy to hold, and consequently a valuable one for us to possess ourselves of. We ought to have seized it immediately after the fall of Donelson and Nashville, when it could have been taken without a battle, but failing then, it should have been taken without delay on the concentration of troops at Pittsburg Landing after the battle of Shiloh. In fact the arrival of Pope should not have been awaited. There was no time from the battle of Shiloh up to the evacuation of Corinth when the enemy would not have left if pushed. The demoralization among the Confederates from their defeats at Henry and Donelson; their long marches from Bowling Green, Columbus and Nashville and their failure at Shiloh; in fact from having been driven out of Kentucky and Tennessee, was so great that a stand for the time would have been impossible." Thus it was that one of the finest opportunities of the war was frittered away through the dawdling tactics of an over cautious commander.

At length, however, Corinth was reached. Just before daylight on

the morning of May 30th, a comrade who had spent a sleepless night, awakened me with a violent shake and pointing away to the south in the direction of Corinth, said: "Harry, what does that mean?" I sprang to my feet as soon as I saw what had arrested his attention and running over to Captain Howard, who was now in command of our company, I woke him up with the remark: "Captain, the enemy are signalling with rockets, may it not mean immediate action for us?" "Yes," he replied, "I think we had better get ready for a forward movement." The rockets had been seen by others of course, and orders were soon received from headquarters which indicated an advance. The entire army was at once called into line of battle, but there was no conflict, for Beauregard had published orders for the evacuation of Corinth four days before. On the 29th his army took its departure and the rockets we had seen were simply a notice that the rear guard with what baggage had been left the day before, was now on its way to join the main force again. So it came to pass that we entered Corinth without opposition.

Following the battles of Donelson and Shiloh some changes had taken place among the officers of the regiment. Colonel Tuttle had been promoted to Brigadier General, James Baker was now Colonel, N. W. Mills, Lieutenant Colonel and James B. Weaver Major, with G. L. Godfrey Adjutant. Several changes had also taken place among the line officers, N. B. Howard was Captain of Company "I" in lieu of H. P. Cox, resigned; Thomas Snowden was First Lieutenant and W. W. Stevens had been promoted to the Second Lieutenantcy.

The enemy who had blown up a vast amount of ammunition and stores before leaving, was pursued as far south as Booneville, but the destruction of bridges and obstructions so placed by the retreating enemy as to delay us as much as possible enabled them to get away with very little loss. The siege and capture of Corinth had caused us but little loss either in men or stores so that the experience gained was cheap to us. It was not long after this that General Grant was restored to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, of which he had been unjustly deprived through the jealousy of others.

The brigade upon returning from pursuit of the enemy found excellent quarters at Camp Montgomery. It was located among trees which provided us with an excellent shade and was in every way desirable. The tents were pitched in regular order, the grounds cleaned up, post hospitals established, wells dug, which supplied us with wholesome water, and everything done to make things comfortable and sanitary. Here we remained with little to do except to perfect ourselves in drill and occasionally go on some expedition after the rebel generals, Forest and Roddy, or the marauding bands of guerrillas, who constantly hung about our outposts and sought to destroy communications, cut off supplies and kill or capture stragglers or foragers sent out after supplies from the surrounding country. This latter, however was a vain hope for the rebel army had been there so long, nothing was left for us.

On the morning of September 18th the troops at Corinth under command of General E. O. C. Ord departed for Iuka, where a battle was

expected with the Confederates under General Van Dorn. Arriving at Burnsville on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, they left the train and marched to a point north of Iuka. Our regiment with one from Ohio, numbering in all 900 men was left behind as a guard for General Grant, who made Burnsville his headquarters for the time, and also as a reserve in case we should be needed. During the progress of the battle which took place on the 19th, we received orders to push on to Iuka, but we had not proceeded far before General Grant, who had gone on ahead, returned and ordered us back. "Boys," he said, "you may return to Burnsville; the battle is all over and you will not be needed." Whereupon the column faced about and made all haste back to Corinth, where it was soon to be needed in defense of that important strategic point.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

On the morning of October 3rd, with two days rations and one hundred rounds of cartridges, we left Camp Montgomery, and took up a position on the outer line of the old rebel rifle pits, two and a half miles distant. Just as we started Lieutenant Snowden said to me: "Sergeant, I want you to do me a favor; we are going into battle and I shall never come out of it alive;" at the same time taking his watch which was a valuable one, from his pocket he said: "After the battle is over I want you to send this home to my wife, and tell her how it happened." Under ordinary circumstances I would have cheerfully rendered him any service in my power, but I could not take his watch, believing as I did that there

was no greater reason to suppose that he would be killed than myself, and if I should be killed also, and the watch found on my person, my friends would never be able to explain the matter and thus an unjust stain might rest upon me. I was obliged to decline to take it and I tried to make light of his fears. All to no purpose, however, for he was sadly depressed, not through any physical fear, for he was a brave man, but under the occult influence of that mysterious second sight or premonition which sometimes comes to the children of men. I do not attempt to explain it; I know of no philosophy that is able to unveil this secret of mental forboding which, under certain conditions assails us. I only know that during my life I have observed two instances of its influence and in both of them I have been made to play a secondary part. The first was the case of Lieutenant Snowden, the second was that of my own father, to which I shall refer in its proper place. That God in His infinite goodness has mercifully withheld from us the time and the circumstances connected with our decease, as well as the exact condition of each individual in the future state, is cause for thankfulness on our part; for if we knew beforehand all these things it would unfit us for the part we are assigned in this life. Therefore, let us be content to walk in mental darkness, where we must, groping our way among the profound mysteries of the universe, only making the most of what few rays of light may flit athwart our pathway from the cradle to the tomb; knowing full well that in the hereafter these things shall all be revealed to us and "We

shall know even as also we are known."

The defensive works which we were ordered to occupy had been built by the enemy when they had possession of the city before our advance from Pittsburg Landing. The timber had been cut down and the brush cleared away on our front so that there was nothing to obstruct the view. The enemy formed in the woods on our immediate front, but moved a little to our left and in column by division charged the brigade under command of General Oglesby. It was a magnificent sight and was bravely done. They moved steadily forward even as we had done at Donelson. They were met by discharge after discharge of musketry from Oglesby's men; the cannon in front poured its shrieking shells among them; our brigade under Hackleman poured a flanking fire upon them when they were near enough for us to reach them, but notwithstanding the deadly fire on their front and the enflading fire from our batteries they pushed their way with great determination until they had driven Oglesby from his position on the hill and caused our entire line on that part of the field to fall back and change its front. This temporary success was not attained, however, until after the gallant Oglesby had been severely wounded and many of his men had fallen. Our new line was formed on a ridge in the timber, where there was a heavy growth of brush, under cover of which both sides were partly concealed. Very soon they opened on us with an energetic fire from their batteries, to which our people responded with equal vigor. It was under this cannonading that Ser-



geant Joseph Conway lost his hearing, a misfortune referred to in another place. After an artillery play of about thirty minutes, the enemy made ready to charge us again with his infantry. We were lying flat on the ground at this moment with quite a well defined disposition to "grab a root." The officers had charged us to hold our fire until orders were given to shoot, and with most commendable self-control the men obeyed that command. Only one shot was fired before the word was given and that was by a man who was unable to control his nerves, and did no harm. When the command was finally given just as the rebels came charging upon us with their famous "rebel yell," the entire Union line rose to its feet and poured such a withering fire upon them that unable to stand before the bayonet charge which immediately followed, they broke and sought cover under the banks of a little creek on our front, which partly sheltered them. There they made a stand and until darkness began to fall they stoutly maintained their ground and did much execution among us, especially upon our officers, who suffered severely. General Hackleman, commander of our brigade, was killed; Colonel Baker of our regiment was mortally wounded and died soon after; Lieutenants Huntington, Snowden and Bing were also killed, with a large number of non-commissioned officers and privates killed and wounded.

Soon after the rebel onslaught and their discomfiture, I noticed several of the enemy moving about in the timber near the creek, already referred to, and turning to call the attention of Lieutenant Snowden to their movements, I was startled to

behold him stretched upon his back on the ground. His premonition had become a verity; a bullet had pierced his brain and he had died instantly. Almost at the same moment I felt a sharp blow on my left side which I imagined at the time to have been caused by a piece of bark knocked from a tree near which I happened to be standing at the time. At the close of the battle that evening, taking a "hardtack" from my haversack I found a round hole right through the center of it which I knew had been made by a bullet. Upon further examination I discovered several other crackers pierced in the same way, the bullet had passed through five or six of those biscuits and a piece of salt pork and then had glanced off, after striking another hardtack and passed through my haversack. Thus it happened that those much maligned army biscuits had protected me against the assaults of foes without, in addition to ministering to my necessities from within; and I was again thankful to that kind Providence which had continued to watch over me for the marvellous preservation of my life. After the battle and pursuit of the enemy Colonel T. W. Sweeney of the Fifty-second Illinois, who assumed command of the brigade upon the death of General Hackleman, made his report of the part taken by the troops under his command, from which I take the following extract: "The regiments composing the brigade were posted as follows: The Fifty-second Illinois on the right, the Second Iowa on the left of the Fifty-second, and the Seventh Iowa on the left of the Second. The Union Brigade came up at this point from Danville and was posted on the left

of the battery, which was in position on the left of the Seventh Iowa." After referring to the artillery duel already mentioned he goes on to say: "The enemy burst from the woods in front in magnificent style in columns by divisions, and moved swiftly across the open field until within point-blank range, when they deployed into and opened a tremendous fire, moving steadily to the front all the time. Our men, who had been ordered to lie down, now rose and poured in their fire with such deadly effect that the foe, after a short but sanguinary struggle, reeled, broke and fled in dismay. Again they advanced, but were forced back at the point of the bayonet with great slaughter, our men driving them across the open field and into the woods. It was in this charge that brave Colonel Baker fell mortally wounded. His last words, "I die content; I have seen my regiment victoriously charging the enemy," were worthy of him. The enemy now receiving heavy reinforcements, the fighting between them and the Fifty-second Illinois and Second and Seventh Iowa became desperately fierce, the right of the Union brigade having given way at the very beginning of the engagement. Just at this juncture part of Mower's brigade moved to our support, but before they could be deployed into line they became panic-stricken and broke in confusion. It was while endeavoring to rally these men that Generals Hackleman and Oglesby were wounded. The former received his death wound while thus rallying troops to sustain his own gallant brigade. His last words were, "I am dying, but I die for my country. If we are victorious, send my remains home; if not, bury me

on the field." No nobler sentiment was ever uttered by soldier or patriot. After he fell the command of the brigade devolved on me, and the fight continued with unabated fury until our ammunition was almost expended; but by this time the enemy had almost disappeared from our front, although it was evident he was massing his troops on our left, for the purpose of turning our flank. About this time a regiment of Colonel Mower's brigade relieved the Fifty-second Illinois, which was out of ammunition, and an order being received from General Davies a few minutes after to fall back, we retired in good order and took positions on the right of Fort Robinette. It was now 5 p. m. and a fresh supply of ammunition was here distributed to the troops. About 10 p. m. I received an order to move my brigade to the rear of General Ord's old headquarters and form line of battle facing to the north. From this place I was ordered about 2:30 o'clock on the morning of the 4th to take position on the Purdy road, in the suburbs of the town, to the north, the right of my brigade resting on the redan occupied by Lieutenant Green of the First Missouri artillery, with four guns. Two more were placed in the interval between the Fifty-second Illinois and Second Iowa. Here the brigade stacked arms in line of battle and bivouaced until daybreak. From early dawn until 8 a. m. a brisk fire was kept up between our batteries and those of the enemy until the latter were silenced or captured."

This artillery engagement to which Colonel Sweeney refers was very expensive to the rebels. During the night they had placed one battery in close range of our heavier

guns and we knew it would be destroyed in the morning; so we listened to them with great complacency as they were getting it ready for action. Poor fellows, just as soon as it was light enough to see our battery Robinette opened on them and at the first discharge their guns were put out of commission and all of those who served them were either killed or wounded with possibly one or two exceptions. At the first opportunity a few of us boys went over to the place where the battery had stood. The sight was a sickening one, the dead artillerymen were piled on each other in a heap as though they had been purposely thrown together. Their bodies were swollen to much beyond their natural size and their faces had turned black. It was one of the most gruesome sights I ever beheld. The impression it made on me remains, an uncanny remembrance, to this day. The Colonel goes on to say: "I cautioned my men who were lying on the ground, to reserve their fire until the enemy got within point-blank range, and then fire low and keep perfectly cool. It was a terribly beautiful sight to see the enemy's columns advance, in despite of a perfect storm of grape and cannister, shell and rifle ball; still on they marched and fired, though their ranks were perceptibly thinned at every step. The brigade stood firm as a rock, and the men loaded and fired with the coolness and precision of veterans, when all of a sudden the troops on the right of the redan (a brigade of Hamilton's division) gave way and broke. The First Missouri Artillery in the redan and the two pieces on the left of the Fifty-second, limbered up and galloped off in wild confusion

through our reserves, killing several of our men and scattering the rest. My line remained still unbroken, pouring deadly volleys into the enemy's ranks, who, taking advantage of the panic on the right, moved their columns obliquely in that direction and charged up the redan. Unfortunately the officer in charge of the Fifty-second Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel Wilcox, instead of meeting the enemy boldly, ordered the regiment to fall back without authority, and before I could halt it the regiment broke. The Union brigade gave way simultaneously with the Fifty-second, but portions of the Second and Seventh Iowa still held their ground and kept the enemy in check until the rest of my brigade was rallied, when I ordered the colors of the Second and Seventh Iowa to fall back and form their regiments on the side hill, out of range of the enemy's fire, which they did almost immediately. I now ordered the line to charge on the enemy, who had by this time gained the crest of the hill on our front. With a shout that was heard through our whole lines the men of the first brigade rushed upon the enemy. Those who had given way a short time before, being evidently ashamed of the momentary panic that had seized them, seemed determined to wipe out the stain upon their courage by their reckless daring. The foe, reluctant to abandon the advantage he had gained, fought stubbornly for awhile, but was finally compelled to give way, retreating in great confusion through the swamps and abattis to the woods, hotly pursued by our men. In this charge we retook the redan and the guns that were abandoned by the artillery, 126 prisoners, and 4 stands of colors. Among

the prisoners were three Colonels, four Captains and three Lieutenants. Thus ended the battle of the 4th. On Friday morning the brigade left Camp Montgomery with 77 commissioned officers and 1,021 enlisted men. The Union brigade joined it that afternoon with 15 commissioned officers and 326 men, making a total of 92 commissioned officers and 1,347 men. On Saturday night we bivouaced on the field, so warmly contested that day, with a loss of 31 commissioned officers and 386 enlisted men, thus showing a loss of one-third of the brigade during the two days conflict of the 3rd and 4th. On Sunday morning we commenced the pursuit of the enemy, and proceeded by the Chewalla road as far as Ruckersville, from which place we were ordered back, and arrived at Camp Montgomery on the 12th much fatigued but in good spirits. On the 5th instant the Second and Seventh Iowa were detached from my brigade and ordered back to Corinth to report to General Rosecrans."

The Second Iowa went into the battle under command of Colonel James Baker with 3 field, 2 staff and 21 line officers and 320 enlisted men, making an aggregate of 346. Of this number, our aggregate loss in officers and men amounted to 103, which was one-third of our entire number. The "part of Mower's brigade," to which Colonel Sweeney refers in his report as becoming panic stricken and breaking in confusion, must have been the Eighth Wisconsin, for the Major commanding that regiment says in his report: "In front of the right wing of my regiment in the hollow, was an Iowa regiment engaged with the enemy. My position upon the ridge was ex-

posed to the long range guns of the enemy and my left wing became engaged and the right wing not engaged, on account of the Iowa regiment being in front and the Lieutenant-Colonel being wounded. At this juncture I ordered the regiment forward across the hollow, partially massing the right wing with the left wing of the Iowa regiment." The Iowa regiment referred to by Major Jefferson in his report was the Second Iowa.

I distinctly remember that when our ammunition was exhausted on the afternoon of the 3rd, and we were ordered to fall back farther up the hill where we were to receive a new supply of ammunition and at the same time be given an opportunity to recover as far as possible from the effects of the charge we had withstood, part of the Eighth Wisconsin was ordered forward to relieve us, but they did not remain. As a matter of fact, I saw "Old Abe," the eagle carried by that regiment and so much talked about, perched on a board borne by a brawny soldier, about twenty paces in front of us as we were moving to the rear. The trouble did not lie with the soldiers, it was a mistake of some officer, who instead of advancing the Wisconsin boys in column by company so as to have made intervals for us to have marched through in our passage to the rear, he had evidently ordered them forward in line of battle which caused so much confusion that they became temporarily panic stricken and broke to the rear ahead of us. The Eighth Wisconsin was as good a body of men as there was in the field but some one had blundered.

The Second Iowa made a fine record in the conflict at Corinth, as

also did others, on both sides, in that hotly contested battle which will always rank as one of the greatest of the war. The regiment succeeded in capturing 31 prisoners and one stand of colors. At this point it may not be out of place to remark that during the whole war Iowa lost five colonels, two of whom were from the Second Iowa, viz: Baker and Mills, for though Mills was our Lieutenant Colonel at the beginning of the battle he was commissioned Colonel before he died. From what I have here set down it must not be supposed that other troops did not render equally meritorious services. I have mentioned the part taken by the regiment of which I was a member only because to do more than that would require greater space than could be allowed within the limits of this volume, which is designed to be nothing more than a mere outline of those events with which I happened to be in some measure connected. Moreover the history of the war has been written by many competent hands some of whom enter into all its details and have written from many and various points of view.

After a laborious pursuit of the rebels from Corinth to Ruckersville, which occupied seven days, we returned and went into camp at Corinth, operating from that point against the enemy, who kept us quite busy. In the meantime I had been recommended for a Captain's commission which arrived in due time, to my great satisfaction. It stated that "Harry H. Green, having been duly promoted to the office of Captain of Company I, Second Regiment Volunteer Infantry of the state of Iowa, was duly commissioned Captain of said Company, to take

rank from the Twenty-fourth day of November, 1862." It was signed by Samuel J. Kirkwood, governor of Iowa. From this time forward my responsibilities became weightier. I realized that I, like little Chad Buford, must "ack like a man now."

During the stay of the regiment at Corinth several expeditions were made after different rebel leaders into the surrounding territory. The first of these marches was to Little Bear creek, four miles from Tusculumbia, Alabama, where after a sharp engagement, General Roddy, the rebel commander was routed, the bridges burned, a lot of stores of various kinds destroyed and 32 prisoners taken. On our side there were no serious losses. The greater part of the month of December was spent in expeditions after Generals Forrest and Roddy, intercepting them in some of their marauding excursions into northern Alabama. The following extract from a letter written to a very dear friend in the north, with whom I was corresponding, has reference to one of those engagements:

Corinth, Miss., Dec. 15, 1862.

Dear M:—

Another of your ever welcome letters is before me. I received it last evening and now comes the pleasant task of replying. We have been on an expedition into Alabama and have been away six days. Had a very small fight, only one or two men hurt in the regiment; chased the Butternuts over fifteen miles, keeping up a running fight with them all the way. They finally made a stand and opened on us with artillery, but we soon made them "skedadle," leaving us about thirty killed and wounded and the same number of prisoners. The latter we

brought to Corinth and paroled. We marched all one night and the greater part of the day and was within about twelve miles of Bragg's army. It was a daring affair. We arrived safely in camp last night very tired."

The arrival of the mail with letters from home never failed to be an occasion of rare interest to the soldier boys at the front. Especially was this the case when, as so often happened, long delays were caused by the numerous accidents and incidents met with in the army.

Corinth, Miss., Jan. 6th, 1863.

Dear M:—

After being deprived of the benefits of intercourse with the whole world generally and the United States of America, particularly, the Corinthians were suddenly surprised last evening upon hearing the welcome sound of a locomotive whistle just from Columbus. That engine caused more happiness in the Second Iowa than it has felt for some time before, and why? Because it brought our mail, and in that mail were letters from, "well," the boys would say, "no matter whom, I know that I received one from—you know whom." Anyone could have told that had they but taken the pains to watch my telltale countenance as I anxiously gazed upon the P. M. while he distributed them and then to have seen the look of joy that suddenly lit up my anxious face as my eye rested upon the looked for missive. To sum up the whole matter in a nutshell, our communications have been cut off for the last three weeks, and last evening the train made its appearance for the first time during that period, bringing in three weeks mail. We have been out on two expeditions since I

wrote last, but could not catch the rebels, I am sorry to say. We have been living on half rations and for three or four days have had little else than parched corn and corn coffee. But I guess all will be right again in a few days. In your last letter you speak of coming south to teach school. It would be the worst thing you could do. I would not let a dog stay down here. After the war is over they would say it was an abolitionist and kill it. They hate everything northern, especially northern people."

During the interval following the writing of the foregoing letter and the one which followed many things of more or less importance had happened to us, which were so much like others of which mention has already been made that it will not be interesting to speak of them especially as I am not writing more than a mere summary of our own participation in these things.

Smith's Bridge, May 6th, 1863.

Dear M:—

Once more it becomes my delightful task to reply to another of your ever welcome letters. Yours of the 11th of April was duly received, but until now I have not had a moment to spare. We have just returned from an expedition into Alabama, being absent about twenty days. It was the hardest trip we have had during the war. We skirmished with Roddy, the rebel chief, for twelve successive days. He would fight and fall back. In the morning our artillery would shell the woods and through the day we would advance in line of battle most of the time. At night our pickets would be within speaking distance of theirs. One night I was on picket in command of my company and a



company of the Fifty-second Illinois. We were stationed near a house which was inhabited by a widow. Between us and the rebels was a creek and the widow had a son standing on picket within fifty yards of the house. She wanted to go and see him but I could not permit her to do so. Rather hard, was it not? She was a kind old lady. She told me her son had been conscripted. Such is war. The object of the expedition was attained and now we are all safely lodged in our old quarters. They have commenced giving furloughs to enlisted men, and I shall send two home right away. I am happy to hear that you have got your diploma. It should be our aim in life to endeavor to improve ourselves and attain the highest success in life. It is a firm belief of mine that almost any object can be gained by proper application.

Several years ago at the request of a soldier editor of a paper published at Des Moines, I wrote up an incident which I here reproduce:

"After the battle of Corinth, Oct. 3rd and 4th, 1862, that part of the army of the Tennessee known as the left wing of the Sixteenth army corps, remained at and near Corinth until the summer of 1863, doing garrison duty and frequently making forced marches after Forrest Rhoddy and other rebel raiders, thus rendering indirect service to General Grant in his campaign against Vicksburg. It was during this period that Companies A and I of the 2nd Iowa Infantry, and part of a company of Illinois Cavalry were ordered on detached service to guard a point on the Tuscumbia river called Smith's Bridge which was about five miles southeast of Corinth, and was regarded from a military standpoint

as a place of considerable importance at that time. Between Smith's Bridge and the low swamp the land was a dense body of timber through this timber a small creek runs at right angles with the Tuscumbia river; the road from Corinth to the Bridge crosses this creek a mile or thereabout north of the river and at the time of which I write was made of corduroy through the swamps, the whole furnishing an excellent cover for guerillas with which the whole country was at that time infested; bands of as murderous cut-throats as ever went unhung. These fellows would occasionally leave their horses on the south side of the ravine, cross on an old tree that had fallen so as to make a very fair bridge and creeping up to the Corinth road lay for stragglers, orderlies, mail carriers and others. In this way they captured several of our men.

I had been detailed to serve on a court martial in town, of which the gallant Col. James Redfield of the 39th Iowa, who was thrice wounded and died like the hero he was, in defense of Allatoona—was President; we were holding one session a day, which generally lasted from ten in the morning till two in the afternoon. It was my custom to ride to town in time for the court and then out to the Bridge again after adjournment.

Bayard, the horse I rode, had formerly belonged to the enemy, and had his own notions about some things, he used to remind me of Mark Twain's mule, which Twain said always looked as if he wanted to lean up against a fence and think. Perhaps this peculiar way was due to climatic influences or maybe it was because he had been

impressed into the government service against his will; however he never complained of ill treatment, but he always wore a melancholy look. His great antipathy was thought to be spurs; it was generally supposed among the boys that it was constitutional with him; he despised spurs and yet nothing seemed to stimulate him more. I think that was why they called him Bayard; gently prod him with a spur and for the moment he appeared to freshen up like a sensitive person under the bite of a mosquito, he would come to a dead stop and then leisurely turn and give a most vicious snap at your foot, but he was never in a hurry about it, he always took time enough to think before he snapped, he seemed to enjoy it more that way.

Mounted upon this animal I was returning one afternoon from town and had proceeded without disturbance to within about twenty yards of the creek when I saw the head and shoulders of a "citizen" peering out of the thick underbrush, the citizen had a shotgun in one hand, with the other he was pointing to myself; naturally putting a hostile interpretation upon these signs, I immediately reached for my revolver and then suddenly remembered with alarm that I had forgotten to bring it that day. As soon as my friend, the citizen, saw that I had discovered him he sprang forward and yelled, "Here's the ——— yankee," to which a voice from the brush promptly replied, "Shoot the ———," and in less than a minute I was completely surrounded by fifteen or twenty guerrillas; two or three of them could not have been more than five or six feet from me. The situation was by no means enviable, resistance was of course out of the

question, unarmed as I was, but the thought of capture by guerillas, to be followed by a highly diverting hanging bee or an exhilarating piece of target practice in which I could see myself contributing no insignificant part, made me low spirited. Then too, there loomed up in the distance the hospitable entertainment of Captain Wirz of Andersonville fame. I could easily dispense with all of that and so, forgetting under these delightful circumstances, all about Bayard's constitutional antipathies, I let him have both spurs at once and that made him forget them too. He sprang forward with a prodigious bound and as I threw myself flat on his back and seized his mane with both hands, the dozen or more shots that were fired, missed their mark and so amid a bedlam of curses and shouts of disappointment I escaped untirely unhurt. To say that I was badly scared is to put it too mildly; the hair has never laid perfectly smooth upon my head since that day, but then cowlicks never do."

When Colonel Weaver heard of my escape, he immediately sent for me and insisted on relieving me from further service on the court martial, but I plead so urgently to be continued, feeling quite sure that no further attempts would be made to capture me, that he finally assented to my continuance on the court, on which I remained until its work was finished.

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#### CHAPTER XV.

We made ourselves quite comfortable at the Bridge. The camp was laid out on a rise of ground which commanded a view of the surrounding country as far as the timber would permit, and was located about

half a mile from the Bridge. We built our quarters out of shakes as was the custom in that section among the poor whites and negroes, and they were very comfortable. We also erected a large building of logs which served as a fort, church, dance and concert hall and was used on frequent occasions for these different purposes. The Chaplain of the regiment came out from Corinth on Sunday occasionally and preached to us, and we had some very good singers among the boys some of whom were practical christians, who were also reinforced by the natives who seemed to heartily enjoy those occasions. The religious services were of interest to us and I think were also generally profitable.

One Sunday afternoon while the Chaplain was preaching, firing was heard at the river, the alarm was given, and the boys were ordered to get on their cartridge boxes filled with ammunition, secure their guns and re-assemble at the church, ready for whatever might happen. When this had been done all returned to the church and waited for reports from our scouts at the river, while the services proceeded as though no interruption had occurred. It reminded me of the stories that have come down to us from the Revolutionary War and from the early Indian outbreaks, where the pioneers went to church carrying their guns on their shoulders. The firing at the river was done by guerrillas, who had chased one of our scouts sent out from Corinth, and had overtaken him just as he reached the Bridge. The poor fellow was badly wounded and died a few days later in one of our cabins.

The officers of Company A at this time were J. L. Davis, a brother of

General Jeff. C. Davis of our army, Captain, L. Tisdale, First Lieutenant and D. W. Ballinger, Second Lieutenant. Company I was officered as follows: H. H. Green, Captain, J. F. Conway, First Lieutenant and Orange Langford, Second Lieutenant. Captain Davis was in command of the post and Capt. Green second in command. This left me in charge quite frequently during the absences of Captain Davis.

On one of these occasions I received a communication from General Dodge, who was in command of the left wing of the Sixteenth Army Corps, notifying me that a company of guerrillas were tearing up the track of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, and ordering me to march at once with a force sufficient to destroy or capture them. I immediately proceeded to carry out this order. Leaving Lieutenant Tisdale at the Bridge with a force sufficient to defend it in my absence in event of an attack, I made my way with about fifty men to the railroad where the enemy was supposed to be getting in his work. My advance guard discovered him and immediately returned and informed me of his numbers and of his proceedings. I never knew whether General Dodge had been misinformed as to the situation or whether it was meant simply to ascertain whether we at the Bridge were sufficiently alert to be relied on in case of sudden great need. I only know the "enemy" proved to be a squad of harmless negroes, who were at work repairing a break in the road. In my report of the affair to headquarters at Corinth, which I made as elaborate as possible, I treated it quite as a practical joke and I was afterward informed by Major How-

ard, who was at Dodge's headquarters in the capacity of a staff officer, that my report created a good deal of amusement. It might have been a serious affair, however, for at that time Grant had Pemberton bottled up in Vicksburg and Johnston, who was supposed to be making efforts to relieve him, might have attempted a diversion by moving against Corinth, which would have livened up things at Smith's Bridge. Reports of the presence of guerrillas in the vicinity were generally well founded as the death or capture of a straggler from camp occasionally abundantly proved. We lost several men in this way, while others, who were pursued, escaped and came in with their reports. Capt. Holmes of Company C, who had come out to the Bridge from Corinth, was captured and taken to Andersonville prison, but later on escaped or was exchanged. Negroes and loyal citizens, of whom there were a few, kept us well informed of the movements of these marauding bands who were unattached, sometimes enemies of both sides, though usually they were in sympathy with the South, as might naturally be expected. It was their custom to annoy our pickets, whose exact location was disclosed by disloyal citizens who made it their business to find out just where our lines were located and where each picket might be found. Under cover of the darkness they would steal up at night, sheltered and hidden by the timber, and either shoot or knife our boys if they were not discovered in time. Knowing the country as thoroughly as they did and having friends everywhere in that section it became a very difficult matter to get near them

in sufficient force to do them any damage.

One evening in July, while I was writing a letter home, I was interrupted by a report that the enemy was approaching us in force. The next night the letter was resumed as follows: "Was compelled to stop writing last evening. Was left in command of the post yesterday. In the morning I sent out a company of cavalry on a scout. They were gone all day and returned at night. They did not see any Rebs, but Lieutenant Tisdale of Co. A was out alone and the citizens told him that there were fifteen guerrillas lying in wait for him when he returned. I sent out about a dozen of my own company after them and fully expected a skirmish before morning, but the Secesh could not be found.

I will tell you how I spend my evenings now. I have built a house 12x12, one story high out of shakes as they call them down here. They are oak shingles about four feet long and ten inches wide. My windows are made of canvass. I have a good porch in front which keeps the sun off. If you could take a peep some evening you would see me very busily engaged studying phonography. I sent to Cincinnati for a phonographic work which I am diligently studying every evening. So you see I am not idle, nor is my time spent without profit. There are just fifty men in the company now and three commissioned officers. We have forty present and fit for duty."

During the period of our detached service at Smith's Bridge we made a good many friends among the citizens, with whom we exchanged salt, coffee, sugar and such other eatables as we could spare for butter, eggs and fruits, which was an arrange-

ment mutually helpful. The young people were especially kind to us, for we had treated them with consideration. A certain young lady whom I will call Jane Brown because that was not her name, was a person of superior attainments whose home was nearly two miles from the Bridge and whose father was a reputed guerrilla chieftain, was said to have become a convert to the cause of the Union. At the time of our going to the Bridge she was an acknowledged rebel and was reported to be a spy of much ability. It was said that the troops who had preceded us at the Bridge had just then joined the forces at Corinth and were disposed to deal harshly with the citizens of rebel sympathies, in consequence of which they succeeded in getting themselves thoroughly disliked. It was said that a squad of those new comers went to the guerrilla chieftain's home and broke open the smoke house, from which they tried to carry off some choice hams and shoulders, but Miss Jane was not to be robbed without making a Spartan defense of her property. While her mother was bewailing their loss in loud lamentations, Miss Jane, armed with an old fashioned mop stick, charged the would be ham stealers with great dash and spirit, beating them over the head and shoulders with such energy as to cause them to make an inglorious retreat. Of course she became very popular after that, while the ham-stealers never ceased to hear about their repulse as long as they remained in the vicinity. Over two years in active service had taught us many things, not the least of which was that unnecessary harshness toward our enemies should be avoided and

a spirit of conciliation and kindness exercised toward all non-combatants whenever it could be done without prejudice to our cause. Assuming this attitude toward the non-combatants around Smith's Bridge, made us many friends, and no doubt saved us some lives.

A few days before our departure from the Bridge for La Grange, Tennessee, where we were ordered to rejoin the regiment, a twenty days' leave of absence was given me and I went home for a brief visit among my friends. The boys had a great time on the evening of their departure from Smith's Bridge, for on the day they left the citizens came in from every direction and such a time they had not seen since Co. I left Lyons. The girls were all crying while the men and boys acted as though they were about to part with their dearest friends forever. The camp was literally filled with citizens who came to say "goodbye." As an instance of the forlorn feeling pervading the camp, one young lady who had been doing the washing for the officers was particularly demonstrative. Lieutenant Conway tried to console her; telling her he would send the money for the washing as soon as we were paid off. Then the poor girl broke down entirely. She told him it was not the money for the washing she was concerned about, he might keep that if the soldiers would only stay at the Bridge, "For if you remain here," she said, "we know we shall be well treated, but if you go away and others come in your place, it may not be well with us." This feeling shared by nearly all the citizens in the vicinity, Secessionists as well as Unionists, had its influence on our boys, who were loath to depart from

among a people many of whom had shown such a friendly feeling toward them.

The time at home passed very speedily, as may well be imagined. It was without any marked incident until the moment arrived for me to take my departure for the front. I had been home twice before on sick leave, once from Bird's Point, Missouri and next from Mound City, Illinois, hospital. On both occasions when I said goodbye to my father, he manifested no unusual emotion, simply advising me to do my duty as a soldier and saying such things as a father naturally would under such circumstances. But on this occasion as the time of my departure drew near he became greatly depressed in spirit, looking at me with a tenderness and a longing which greatly impressed and moved me. To this day I can see him as he appeared to me then. He not only went with me down to the river where I took the ferry to cross over to Illinois, as he had done before, but he seemed loath to leave me, crossing the river and going aboard the car with me. Then he broke down completely and throwing his arms around my neck, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, he said, "O, Harry, my boy, I shall never see you again; I am parting with you forever." "Why father," I said, thinking he feared the dangers to which I was exposed, "I have no fear of being killed, and will return home again safe and sound when my time is out or when the war is over." "I don't know," he replied "but I feel certain I shall never see you again." There were a large number of passengers on the car who witnessed it all, but there was not a dry eye among them. My father

was right. I never saw him again. He met with death by accident the following winter, while in the discharge of his duty. After parting with him in this pathetic manner, I proceeded by rail to Cairo, Illinois, and from there to La Grange, Tennessee, where I rejoined the regiment. From that place I addressed a letter home, from which I make a few brief extracts:

La Grange, Tenn., Sept. 5, 1863.

"My dear M:—

I have at last reached my destination, leaving Lyons on Monday and arriving here yesterday noon. I spent one day in Cairo and one day and two nights in Memphis, stopping at the Gayco House, an old hostelry of considerable repute. I had registered my name and retired for the night, when who should walk into my room but Lieutenant Joe Conway, who came up to my bed and pulled me out. We had a good old time that night, as you may well believe. He had come up to Memphis to draw his pay.

Sept. 6th.

Yesterday I was compelled to stop writing very suddenly, an order having come for me to take thirty men and go to Collierville to guard the paymaster. We returned today, having stayed at Collierville through the night. I had over one and a half million dollars in my care; a good time to run away, eh! \* \* \* \* The Chaplain of the First Tennessee (colored) preaches to us this afternoon. We have two negro regiments here, the First and Second Tennessee. Our boys seem to delight in having fun with them, but the Africans are very patient, and do not say much. La Grange is quite a pretty little place, about the size of Clinton, though very little business



is done here now. I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of that little flower. There are no flowers here at present, so I miss my bouquet. I used to get one quite often at the Bridge."

It was during our encampment at La Grange that a letter was written and a response received which fixed the domestic destiny of all the after-life of two persons at least. I shall not reproduce its contents here, for I hold with another, that next in sacredness to heaven—inspired words are human love letters, and those who read the love letters of another commit a sacrilege. So on principle, I withhold the opportunity in these writings and thus remove the temptation from all eyes. I need only say that these letters contained an abundance of such ardent expressions as lovers have been using and writing to each other, the world over from time immemorial, and will continue to say and write as long as the world stands.

On the first of November the Second and Fourth divisions of the Sixteenth Army Corps under command of General G. M. Dodge left La Grange and moved eastward toward Chattanooga, forming the rear guard of General Sherman's Army of the Tennessee. As fortune would have it we did not get to Chattanooga for the campaigns about that city, having been ordered by General Grant to another service, to which he refers in his memoirs as follows:

"Sherman's force made an additional army with cavalry, artillery and trains, all to be supplied by the single track road from Nashville. All indications pointed also to the probable necessity of supplying Burnside's command in eastern Tennessee, twenty-five thousand men by

the same route. A single track could not do this. I gave, therefore, an order to Sherman to halt General G. M. Dodge's command of about eight thousand men at Athens, and subsequently directed the latter to arrange his troops along the railroad from Decatur north towards Nashville, and to rebuild that road. The road from Nashville to Decatur passes over a broken country, cut up with innumerable streams, many of them of considerable width, and with valleys far below the road-bed. All the bridges over these had been destroyed, and the rails taken up and twisted by the enemy. All the cars and locomotives not carried off had been destroyed as effectually as they knew how to destroy them. All bridges and culverts had been destroyed between Nashville and Decatur, and thence to Stevenson, where the Memphis and Charleston and the Nashville and Chattanooga roads unite. The rebuilding of this road would give us two roads as far as Stevenson over which to supply the army. From Bridgeport, a short distance farther east, the river supplements the road. General Dodge, besides being a most capable soldier, was an experienced railroad builder. He had no tools to work with except those of the pioneers—axes, picks and spades. With these he was able to intrench his men and protect them against surprises by small parties of the enemy. As he had no base of supplies until the road could be completed back to Nashville the first matter to consider after protecting his men was the getting in of food and forage from the surrounding country. He had his men and teams bring in all the grain they could find, or all they needed and all the cattle for beef, and such

other food as could be found. Millers were detailed from the ranks to run the mills along the line of the army. When these were not near enough to the troops for protection, they were taken down and moved up the line of the road. Blacksmith shops, with all the iron and steel found in them, were moved up in like manner. Blacksmiths were detailed and set to work making the tools necessary in railroad and bridge building. Axemen were put to work getting out timber for bridges and cutting fuel for locomotives when the road should be completed. Car-builders were set to work repairing the locomotives and cars. Thus every branch of railroad building, making tools to work with, and supplying the workmen with food, was all going on at once, and without the aid of a mechanic or laborer except what the command itself furnished. But rails and cars the men could not make without material, and there was not enough rolling stock to keep the road we already had worked to its full capacity. There were no rails except those in use. To supply these deficiencies I ordered eight of the ten engines General McPherson had at Vicksburg to be sent to Nashville, and all the cars he had except ten. I also ordered the troops in West Tennessee to points on the river and on the Memphis and Charleston road, and ordered the cars, locomotives and rails from all the railroads except the Memphis and Charleston to Nashville. The military manager of railroads also was directed to furnish more rolling stock, and, as far as he could, bridge material. General Dodge had the work assigned him finished within forty days after receiving his orders. The number

of bridges to rebuild was one hundred and eighty-two, many of them over deep and wide chasms. The length of the road repaired was one hundred and two miles."

When General Dodge received these orders from General Grant he made his headquarters at Pulaski, Tennessee, seventy miles south of Nashville. My first letter from Pulaski was written Nov. 19, 1863, and among other things which were of a purely personal character, ran as follows: "On the 31st of October our brigade left La Grange and went direct to Iuka, Mississippi, on the cars. We stayed there three days waiting for the main body to come up. I did not leave our camp with the regiment, having been ordered to remain at La Grange in command of the rear guard and follow the army as soon as everything was in readiness. Unfortunately, on one of the trains which carried the troops there had been loaded a few barrels of whiskey belonging to the commissary and medical departments. Some of the members of my company which, for the time being was under command of Lieutenant Langford, discovered the liquor and at once determined to appropriate it to their own use. So they managed to get possession of a small gimlet, and boring a hole in one of the barrels, inserted a goose quill or pipe stem and drew off enough to fill their canteens, then carefully plugging up the hole they proceeded to imbibe the stuff, which by the time Iuka was reached, began to get in its work. As a matter of fact several of the boys were soon riotously drunk and some of them in a very ugly humor. I had no sooner reached my tent than the Colonel sent for me, demanding an explanation, which

when made, of course satisfied him that I was in no sense responsible for the disgraceful occurrence. Returning to the company quarters I called for Sergeant Sloan and with him went through every tent, securing the canteens which contained whiskey and quietly poured the stuff out on the ground. One or two of the ugliest of the boys, while not daring to physically resist, nevertheless threatened me with what would be done to me when we got into battle again, but it was only the vaporings of a drunken man, to which no attention was paid, and the next day they and others manfully apologized for their conduct, and nothing more was ever said or thought of it.

Sergeant L. T. Sloan was one of the best men I ever knew. From my earliest knowledge of him as a boy at Lyons, where we were intimate with each other, I have ever remembered him as a choice spirit, thoroughly clean and trustworthy in every way, a soldier and citizen alike. He has never failed to command the respect of his associates.

After the balance of the division had reached Iuka, the expedition, which composed the left wing of the Sixteenth Army Corps under command of Major General G. M. Dodge, who had entered the service as Colonel of the Fourth Iowa Infantry, started for Chattanooga as we thought. We crossed the Tennessee river at Eastport on transports, our regiment crossing about midnight. We remained on the east side until 7:00 o'clock next morning and then began a long march, passing through Waterloo, Lauderdale and several other towns, the names of which I have forgotten. The natives in that section were nearly all Secessionists.

The country in that vicinity would be considered rather poor, estimated from an Iowa standpoint, but it was watered by some very beautiful streams, and possessed many other redeeming qualities. We arrived at Pulaski on the 11th inst. and the next day our regiment with the Twelfth Illinois was detailed to act as convey to a train of two hundred and forty wagons, which were sent to Columbia under command of Colonel J. B. Weaver after supplies, returning last night after an absence of seven days. The country between Pulaski and Nashville is one of the finest I have seen in the South and the people appear to be quite generally loyal, which makes it seem more like home than any place I have seen since leaving Iowa."

We camped near the house where General Van Dorn was shot and killed by Dr. Peters.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

We camped near the house where General Van Dorn was shot and killed by Dr. Peters. This General Van Dorn was the commander of the Rebel forces that made the attack on Corinth in the fall of 1862. He was one of the greatest soldiers in the Confederate army. At the time of his murder, which occurred in March, 1863, a body of Rebels under his command were camped near Franklin, a town between Nashville and Columbia and were watching a brigade of Federals located in that vicinity.

It appears that a Confederate Lieutenant had asked General Van Dorn for a pass through the lines, that he might visit the home of a young lady in the neighborhood. The General refused his request, whereupon the Lieutenant went to his

quarters and later made his way through the lines without a pass, proceeding directly to the home of the young lady, where he encountered General Van Dorn himself. Van Dorn was no sooner aware of the Lieutenant's presence than he flew into a rage, demanding why he had come there. The Lieutenant, Dr. Peters, thought he had as good a right there as General Van Dorn. Hot words immediately followed, with the result that Dr. Peters finally drew his revolver and shot the General, killing him instantly. The body was taken through the Union lines under a flag of truce to Nashville, where it was buried. The tragic death of Van Dorn was but one of the many unfortunate occurrences which are the inevitable inheritances of war.

And now I will again take up the letter which I had laid aside for the moment to set down this explanation. "The railroad is operated from Nashville to Columbia, a distance of about forty miles. Our business is to finish it through to Decatur, Alabama, so that supplies can be forwarded to Sherman's and Hooker's armies. It is the opinion of those who are best informed that it will require about three weeks to complete it from Columbia to Pulaski. I have no idea what service we will be called upon to render after that has been done, but possibly we may serve as a reserve to Sherman.

Pulaski is a very pretty place, and is about the size of Lyons. There was formerly a female seminary here in full blast, but when we arrived it was discontinued and the building is now used as a hospital. Most of the residences are surrounded with evergreens and present a beautiful appearance. Inclosed find a leaf of

magnolia, I think it does not grow in the North. There are many flowers here in full bloom; it is like May in Iowa. We are about one hundred and ninety miles from Memphis and seventy-five miles from Nashville.

Now I think if you could look into my tent you would have a good laugh at my expense. The tent is about six feet square and about five feet high. For the want of a bedstead our blankets are spread on the ground and for the want of a table Lieutenant Langford and myself are writing on our trunks. On one side of the tent is lying in rich profusion coats, candles, a chair, our swords, a knapsack, two or three pair of boots, a canteen, two pair of gloves, a table cloth, a looking glass, a broom, two old hats and a variety of other things which I need not name. Just behind the tent are a couple of young, unbleached Americans, singing and telling each other stories as happy as they can be. "Billy," my boy, has just joined them. He is Major General of all the young darkies in the camp. They congregate around my tent and generally stay there, serenading me, until I have to go out and drive them off.

I am decidedly in favor of the president's proclamation. It is made for the purpose of raising troops to fill the places of those mustered out next spring. Keep up your spirits, for I think we have great cause to rejoice at the success of the Federal arms so far. The war must go on till the last armed Rebel is conquered. \* \* \* \* It is the duty of every American citizen to stand by his country in adversity as well as in prosperity, and any one who will not do this is unworthy of the name of an American. This is a war

for God and humanity, a war for human freedom. The world has never witnessed a war of such vast importance to humanity. Why, it were better to spill every drop of blood on this continent than that the rebellion should succeed."

The winter of 1863-64 is said by the natives to have been one of the coldest ever experienced in the South. At Pulaski the streams froze over so that ice formed of sufficient thickness to bear a heavy weight and was improved by the soldiers, who delighted to sport themselves thereon. Of course the extreme cold was laid at the door of the Yankees, who were said by the southern people to produce a chill wherever they went, though I am of the opinion that they sometimes made it warm enough even for the hot blooded southerners. During our stay at this place the monotony of camp life was broken occasionally by a ball game between the Fifty-second Illinois and the Second Iowa. A select number of players were chosen from each regiment and under rules which were made for the occasion, the boys "got into the game." I remember those games the more clearly for having been an active participant on the side of the Second Iowa. It was my part to play the important role of catcher for our side, which I did to my own satisfaction at least, for if no other honors accrued to me, there is at least one which can never be taken from me. I carry to this day a broken finger on my left hand, received in one of those engagements at Pulaski; an honorable scar caused by the impact from a pitched ball, which I could not fairly gauge on account of the sun which shone in my eyes causing a temporary blindness. Many years afterward

in an address at New Hampton, Iowa, I took occasion to speak in an incidental way of those ball games so many years before, when to my astonishment, at the close of the address, a gentleman in the audience stepped up to me and said: "I was very much interested in your account of those ball games at Pulaski, for I was the catcher for the Fifty-second Illinois." Then I showed him my finger and we enjoyed a good laugh together over the crudities of those undisciplined ball games in 1863.

And now I come to an event which plunged our family into the depths of a great sorrow; a sad tragedy which to this very day I cannot recall without a deep feeling of chastened grief, although it occurred so long ago. One afternoon toward the end of December, 1863, a member of the company came to my tent with a copy of the Lyons Mirror, a newspaper published in our town, which he quietly placed in my hands and left the tent without a word. Upon opening the paper, my attention was at once directed to a column announcing the death of my father, and containing a lengthy account of the painful manner in which it had come about.

My father, who possessed but little of this world's goods, had, in the absence of anything better, been employed during part of the winter as night watchman at a distillery owned and operated by a man of the name of Hawn, who was a Kentuckyian, but who had been a resident of Iowa for some years. It was the watchman's business to guard the property from the time of the night closing to the morning opening when the business of the day began. One bitterly cold night be-



tween Christmas and New Years of that memorable winter, the wind was sweeping down the Mississippi river filling the air with fine particles of ice and snow, making it almost impossible to keep one's footing on level, unobstructed ground, and really perilous for any one to be out in the storm. Sometime during the night my father, as was his custom, was passing over some planks laid across large vats which were nearly filled with hot oil and liquid refuse from the distillery. He had always been very careful when passing over those dangerous planks, knowing full well that his feet were liable to slip at any moment on their oily surface, and so he would carefully make his way over them each night by the light of his lantern. On the night in question, as he was making his rounds as usual, the light of his lantern was suddenly extinguished by a gust of wind and he was left upon those dangerous planks in utter darkness. Almost instantly his feet slipped from under him and he was precipitated into the hot oil below. In falling his hands caught on the side of the vat and though he was buried in the oil nearly up to his neck, he had just strength enough to drag himself up and over the side of the vat, falling out upon the frozen ground, where he lay unconscious until the engineer—the same man who had come to my relief when I was watching at the Stumbaugh sawmill a few years earlier—found him in the morning. Mr. Alban immediately gave the alarm and he was taken home at once, where everything was done for him that skill and love could suggest. He lived nearly four days, most of the time quite conscious, suffering great agony, scalded and frozen as the

flesh was, it would fall from his body, as it continued to do until he died. He was a good man and had great reverence for holy things, though, to the best of my recollection he was never connected with any branch of the Christian church. He was a constant reader of the Bible and had a profound knowledge of its contents. Thus in the fifty-fourth year of his life Samuel Green passed away, who for the preceding ten years as a resident of Lyons, had been recognized by his neighbors as "A man among men."

Upon reading the account of his death in the Mirror I immediately applied for a leave of absence that I might go home to attend the funeral. To obtain a furlough which is given to non-commissioned officers and enlisted men, or a leave of absence, given to commissioned officers, certain formulas required by the regulations must be conformed with. In my application I followed the required routine, but was unceremoniously turned down by General Sweeney at division headquarters. Nothing daunted however, I took my papers and went over to General Dodge's quarters, determined to see him in person and explain my earnest desire to go home for a few days. The guard on duty politely but positively refused to give me access to General Dodge, stating that the General was very busy just then and could not be disturbed on any account. Of course I persisted, but could not induce the man to yield. Finally in despair for precious time was being wasted, I took the Mirror from my pocket and calling for the Orderly, requested him to take it in to General Dodge and tell him how desirous I was to see him. In a very few minutes I was called in and



General Dodge with a kindly sympathy that touched me deeply, after inquiring more particularly about my father and our home, said: "Well, Captain, we are not granting many leaves just now, but you may go to your quarters and I will immediately wire Sherman for you." Before dark I had my leave and started for home. My first Lieutenant, J. F. Conway, who at the time was temporarily attached to the staff of Brigadier General E. W. Rice, procured two horses and together we set out for Columbia, where I took the cars for Nashville; arriving at that place I went directly to a hotel and engaged a cot for the night. The rooms were all occupied and the train for Louisville did not leave until the next morning at eight o'clock. The colored boy who made ready my cot and was to have awakened me in time for breakfast and the train, either forgot to do so, or, as he insisted, "Ah shook yo sah, an yo ans'd me, so Ah thought yo was awake fo sho." It was very annoying as it caused me to waste an entire day and my leave was only for twenty days. The next morning, however, I got away and in due time reached home, but alas, too late to see my father who had been buried two days before.

The few days at home were soon expended among friends and relatives and once more my eyes were turned southward. A little incident occurred on the train near Louisville which never fails to give me pleasure whenever I recall it, and at the same time admonishes me of the folly of blotting from memory the past events in our lives or of brushing them aside as things of little consequence in the more engrossing matters of the present. The things

that we may have said or done in all the years of the past are not alone the heritage we leave to our families and to general posterity, they should also be ever present, abiding incentives to the joyful performance of daily good, for we can neither call to mind the pleasant things strewn along life's pathway or live over again the happier moments of years long gone by without being the taller and richer for the experience.

When the train pulled out of Louisville every seat was occupied and even the aisles were filled with passengers who were unable to obtain seats. There was an immense amount of going to and fro in the border states during the war, and the carrying capacity of the railroads in those sections was wholly inadequate to meet the demands made upon them. I had fortunately obtained a seat sometime before the train left the Louisville depot, so I felt entirely comfortable, but at the first station after leaving the city several persons boarded the train, all men, comparatively few women traveled much in the South at that time for obvious reasons. Among the new comers was a feeble old man, hardly able to make his way in the crowd. Without a second's thought I arose and invited the old gentleman to take my seat. At first, noticing my uniform, he declined, but upon being pressed he thanked me and took the seat, while I stood in the aisle, thinking no more about it. Almost immediately, however, a gentleman who was standing near the front of the car and had witnessed the incident, came to me and to my surprise, extended his hand in a friendly way and said: "Captain, I saw you rise and give you'ah seat

to that po' old man. I want to thank yo, suh. If all the Yankee officers were like you, this wah would soon be ovah, suh." Of course I blushed and thanked the gentleman for his courtesy, at the same time, gently insisting that "Yankee" officers should not be thought of as strangers to acts of common humanity or to ordinary politeness. My friend soon left the train and as far as I know I have never seen him from that day to this. Close connections were made for the South at Nashville, and at Pulaski I rejoined my company and received a warm welcome from the boys.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

Nothing occurred to break the monotony of camp life until about the middle of March; for three or four weeks the different regiments had been strengthened by recruits from the North, who were much needed to fill up the ranks which had been depleted by death, from wounds received in battle, sickness and various other causes, until in some regiments comparatively a small proportion of those who had enlisted at the beginning of the war remained. Doubtless among the troops of all nations, recruits are treated much the same, as are freshmen at college; they are compelled to undergo a system of hazing or nagging imposed upon them by the veterans of the regiment, who have great enjoyment from the sport. I do not call to mind however, any instance where the hazing in the army, if so it may be called, was carried to such extremes as it is in some of our colleges. This I suppose was because the old soldiers were less barbarous in disposition, more refined in manners and of a

kinder heart than is sometimes found among college students, who never enjoyed the advantages of the camp and the field. A brief extract from a letter written to a friend in the North will hint at the worries of our recruits in those days: "Our recruits have all been busy building quarters today. They are mostly young, stout, healthy looking fellows, and will soon learn the ropes. The old soldiers take every occasion that offers to play jokes on them; they tell them some of the biggest lies and make them believe almost everything they say. \* \* \* \* The recruits keep me informed of everything that goes on: they are continually running up here with some complaint. Sometimes the old members steal their rations, another time a gun or a cartridge box is missing; then it is that they have been insulted by one of the old members of the company. The cooks do not give them their share of the rations and I know not what. I generally send them to the Orderly Sergeant, but they seldom get satisfaction. Today I had the Orderly Sergeant read the articles of war to the company. I think a few months in the service will teach them some very useful things." As I have already said these tenderfoots were seldom subjected to any very serious assaults, it was merely good natured badinage or comparatively innocent tricks played on them by the old fellows; a canteen emptied and then filled with some distasteful liquid, a clean, highly polished gun upon which much time and labor had been expended by its owner, quietly stolen from a tent and carried out on guard on a rainy night and a dirty rusty musket left in its place. Or it might be a handful of blank cart-

ridges thrown down the short mud chimney of the tent in the dead of night causing a series of explosions that would instantly wake up the sleeping inmates, who in the excitement of the moment imagined that the enemy was among them, and indeed he was in a mild way. Nothing ever came of these pranks except a fist fight once in awhile in which no great harm was done, for the fight was generally stopped by the officers before it had proceeded far. Nevertheless in spite of all orders and the watchfulness of the officers on duty, it would sometimes happen that a recruit, who was being tortured beyond all endurance, would throw off his coat and sail into his tormentor with blood in his eye. Then the two belligerents, with their friends, would steal away to some quiet nook, where they felt comparatively safe from interference and fight it out until one or the other had had enough. They fought on the principles of Gurth, the swine-herd and Miller of Sherwood forest, who wielded their quarter-staffs so efficiently at the time of the "Gentle and Joyous" tilts of the Knights at Ashley de la Zouche in King Richard's day.

On the fifteenth day of March we were treated to a diversion which was for the most part, comedy, concerning which I wrote as follows: "Today at half past twelve o'clock all the troops in this command were ordered out and drawn up in line along the principal street of the town to witness the disgrace of four soldiers who had been found guilty of an offense against military law. It required nearly an hour to get everything in readiness for the function. Our brigade commanded by Colonel E. W. Rice of the Seventh

Iowa occupied the right of the line, with the second brigade under Colonel Massy of the Ninth Illinois on our left. When all was in readiness the charges and specifications were read, together with the finding and sentence of court martial. There were four of the prisoners, all of whom had been found guilty of robbing a citizen of Tennessee. They were sentenced to have their heads shaved, the buttons all cut off their clothes, to be drummed out of the service, and two of them to serve five years in the penitentiary at Nashville; the other two for the balance of their term of enlistment. All four belonged to the Eighteenth Missouri Infantry. Accordingly at two o'clock in the afternoon the prisoners, with their heads shaved, buttonless clothes, each one with his hands tied behind him and a board fastened to his back, upon which was painted in large letters the word, "Robber," were conducted by a squad of fourteen soldiers under the supervision of Colonel Weaver, and in charge of Captain Davis, Provost Martial, and Captain Duckworth, Post Officer of the Day, to the starting point at the right of the line. When everything was in readiness the Second Iowa band, which had been detailed for the occasion, struck up the Rogue's March, and the front file of guards came to a "Shoulder Arms," with the prisoners behind them, followed by the rear file of guards at a charge bayonet. In this order the procession marched the entire length of the line, the rogues bareheaded, exposed to the gaze of all the soldiers and citizens of pulaski. After the march was over they were conducted back to the jail. Tomorrow they will be sent to Nashville to serve out their time at hard

labor in the military prison at that place. Two of them appeared to be utterly indifferent to all that was going on while the other two acted very much as if they had been caught in bad company and were heartily ashamed of it. I could not help a feeling of sorrow for them."

During that winter the Seventh Kansas cavalry captured Samuel Davis, a rebel spy, also several others, among whom were Joshua Brown and General Bragg's chief of scouts and secret service, Colonel S. Shaw. General Dodge states that Davis had been chosen to be the bearer of all the information that had been obtained by the other scouts, to General Bragg, who was anxious to possess accurate knowledge of the situation in middle Tennessee. If our people had known who Colonel Shaw was, Davis would have been sent north and treated as a prisoner of war, and Shaw would have suffered the penalty of the spy. Every effort was made by General Dodge to induce Davis to state where and from whom he had obtained the information and papers found in his possession, but this he steadily and persistently refused to do, knowing that Colonel Shaw would surely be hung as a spy if his identity should become known to the Union Army. He chose rather to suffer the death penalty himself than to betray his superior officer. He was tried by court martial, found guilty of being a spy and sentenced to death by hanging. It is a gruesome sight to witness the hanging of a man under any circumstances; it was particularly so in this instance and the proceedings were viewed with sadness by all who were acquainted with the case. The prisoner was handcuffed, placed on his

coffin and driven to the place of execution. A rope was carefully placed around his neck and then in the presence of the army, he was launched into eternity. Just as the drop fell I turned my head aside and when I again turned to the scaffold the victim was dangling in the air and passing the portals of the gates which never open in this direction. From the following which I find in a northern paper, it appears that measures have been taken to perpetuate the memory of the brave young spy. This will meet with the hearty approval of every federal soldier who witnessed the tragic end of the heroic rebel:

"Monuments are useful in bringing examples of heroism and honor to the attention of the living that they may inspire courage and patriotism.

Forty-five years after his death, it is proposed to unveil a monument at Nashville to the memory of Samuel Davis, Confederate scout and spy. With papers—duplicates of Gen. Grant's—giving the field positions of the federal troops, he was captured within the federal lines at Pulaski, Tenn., November 22, 1863, and brought before Gen. Dodge to explain from whom he had received them. The general offered him his horse, side arms and an escort to the federal lines if he would yield the name of the traitor. Seated on the edge of his coffin and condemned to be hanged he replied: "Had I a thousand lives I would lose them all before I would betray my friends." He was a 21 year old hero. They cut the buttons from his weatherworn jacket and he handed them to the chaplain to be sent to his mother and sisters at Rutherford, Tennessee, with a message of love. J. C. Kennedy, now a member

of the monument committee, then a lad, and Oscar Davis, brother of Samuel, were sent to Pulaski by the mother to get the body. The provost marshal gave them the assistance of soldiers in removing the coffin from the grave and at Columbia a federal ferry boat was pressed into service to transport team, wagon and contents across the river, while the federal soldiers stood with bowed heads as the body of the scout passed by. Their own experience had taught them the honor due to courage."

Toward the last of April all the troops under command of General Dodge left Pulaski for Chattanooga, passing through Huntsville, Alabama, where there are some of the finest springs I ever saw, beautiful clear water of great depth and large area, which should make of that place a popular resort for health seekers who desire a moderately warm climate. Most of the boys who were to be mustered out during the month of May were left behind guarding bridges and helping to keep open the line of communication between Nashville and the front. I was the only officer with the company when we left Huntsville. My First Lieutenant, J. C. Conway, being on the staff of General Rice, and my Second Lieutenant, O. M. Langford remaining with the non-veterans. When we had arrived within hailing distance of Chattanooga and camped for the night, I wrote home as follows: Lookout Mountain, May 4th, 1864. My Dear M:—

I again improve an opportunity to write you a few lines. We left Huntsville on Monday morning and marched about fifteen miles, then camped for the night; next morning we re-

sumed our march and that day covered twenty-two miles, when we camped for the night. This morning we took the cars on the Memphis and Charleston railroad and tonight finds us at Chattanooga. The program was changed after we left Huntsville, or we would have had to march all the way. The original plan was an expedition by Sherman toward Atlanta, on a grand scale, but information has been received by General Thomas that the rebels are about to attack him in force, hence the change. We are undoubtedly on the eve of very stormy events. The Twelfth Army Corps under General Hooker and the Fifteenth under General Logan are on the way here. I think a big battle will be fought somewhere near Ringgold. Only a small force has been left to guard the railroad between here and Pulaski; all the forces available seem to be concentrating at this point.'

My last letter from the army was written at Kingston, Georgia, May 29th, 1864, in which was briefly noted a few of the stirring events which rapidly followed each other at that period.

"My dear M:—

I have not until now had an opportunity for writing you. Since my last letter we left Chattanooga and proceeded southward, arriving at Snake Creek Gap about ten days ago. We have a large army, commanded by General Sherman. It is divided into several columns, one under General Schofield, operating on our extreme left; one under General Thomas, in the center; one under Hooker; one acting independently, and our own, composed of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Corps under McPherson. At Snake Creek Gap we began skirmishing with the en-



emy. We advanced slowly, driving him back until we arrived at Resacca, where he made a stand; at this place our army united and prepared for battle. The Rebel army under General Johnston numbered, as near as we could find out, 60,000 men. We skirmished and fought with him for four days, though no general engagement took place; the Rebels would not fight. Scarcely more than a brigade would be engaged at a time. On the morning of Sunday, the fifteenth, they evacuated, and are now skedadling toward Atlanta, where we are following them as fast as possible. Our loss at Resacca will probably be about five thousand. The Rebel loss, I think, will be much greater. The Second Iowa did not lose a man, killed or wounded, though we were in one or two rather hard places. Johnston is reported to have made a speech to his troops just before the battle, telling them that our army was composed of niggers and hundred day men, and that if they would make one good charge we would all run. Kingston is about sixty miles from Atlanta and fifteen miles from Rome. We arrived at this place last night. The Rebels left it in the morning, so you see our advance is close after them. They had not time to destroy the railroad bridges, and this morning we were surprised to see a train of cars coming into Kingston; we keep the road open as we advance. The Twenty-sixth Iowa lost about thirty killed and wounded at Resacca. Sergeant Watson was slightly wounded. We have been marching day and night since the battle, scarcely getting more than an hour or two of sleep out of twenty-four. I don't know whether they will make a stand at Atlanta or not, but I am in-

clined to think they will and if they do we will no doubt have a desperate fight."

At Rome Cross Roads the regiment was again under fire, but met with no serious loss, the enemy failing to make a decided stand on our front.

My last important action in the service of Uncle Sam was rendered at Lay's Ferry on the Oustonaula river, where I was given command of a body of troops which were ordered out to protect Captain Reese, chief engineer of the army of the Tennessee, who with a party of bridge builders was laying a pontoon bridge across the river. Two or three were wounded before the bridge was completed, but I don't remember that any fatalities occurred. It was, however, an awkward situation for the men at work to be placed in as they had no opportunity to return the fire of the enemy which was delivered mostly by sharp shooters from behind trees and stumps, and by distant artillery.

Soon after this time all that was left of the regiment was strengthened by a remnant of the Third Iowa, which was consolidated with it and so the two regiments as one remained until the close of the war. It has always seemed to me to be a pity that so noble a body of men as those who composed the Third Iowa Infantry should lose their regimental identity, as one writer has said: "It was fortunate the members remaining were assigned to so fine a regiment as the Second, but after all it would have been better and more just, to have allowed the command to retain its identity and its name."

Toward the end of the month I was sent back to Pulaski with sev-



eral other officers, whose terms of service had expired. It was hard to leave the regiment with which I had so long been identified and with which I had so many times undergone the hardships of the march, the sickness of the camp and the hospital, the perils of the battlefield, hunger and thirst with all the privations inseparable from a soldier's life. And now I had come to the end of it all and must say farewell to the few of my comrades who were to remain for nearly another year and participate in the march to the sea. It was hard to leave the regiment and say farewell to my comrades, but the fact that there was a surplus of commissioned officers together with other considerations that need not be mentioned here, induced me to surrender my commission, after having served something over three years, from the line of the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad in northern Missouri to Kingston, Georgia. So on the 28th day of May, 1864 at Pulaski, Tennessee, I was mustered out of the service and immediately departed for my home in Iowa, bearing in my body some of the marks of a soldier's life.

As to the regiment itself, one of the historians of the Iowa troops, has this to say: "The Second Iowa Infantry was one of the most noted of Iowa regiments—distinguished on account of its distinguished men. The command which gave Curtis, Tuttle and Crocker to the service must remain forever memorable in our annals. Nearly all of its field officers—Baker, Mills, Weaver, Howard, Chipman and Hamil—were wounded in battle, and two sealed their gallantry with their death. Among the line officers, yea, among the "rank and file" of this regiment,

as was indeed the fact with most Iowa regiments, there were men who would have adorned any society. It was distinguished for its gallant deeds. It has best comported with the plan of this work to give prominence to the first great battle in which the command took part. But it fought no less gallantly elsewhere, the officers and men on all occasions when called upon to encounter the enemy, displaying coolness, courage and enthusiastic gallantry fully equal to what was to be expected of those who were conscious of having to sustain the reputation of the heroes of Fort Donelson—"The bravest of the brave." And I may add that what is here said of the Second Iowa might also be as truthfully said of all Iowa regiments and indeed of American soldiers generally.

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#### CHAPTER XVIII.

Soon after my return to Lyons I purchased an interest in a grocery store, which was owned and operated by Mr. G. W. Hammond. The building was a wooden structure located on the northwest corner of Main and Sixth streets. Mr. Hammond was an honorable business man, who enjoyed the confidence of the entire community and our relations were always pleasant and satisfactory.

We did a good business, all things considered, and I have ever regarded with gratification that business venture. It was a time when high prices ruled in all American markets on certain classes of goods. Some things were affected by the war much more than others, but almost everything felt the influence of

the times, unless it was farm products, such as butter and eggs, which were not materially affected. Cotton goods, sugar and turpentine were among the most sensitive of all, because they were products of the Southern states and were so universally in demand. We never kept on hand more sugar than was absolutely needed to meet the demands of our customers from day to day, because when a barrel had been sold we were unable to replace it with another at the same cost. We made a specialty of butter, which was brought in by farmers as far west as Maquoketa and sold by us for home consumption. The price was governed by the quality, there being three or four grades: of course our customers all thought they made as good or better butter than their neighbors, while as a matter of fact there was a vast difference in the goods they brought us. Some of it was soft and white and frowsy with occasional hairs scattered through it to hold it together, though often it did appear to have strength enough to meet every reasonable demand that might have been made upon it, but the most of what came to us was of good quality and some of it was excellent. One day a stranger drove up to the store and inquired if we wanted any butter. I said "Yes;" then said he—"I have some here; I will leave it till I go on down town and sell my wheat, then I will come back and settle for it on my way out. I want some groceries. "What are you paying for butter?" I gave him the average price, and he went away satisfied. After he had gone I ex-

amined the butter which was packed in five gallon jars and found it to be of the finest quality, so when he returned I said to him: "Mr. Evans, your butter is worth two cents per pound more than I told you, it is so much better than the average that we can afford to pay you more for it, which I am glad to do." He was both surprised and pleased and thereafter became one of our regular customers. The transaction also brought forth fruit in another way to which reference will be made in another place.

On the 8th day of November, 1864, the day on which Abraham Lincoln was elected for the second time to the presidency of the United States, the unexpected happened. Now there are some people who say that it is only in war that the unexpected happens. In love and other domestic calamities there is always a relative who knew it all the time. However that may be, an important incident quite unexpected to most of our friends, took place on the aforementioned day, I was married to Miss Mary Margaret Bennett, the young lady I had seen for the first time in the Sunday school four years before and with whom I had maintained an affectionate correspondence while in the army; thus fulfilling the declaration: "If I ever get married that girl will be my wife." The wedding was a simple affair..

By a previous arrangement the ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. N. Fellows, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, at the home of Mrs. John Sloan, a mutual friend at whose house a church sociable was being held. Mrs. Bennett was not at all favorable to the arrange-

ment: she did not like to have her daughter married away from home, but after entering her protest finally consented to our whim as she called it, with the understanding that a reception must afterward be held at the Bennett home, which was of course cheerfully agreed to.

The people at the sociable were completely surprised when in the course of the evening the minister called the company to order and requested their attention for a few moments. Everything in readiness, we passed from an adjoining room into the presence of the company and were joined together in holy wedlock. The bride was simply and plainly clad for the occasion; the chief feature of the bridal outfit being a calico dress, which was regarded as a very sensible object lesson at a time when economy in dress was a consideration of importance among all save the rich. Even so, the material in that dress cost fifty cents per yard and fifty cents was harder to get at that time than five times that amount at the present time. However, it is not to be supposed that the matter of expense was seriously considered. There was no greater hesitancy among young people about entering upon the married life on account of the expense of living than there is at the present time. Perhaps with reason, there was not near so much.

In the month of February following our marriage, largely through the influence of my wife and her christian parents, I was led to give my heart to God and enter upon the Christian life, a step which was destined to mould my character and influence all my subsequent career. At the time this all-important step was

taken, special religious services were being held in the city, in which all the evangelical churches were engaged. It was at one of those meetings I took the decisive stand, enrolling myself as a soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I immediately united with the Methodist Episcopal church, on probation, and six months afterward, was received into full connection in that church. During the fall of the same year I was constituted a local preacher and almost immediately began to "exercise my gifts." The 8th of September, 1865, was a red letter day to us, for on that day, our first babe was born. It was a girl, whom we named Anna Louise.

My first attempt to hold a religious service and preach a sermon was an event of great moment to me, as I think it must be to every young preacher. I had reason to fear that if my old cronies discovered the time and place of my first effort they would be out in force and cause me much embarrassment. So I fixed upon a school house about four miles from town in a rather secluded locality as the place where it would be safest to fire my first gun. The service was to be held on a Sunday afternoon. At the time appointed I slipped out of town and shyly made my way out to the school house. A fair sized congregation was on hand, curious to find out what sort of a figure Harry Green would present in the pulpit. They found out. I had announced the first hymn, offered prayer, read a scripture lesson and was just starting the second hymn, when, to my chagrin, there came marching into the school house a dozen or so of my old chums from town. I was completely upset for

the moment, but covered my confusion as best I could and proceeded with the service. It must have been a crude affair from beginning to end. When it came to the text: "Prepare to Meet thy God," I announced it in a weak voice and then with fear and trembling, proceeded to tell what I did not know about it. At the conclusion of the service, which I somehow reached through the mental mist, one of the boys said to me: "Well, Harry, I don't think it will be necessary for you to preach any more." "Why, what do you mean?" "Well," he replied, "You began at the first of Genesis and went clear through to the last of Revelation." And I was in no condition to deny it. I held a few services after that in different places; and during the year it was borne in upon me that I must become a minister of the gospel. I did not contend against this impression, especially as it was re-inforced by the opinion of the Presiding Elder, Pastor and several of the leading members of the church at Lyons. So in the fall of the year, 1866, I attended the session of the Upper Iowa Conference, which, was held at Decorah, and was entertained at the home of Mr. Simeon Leach, on the west side of the river.

To reach Decorah, I was obliged to go to Cedar Rapids on the C. & N. W. railroad, thence to Dubuque, from Dubuque by boat to McGregor, thence by rail to Conover and from Conover by stage to Decorah.

I did not unite with the conference at that session, but "took work under the Elder," who appointed me to Summer Hill Circuit, a wide area located in Jackson and Clinton counties, embracing all the territory

lying between Maquoketa and Elk river.

I had previously disposed of my interest in the store, and having purchased a horse and buggy was ready to move to my work. John Holroyd, a member of the church, living on the charge, volunteered to move our things out to the parsonage, distant some thirty-five miles; so our stuff was loaded on the wagons and the procesion started. Holroyd got away in good shape and arrived at the parsonage without accident. Not so the other two teams; their drivers had evidently forgotten the lessons taught them in the Sunday school, for we who followed them in our buggy some hours later, discovered the teams hitched in front of a saloon just outside of town, while the drivers were inside drinking. I remarked to my wife, "I am afraid we shall have trouble with those fellows before we have done with them." And indeed we did for when they reached the parsonage the next day about thirty-five dollars worth of carpet was missing and the furniture was badly broken up, several of the new chairs were nearly destroyed and of one of the jars of fruit which the preacher's wife had so carefully prepared there was little left; the bedding suffered severely and in fact nearly everything on those two wagons was more or less injured. The teamsters had evidently gotten thoroughly drunk and had been racing their teams, for some people on the road told us afterward how they had heard them whooping and yelling like mad men as they drove past. Evidently there was need of missionary work in that country.

The parsonage, which was locat-

ed in an isolated position at a bleak, dreary spot on the top of a hill which had once been covered with timber, was surrounded with scrubby underbrush. It was distant nine miles from Maquoketa, the nearest town. A barn-like structure, which was a mere shell; it defied all efforts to render it anything like comfortable in the winter; so we suffered from those piercing blasts which swept over the exposed country, driving their way pitilessly through the cracks and crevices into the house and freezing everything that could not be kept close to the stove. I used to wonder why it was not called Winter Hill instead of Summer Hill.

The people were very kind, however, and kept us well provided with fuel, so we survived the winter. When we arrived on the charge there were five preaching places, all of them school houses, but during my second year two more were added, so I was kept busy supplying the work. The drives were from five to twenty miles long and as Mrs. Green almost always went with me when the weather would at all permit; we did not always return home on Sunday evening, but remained over and visited among the people for two or three days, frequently meeting with wholesome adventures and having some rare experiences. The long drives in the summer, through the timber and across the prairies, were greatly enjoyed by us. The preacher's wife, who was a fine singer in those days, possessing a beautiful voice which had been carefully trained, would sing hymn after hymn, while I, who knew but little about music, would help to swell the volume of sound, and en-

joyed it, I think quite as much as if I had known more of the science.

One of my preaching places which was known as the Deep Creek appointment was situated about midway between the parsonage and Lyons. Near the school house lived Mr. and Mrs. Evans, the people whose butter I had bought while in the store. They were not members of our church but they were among our best friends and their home was always open to us when we were in that neighborhood, as indeed were most of the homes on the charge and that without regard to chuch affinity. So free was the hospitality on Summer Hill circuit that it was utterly imposible for us to respond to all the invitations we received from our parishioners; not infrequently would we be gone from home two or three weeks at a time, making acquaintences, holding meetings and visiting among the people.

On the 24th of March, 1866, our second babe was born. It was another girl, whom in a rare burst of state pride, we named Iowa, though just why we should have been so patriotic at that particular time, I am unable to say.

The last Quarterly Conference of the year met early in September and recommended the preacher to the Annual Conference for "Admission on Trial;" and the recommendation presented by the Presiding Elder, Rev. R. W. Keeler, at the ensuing session, which was held at Iowa City, September 18th, Bishop E. S. Janes, presiding. It so happened that mine was the last of the Quarterly Conferences on the district that year, and at its close I started for the Annual Conference in com-

pany with the Presiding Elder. We were obliged to remain over night at the home of one of my members. The chamber assigned to us for a sleeping apartment had never been lathed and plastered and as the house happened to be over run with rats we had plenty of company most of the night. However, as both of us were feeling pretty well worn out we soon fell asleep. I do not know how long we had been sleeping, but sometime in the night I was suddenly awakened by a sharp pain in my upper lip. Instantly raising my head I was astonished to discover a monstrous rat, which, on being alarmed by my action, at once jumped from the bed to the floor. The brute had caught my lip between his teeth and had bitten clean through it. In the morning I discovered that the bosom of my shirt was spotted with blood and that my lip was badly swollen. Our hosts were greatly surprised at my appearance and profusely apologized for the incident which was only trivial after all and my face soon recovered its wonted aspect.

At the Annual Conference in company with ten others I was admitted on trial, and at the end of the session was read off for Summer Hill Circuit, for the second year, which was entirely satisfactory to me and to my wife and was not, I believe, displeasing to the people on the circuit.

I may say here that the Annual Conference is composed of all the Traveling Preachers within the bounds of a given territory; of these there are what are termed Effective, Supernumerary and Superannuated Preachers; also there are the Licentiates or young men on trial in

the conference. Every preacher is required to pass an examination on a four year's course of study; after serving two years on probation he is received into full connection by vote of the conference and ordained Deacon, then after having "travelled" two years more he is ordained Elder.

In the case of young men who are to enter the missionary field, an exception is made and they may be ordained at once, under what is termed "The Missionary Rule." Preachers are also received from other denominations. The ordination papers of those who are in orders in Evangelical churches are recognized by us and upon assent, in open conference, to the doctrines and discipline of the Methodist Episcopal church, they are admitted to full membership by vote of the Conference. There has been some talk in recent years about admitting laymen to the Annual Conference, but up to the present time nothing has been accomplished and at this time it does not appear what good purpose their admission could serve.

It was with many misgivings that I entered upon my second year at Summer Hill. My first year had not been very satisfactory, and certainly the charge was an exceedingly difficult one to serve. I think it was looked upon as one of the least desirable in the Conference. Most of the preachers would have felt it a hardship had they been sent there. It was scattered over so much territory, in a rough, hilly country and the homes of the members were distant from each other, rendering it extremely difficult to do pastoral visitation.

At one point there were several feuds among the members, some of



them of long standing, which had brought the cause of Christ into disrepute. In not a few instances these dissensions were caused by intense partisanship in politics, while in others that prolific mischief maker in country precincts, the line fence, was responsible for our troubles. With regard to politics I may say that the neighborhood had been largely democratic during the war and the people were outspoken in the expression of their prejudices. The democrats were still called "cop-perheads" and the republicans "nigger worshippers," and other pet names in vogue in war times; these things in addition to the fact that there was not a single church building on the whole charge, the salary of the preacher so meager that he could not have supported his family had it not been for the donations he received in firewood, edibles, etc., tended to discourage a young, inexperienced preacher and make the circuit undesirable. Donations were not to be depended upon, for if the preacher, likewise Mrs. preacher happened to "take well," very generous donations were made, but if it chanced that either of them were not well liked, donations were light and airy. They were an uncertain quantity, and no dependence could be placed on them, still it was quite the custom on country charges to fix the salary at a given figure with the understanding that a donation would be added, the size of which when it came off, depended on conditions, over which the Quarterly Conference had no jurisdiction. It was our custom on these first fields of labor to keep two or three pigs and a lot of chickens which added materially to our income, and at Summer Hill there was nothing to prevent our doing so. When we were away from

home a neighbor, who lived just across the road was engaged to look after our live stock, so we were never uneasy about them. We could leave home with the comfortable feeling that everything on the farm would be cared for in our absence. I do not remember that we ever lost anything except on one occasion when rats, or weasels, or some other marauding little beasts made a raid on our chickens and destroyed every one of them, nearly one hundred in all.

As already stated, we entered upon the second year of our ministry with fear and trembling on my part. I was worried over what I regarded as a want of success the year before, and began to be troubled with serious doubts about the genuineness of my call to the ministry. Had I and my friends been mistaken about my "call?" Had I been listening to the wrong voice? I thought about it day and night; I prayed over it, but said nothing to anyone about it. It was a long time before the matter was solved to my satisfaction. However, when a conclusion was finally reached, it settled the question forever. I resolved that unless that year was productive of results in the way of conversions, I should assume that I had mistaken my calling and go back to some secular pursuit at the end of the year. Having reached this conclusion, I dismissed the matter from my mind as far as possible and went on with my work.

Before me as I set down these things, lies the marriage license of the first couple I joined in wedlock. It was issued for the marriage of James H. Blakesley and Mary M. Elwood, and was signed by Alfred L. Palmer, county judge, in his office at Andrew, which was then the

county seat of Jackson county, on December 26, 1876. Since that time I have officiated on many similar occasions, but the first wedding is in some respects like the coming of the first babe in the home. It makes an epoch in the ministerial life.

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#### CHAPTER XIX.

Nothing out of the ordinary occurred on the charge until winter. It had been the custom to hold prayer meetings at the school house nearest the parsonage on Thursday evenings. I always attended those meetings when at home. There had been nothing to indicate any unusual religious interest on the part of the people, either there or elsewhere on the circuit, so far as I could observe, until one evening in early winter I went to the prayer meeting as usual and to my astonishment found the school house filled with people, some of whom were entire strangers to me. As I was passing up the aisle to the front, Ben Jones, the class leader, pulled my sleeve and whispered to me: "Brother Green, you must preach tonight." It was not the custom for the minister to preach a sermon at the week day prayer meeting, so I had not come prepared to do so. "Why," I replied, "I can't do that, I have made no preparation whatever, and I can't preach without preparation." "Oh, never mind that," he said, "you will do well enough; you don't need to preach much, just go ahead and do the best you can."

So I went up to the desk and gave out a hymn, and while they were singing it I selected a scripture lesson, after which I offered the opening prayer. Then, after reading the lesson, I announced another

hymn, which was one of the longest of the most familiar hymns in the book, and all this time I could not make a choice of a text, try as I might. I really did not know what to do, the more I tried to think of one the more befogged I became, until, getting desperate as the congregation remorselessly neared the end of the hymn and I saw no way out of my dilemma, it suddenly occurred to me to open the bible and grapple with the first verse upon which my eye should rest. Well, I do not now, nor have I ever thought that God intended a minister to appear before a congregation without having made due preparation. It used to be a theory with some good people that study for the pulpit was not necessary on the part of the preacher; some of my parishoners on Summer Hill circuit held that view. They believed that to make special preparation was to fly in the face of Providence. All that was necessary was to open the mouth and God would fill it. The Holy Spirit would give you a message if you only left the matter in His hands. Of course I have never believed that God could encourage laziness in the ministry, any more than in any other calling. I am sure a preacher should make every reasonable exertion to fit himself for his work, and other things being equal, the man who does this and then when he gets into the pulpit stretches himself on his theme, will, with the blessing of God, be far more effective than the preacher who assumes that he has only to open his mouth and God will fill it without any preparation on his part.

When the congregation had finished the hymn and was seated, I opened the book with a silent prayer for Divine help and looking down upon

it I saw before me those suggestive words of St. Luke, Acts 2:21: "And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord, shall be saved." I had found my text. It was wonderful; I might have searched the bible from beginning to end and found nothing more simple or more suggestive than the words before me. They were exactly fitted to the occasion and furnished me with just what I needed for the congregation. To be sure I was at first all at sea as to what I should say, and what I did finally say, I know not. I remember at this distant day, over forty years afterward, that the text seemed to suggest itself to me. I saw the word "saved," and that meant salvation, which was uppermost in my thought at the moment, and I talked about it much as a preacher would do now, I think, who was in dead earnest. Then there was the word "call," which meant prayer, a very necessary thing in the acquirement, or in the maintenance of the religious life, and I urged the necessity and importance of prayer on my congregation. Finally the universality of the offer of salvation was before me in the text, represented in the word "whosoever." These three things I saw at a glance and I tried hard to make the people see them. Surely it was an impressive occasion and the audience was thoughtful and expectant. I announced a hymn and invited any who desired to be saved to stand during the singing of the hymn. Two men rose, a son and a son-in-law of the class leader, Ben Jones. At the conclusion of the hymn I called upon the congregation to pray, and asked Brother Jones to lead us. He responded most fervently and was followed by others, whose petitions were interspers-

ed with songs, as was the custom in the prayer meeting. Before closing the service I asked the people if they would attend another meeting the next night and nearly all said they would, so I announced services for the following evening.

That night there were some conversions and the next night there were more. The word went out over the country that there was a protracted meeting at the Fairfield school house and the people began to gather in from all sections until the building was crowded to suffocation, 'it could hold no more. One night the jam was so great that some one broke one of the windows to let in fresh air. In the meantime, the meetings were constantly growing in interest, conversions were taking place every night, some of them being very remarkable. The "mourners' bench" was crowded on both sides; people were on their knees wherever there was room in any part of the house, and where they could not find room to kneel down they prayed where they sat or where they stood. It surpassed anything I had ever seen before, it was wonderful. Some would be singing, some crying for mercy, others silently and thoughtfully looking on, but all intensely interested. The meetings continued for nearly two months and between seventy and eighty were added to the church at that appointment. The converts were almost without exception either elderly people or young married people; very few children were among the first fruits of the revival. I think that was because they were generally left at home during the meetings on account of the cold and the limited capacity of the school house. Later on many of them were added to the number who joined to the church.

One night when the crowd was greatest and the interest high as I was speaking to a woman kneeling at the mourner's bench, she suddenly cried out: "Oh, Mr. Green, go and speak to my husband." I saw him near the door looking very solemn; he, like many others in the neighborhood, was originally from the north of Ireland. I said to him: "Mr. M., don't you think you had better go and join your wife at the altar?" Faith, I believe I had," he replied and darted off like a shot, dropping on his knees beside his wife, where both of them were soon converted. There were several instances where radical changes were wrought in the character and manner of life of many households, which at the present time could hardly occur in any but the most crude of the backwoods settlements. In one instance the reformation was so marked that I cannot refrain from making mention of it, though it was by no means an exceptional case, for there were others of like character, though none quite so prominent.

It was a family who lived nearly two miles from the school house, on a farm among the hills. The mother was a good, intelligent woman who wanted her children to grow up in the enjoyment of better advantages than had fallen to her lot. She was a neat, clean housekeeper, but had little to do with because of the husband, who was not a bad man at heart, was unable to resist the liquor habit which had fastened itself upon him. The consequence was that whenever he took the produce of the farm to market, which was distant forty miles from his home, and required an absence of two days and a night, he almost always fell into

bad company and generally squandered in the saloons about all he had received for his wheat or other produce. Before the revival, his wife told me when I asked her why the children never came to Sabbath school, that they were without decent clothes, the girls had no shoes, and the older ones were ashamed to appear barefooted among the other children, so she was obliged to keep them at home. The revival changed all that. One night I noticed the father at the rear of the school house and going to him, I took him by the hand and said: "Come." Without a word he followed me to the front of the school house where he fell upon his knees and was soundly and happily converted to God. It was a joyous night for his family, for they soon began to reap the fruits of his conversion. One of the first things he did was to go to market with a load of grain and with the money he received for it, he bought shoes and other necessary things for his wife and children. The change wrought in that home was complete and happy. No more drunken husband. No more heart-broken wife. No more shoeless children. From that time forward it was a christian home. There was plenty to eat and plenty to wear. The family became regular attendants at church; a mortgage which had been placed on the farm and which would have gradually eaten it up was eventually paid off; the property was redeemed as well as its owner. The Northwestern Christian Advocate was subscribed for and the family was supplied with good reading, and what had been but a short time before a scene of poverty, squalor and wretchedness, became, under the power of the gospel, a happy home.

After the meetings had been going on for several weeks I began to feel worn and feared I would have to bring them to a close unless help could be had. I had been compelled to provide a new sermon every day for a long time and in view of my ignorance and inexperience it was a tax on my energies that none but those who have been placed in like circumstances can appreciate. The drain was beginning to tell on my health and I felt that something must be done to relieve the strain. So I sent to Maquoketa, where the Rev. William Lease was pastor, and urged him to come over into my Macedonia and help me. He kindly consented to do so, and was with me for three or four nights, preaching each evening and otherwise assisting in the meetings, thus giving me a much needed rest. But it soon became apparent to him, and indeed to others, that it was not great sermons that was needed in that meeting, for the interest suddenly began to sag and the work was stayed in large measure. Brother Lease, whose heart was in the work, easily recognized the situation, and explaining it to me declared that he thought he was doing us no good and the wisest thing for him to do would be to return home. Of course I tried to dissuade him, but without avail and he took his departure, leaving the meetings entirely on our hands again. Then it came to pass that the christian workers, who had to some extent ceased their efforts while he was with us, thinking they were not needed so much, took a new hold and the glorious work several important things. It was rich in its related fruitage. First, there was the large number of conversions

in a sparsely settled country, where attendants were compelled to travel long distances. Some of the conversions were very remarkable as to the character of the persons saved as well as the far reaching results to their families and friends. The question of politics which had disturbed and divided the community so long was for the time being relegated to the rear. A new adjustment was made in the matter of line fences so that they no longer divided families as well as farms. A new church was built to take the place of the old school house as a house of worship, and what to me personally was of supreme importance was that I had received my answer to the great question that had so troubled me during the preceding year. For all time there could no longer be any question in my mind as to my call to the work of a minister of the gospel. On that question I was at rest and from that time to this I have never been disturbed about it. If I had been a great preacher or an experienced evangelist there might have been room for doubt, but in my case there could be none whatever, for that revival was clearly the work of God and God alone, and to him only have I ever ascribed it. I say now as I have ever said, that considering the condition of things as they had existed in that community for years, that first Thursday evening prayer meeting when so many strangers who were not in the habit of attending Divine worship anywhere were present, without any apparent special reason for being there; the unusual beginning of the meeting, the strange finding of the text and the remarkable results following; all these things have ever tended to humble me as an instru-



ment in the hands of God, to whom be all the glory.

At the close of our special meetings the parsonage was visited by a great crowd of people who came to us with donations. They brought almost everything that could be of use in a rural family at that period and some things that could not. Load upon load of wood, enough to last us for a year was piled up at our back door and afterward men came and cut it up into stove lengths. Hay, corn and oats for the horses, a lot of chickens and a turkey or two, great loaves of bread, hop yeast and salt rising, some of it rye but most of it wheat, hams and shoulders of pork, vegetables of all kinds, jellies and juices, apples, tea, coffee and sugar; dress goods for the preacher's wife and little things for the babies. Oh, it was great. The way they hustled about, lurking here and there, laughing and jesting with one another, pushing and jostling each other in the crowded rooms. Great long tables were improvised out of planks and wooden horses which had been brought in for the occasion, stretching from one end of the big room which served for parlor, dining room and kitchen to the other. Time after time the table was loaded with good things and then cleared and loaded again. It was a feast of fat things and a time of rejoicing. Baby smeared from head to foot with grease and molasses was having the time of her life; the women all said she looked just like her papa, which, considering her appearance just at that time was rather a doubtful compliment. Mamma was made much of, just as she deserved, for she was a model wife for a preacher, or for anybody else for that matter; a woman whom almost everyone lov-

ed and all esteemed. There never was a better to my notion. But all earthly things must come to an end, and our first donation was no exception. It was very late when it finally broke up and the people with many hearty expressions of good will, departed for their homes, apparently happy.

Soon after the close of the special revival services I began to urge the need of a church building for that community. Then there was trouble. Everyone saw the need of a church, but the trouble arose over the location. There were two points in the patronizing territory, either of which would do very well. They were not more than a mile and a half from each other, but the patronage was so evenly divided that it was difficult to determine which place to select. Both sides wanted the church and each side seemed determined to secure it. In order to decide the matter with as little friction as possible, I proposed that two subscription papers be presented to each person, thus giving everyone an opportunity to subscribe to either paper or both if they chose the site receiving the largest subscription to have the church. There was some demurrage at first, but it was finally agreed to and I immediately began to take subscriptions. After canvassing every home in the neighborhood and it was found that one of the sites was chosen by a good margin, we at once laid plans for the erection of the building. In due time it was completed and dedicated under the name of Center Church, which it retains to this day. The Annual Conference that fall was held at Anamosa, beginning September 3rd, Bishop Matthew Simpson presiding.



At the closing session my name was read off for Sumner Hill circuit for the third time, and I returned in good spirits to resume my work among old friends.

Special services were held during the winter at Charlotte and Deep Creek, with quite good results. At Charlotte, especially, where quite a number were converted and added to the church.

On February 5th, 1869, our first boy baby was born, whom we named Samuel William, after his two grandfathers. The poor little fellow had a hard time of it the first year of his life, for he suffered a long time with a severe attack of brain fever, which came very near ending his earthly career. It was only because his mother gave him the very best of care that he finally pulled through, but it was a hard struggle and it was a long time before he fully recovered.

The last Quarterly Conference of the year was held in the new church, under the direction of the Rev. Elias Skinner, who had been appointed Presiding Elder the fall before.

As it was understood that we were to leave the charge for a new field at the approaching Conference, our friends were present in large numbers to say good bye, and bid us God speed in our work. I am sure most of the people would have been glad if we could have remained longer, but the law of the church was against a pastorate of more than three years in succession on the same charge, so we were prepared to move.

At the Annual Conference, which was held at Independence, I was ordained Deacon by Bishop D. W.

Clark and appointed to Mill Rock circuit.

Upon reaching my new field of labor I found five school houses, but no church, neither was there a parsonage, so we made our home with an old couple at Maquoketa, renting part of their house, although the nearest appointment was ten miles distant. It made a hard day's work on Sunday, for I held three and part of the time four services, and had a ride of between thirty and forty miles, leaving home in the morning and not getting back until late at night. Of course we saw some hard times that winter, suffering severely at times from the cold, but then I enjoyed good health and with a mind to work we got along quite well. A revival at Monmouth during the winter was quite successful, resulting in something like thirty additions to the church. The following summer a parsonage was built at Monmouth which was ready for occupancy by my successor in the fall.

One of the old time camp meetings was held that year, it continued for several days and was attended by preachers and members from neighboring charges, as well as by the home people. It was a new experience to me; also it was an occasion to be remembered.

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## CHAPTER XX.

My next appointment was Maquoketa Circuit, which at that time was looked upon as one of the most desirable of its class in the Conference. It included the territory of what has since been known as the Elwood and the Delmar charges. For a change, I found three churches and a first class parsonage as my heritage.

There were also four school house appointments, so I found plenty to do, but as the churches and school houses were comparatively near to each other, the long cold rides I had been accustomed to on the previous charges were not required. I was accorded a warm welcome on my first appearance at the different appointments and was at once made to feel that I was among friends. Surely, to me, the lines had fallen in pleasant places.

A Methodist minister who moves from place to place meets with experiences seldom found in the lives of other men. At one of the churches upon stepping down from the pulpit at the close of my first service, a benevolent looking old gentleman came up to me and grasping my hand shook it warmly, as he said with great apparent sympathy: "Well, Brother Green, don't be discouraged, Brother Milner didn't preach any better than you do when he first came here."

The Rev. R. W. Milner, who was my predecessor had been much beloved and deservedly so, for he was a kind hearted, genial, everyday sort of a man who made friends and retained them. Between Brother Milner and myself there sprang up a friendship which continued until his death, which took place at Belle Plaine in 1898. At his request which was made years before, I conducted his funeral services, in the presence of a great congregation, for he had many friends, and it seemed to me almost as if I was officiating at the obsequies of a member of our own family.

Of course I knew that the old gentleman was disposed to let me down easy and was wholly sincere.

It was clear he meant his greeting to be for my encouragement, though I must say that his way of coming at me nearly took my breath away, even with the instant conviction that though his name was not Nathaniel, I had before me, "An Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile." And so it proved, for as long as I remained in that country I had no better friend than that same artless brother.

There was at that time residing on the circuit a considerable number of River Brethren, as they were called; a sect of Dunkers or German Baptists, a simple, unpretending people, highly respected by their neighbors because of their honesty and integrity. They were generally quite well off financially, living in good, comfortable homes and having large farms which were always kept in a high state of cultivation. One of the peculiar religious ceremonies of the River Brethren was the washing of each other's feet in their public gatherings, a ceremony which never failed to attract large audiences, drawn together by curiosity and other motives not always commendable. I made it a rule to attend the meetings of the "Brethren" whenever I could do so without interfering with my own work, for I had great respect for those good people and seldom failed to get good from their services.

One Sunday evening I had taken our little six year old girl, Anna with me and had chosen a seat well toward the front of the church. Upon invitation of one of the preachers, however, I took a seat on the platform, leaving my little girl where she had been seated. She was quite contented to remain where she was

through the opening ceremonies and during the sermon, but when the brethren began to wash the feet of the men, and the sisters approached each other with the same intent, Anna took alarm, which was greatly increased, when, as she thought, she saw one of them, a sister of immense proportions approaching in her direction with bowl and towel. I had noticed that for some little time she had appeared quite uneasy, fidgeting about in her seat and looking around her as if seeking a way of escape. I had thought little about it, assuming that her uneasiness arose from the fact that she had been sitting in the crowded seat so long and was getting tired. But that was not the trouble as I soon learned, for when she could stand it no longer the little thing sprang to her feet and with a cry of alarm which startled all who were sitting near, she ran up to the platform crying: "Papa, papa, I don't want them to wash my feet." I lifted her to my knees, at the same time assuring her that they were not going to wash her feet, whereupon she settled down on my lap and soon dropped asleep. The incident caused a broad indulgent smile on many faces, but the services were not interrupted at all.

The class leader at one of the preaching places entertained a violent prejudice against the use of an organ in the church, and as the young people insisted on having one and had raised the money among themselves to purchase it there was war for a time. The old class leader fought against it with all his might. He was almost alone in his opposition to be sure, but that made no difference, he sturdily maintained his ground. He hurled invectives at

it, he was sarcastic, intractable, contumacious, cantankerous. He called it a mule and declared that he would never consent to its braying in the church. He became so bitter that I was really alarmed, fearing his obstinacy might cause a division in the church. He complained to me that the young people were no longer attending his class meetings and said the organ was to blame for it; the devil was using it to lead them away from the church; it was causing them to backslide. I said to him: "John, I am really afraid you are yourself to blame for the absence of the young people from class meeting. They have set their hearts on having an organ to steady their voices and to improve the church music, and if an organ can be used to advantage in other places I don't see why it should be tabooed here. We must not drive our young people away from us just because of a foolish prejudice." "Well," he replied, "I don't believe in worshiping God by machinery." "Oh," I said, "as to that you could oppose the use of written music and even of hymn books in the church on the same grounds. Now if you will withdraw your open opposition to the organ, even though it be a cross to listen to it, I will guarantee that your young people will come back to the class meetings and the dove of peace will again spread her white wings over us." And it came to pass even so, for all opposition to the organ was withdrawn, the class meetings were again attended by the young people and we heard no more of the war.

During the winter of that year I held protracted meetings at three or four different places. Some of them

were quite fruitful, but one at least was disappointing. It was at Brookfield. The weather was bitterly cold, which interfered with the attendance, giving us small congregations.

One night as I entered the church I discovered one of the members, an old Englishman, cramming the stoves with hard, dry, second growth hickory, which his hired man had hauled from the timber north of Maquoketa. The stoves were red hot, and the room was fast becoming uncomfortably warm, still the old man was busy pushing in the wood, while half a dozen old cronies, who had come early, were looking on with much apparent interest. I saw at a glance that something was up, so as soon as I had thrown off my overcoat I went to him and slapping him on the back, I said: "Johnny" (everybody called him Johnny) "what in the world are you trying to do?" At that he slowly straightened up and with a queer twist upon his face and a twinkle in his eye, he said: "Haw, I thon't if we was going to 'ave hany 'eat in the church, we'd got to get it hout of the stoves, there's none in the pulpit," and with that he gave an extra twist to his broad face, quietly took his seat and was real good for the rest of that night. It was not very long however, before the old fellow, who, with all his jollity was subject to occasional fits of melancholy, came to me and without giving any reason whatever, said: "You may take my name hoff o' the class book." I looked at him a moment and then said: "All right, off it goes." He seemed to be surprised for a moment, but said nothing, and turning on his heel walked away. His regular seat was in the "Amen corner,"

up at the front of the church and to one side of the pulpit: The next Sunday after telling me to take his name from the record, he took a seat at the extreme end of the church nearest the door, and as soon as services were over took his departure without saying a word to anyone. The following Sunday he was again at church and took a seat just half way toward the front, leaving again at the close of the service in cold reserve. The third Sunday he was present again and this time marched boldly up to the front and took his old seat in the "Amen corner." As I stepped down from the pulpit after the sermon, he waddled up to me and with considerable anxiety wanted to know if I had "taken it hoff." "No," I replied, "of course I have not." His face brightened at once and he said: "Well, you needn't." Poor old man; if I had erased his name from the church records and deprived him of membership in the church, it would have broken his heart and I very well knew it.

It was the custom of the old man to make the preacher a present each year of two half grown Chester White pigs, a breed which he stoutly maintained was the finest and most profitable in the world. Many a heated argument have I heard between him and breeders of other kinds of swine touching the merits of their favorites. I used to pick up a good deal of information listening to those arguments, but I always favored the Chester White, which was not to be wondered at, I think.

The parsonage property which formerly belonged to a congregational minister from whom it had been purchased by our people, included five acres of ground, the house, barn

and a fine apple orchard occupied two acres while the other three were under cultivation. In the spring I had it plowed and sowed with oats and grass seed. The grain yielded us a fine crop of oats, followed in due season by good pasture for my horse and cow, which was of considerable help toward the expenses of the family. We have never lived more comfortably in any parsonage than on Maquoketa circuit, and indeed at the present time there are few outside of the larger churches that can compare with it. Of course it lacked some modern improvements which are considered a necessity at the present time, but it made up for that in some degree, by other comforts which few have in these days. It was a happy change after the crude house at Sumner Hill and the cramped apartments of the preceding year. It was there our youngest daughter, Lucy, was born on the 8th of February, 1871, and nearly three years later, our second son, whom we named Schuyler Emory.

The Annual Conference in the fall of 1871 was held at Clinton, with Bishop E. R. Ames presiding. It will be remembered that five years earlier he had presided at the Decorah Conference. He was also to be with us again later on.

In view of my extended acquaintance at Lyons and Clinton, I was requested by the pastor of the Clinton church to spend a few days before Conference in that city, and assist him in looking up places of entertainment for the ministers during their stay at the session. This I was glad to do since it gave us an opportunity to make a brief visit among relatives and friends at Lyons, before the session opened.

One day while passing up Main street I heard some one shouting across the street, and upon looking in that direction, who should I see but Jake, a colored boy who came to us in the army. Jake, who was a stout young fellow of twenty-four or twenty-five, had made his escape from his southern master while we were in Mississippi or Alabama, and at his urgent request, I had engaged him more for his accommodation than my own, for already I had one boy, Billy, whom I had inherited from Captain Howard, my predecessor, so that my needs were not very pressing. However, I took Jake, who stayed with Colonel Howard, after I had left the service. He proved to be a faithful fellow in every respect and I came to think a great deal of him. Billy did not at first take kindly to the arrangement; he was disposed to regard Jake as an interloper, who had come to oust him out of his position or at least to trample upon his rights, and inasmuch as he was free born and had never been a slave, while Jake was "nothin' but a no 'count nigger," who had never been free until he ran away and came to us, Billy would turn up his sable nose in derision whenever Jake's virtues were spoken of. But as Jake, who was much older than Billy, was a good natured fellow and seldom resented his remarks, there sprang up a strong attachment between them and they got along nicely together. "Foh de law's sake Marse Cap'n, am dat you?" "Why, yes, Jake," I said, "where in the world did you come from?" "I'se up f'om de Souf, sah, and 'deed I'se mighty glad to see you lookin' so peart." "And I am real glad to meet you again, Jake,



my boy; the North seems to agree with you." "Ahm likin' dis heah country; ahm livin' in Clinton; ahm married, Capt'n." "So,so, I hope you are enjoying your married life. What has become of Billy?" I asked. "Don't know sah, nebber seed him since you left de army, ah reckon he 'jined some other company." "Well, good bye Jake, we may see each other again and have a chat. I am to be in Clinton about a week," I said, but that was the last I ever saw of him.

At the General Conference of 1868 provisions had been made for the entry of Lay Delegates to that body, which up to that time had been composed of ministers only, so that every Conference was required to elect two Lay Delegates, in addition to its ministerial representation. In compliance with this new law D. N. Cooley of Dubuque and Hiram Price of Davenport were chosen; each Annual Conference being allowed one ministerial delegate for every forty-five members, and one for a fraction over thirty. It was at that session I was ordained Elder, having completed my studies in the course and served four years as a traveling preacher. No change was made in my appointment, for I was returned to Maquoketa circuit for another year, which greatly pleased my wife, as she was loath to leave the fine parsonage and the kind friends she had made on the circuit.

During the year following, the Iowa, Midland railroad, running from Clinton to Anamosa, was built. Most of the way it followed the old roadbed of what was formerly known as the "Calico Road," a line which had been projected and partly graded as early as 1858, but which had

been abandoned for want of sufficient funds to complete it, or for some other unknown reason. It had been dubbed the "Calico Road," because what little the workmen received was paid them in orders on the stores, instead of cash, which was difficult to obtain in those days. It was said at the time that two or three men acquired much wealth out of the scheme at the expense of many others. The Midland first touched my territory at a point a mile or so east of the parsonage and seven miles from Maquoketa. The road was built and has always been operated by the Chicago and Northwestern.

While the road was in process of construction it occurred to me that we might make a little money out of it toward the payment of a debt on the parsonage. So I went down to Clinton and interviewed the authorities there. I was quite well acquainted with some of them, so I had no trouble in arranging for an excursion from the end of the line to Clinton and return. I contracted with them for six passenger cars, also arranging for a short excursion on the Mississippi river as part of the trip. It was planned that on the night before the day on which the excursion was to take place the train should run out to Monmouth, the starting point, and remain there until six o'clock next morning. I then advertised the trip thoroughly in the Maquoketa papers and from my own pulpit, awaiting with much anxiety the time for the start. Five or six of my friends went with me to Delmar Junction, where we took the train for Monmouth. The road-bed west of Maquoketa being then in course of construction was so un-



even that we were obliged to move with great caution. Frequent stops were made to let down fence rails which had been placed across the road to keep the cattle off the track. In the morning these rails were all removed and there was nothing to interfere with the running of the train, so at the appointed time, with a goodly number from Monmouth and adjacent country, amid much blowing of whistles and great merriment among the passengers, we made the start. The train filled up as we pushed on, until at Delmar the cars became so jammed that the crowd overflowed into the express car against the protest of the trainmen, but as we assured them that we would be responsible for any damage that might occur, they finally, good naturedly assented, and everything passed off to our satisfaction. After several hours in Clinton and on the river, the excursion returned with a noisy, happy throng in the evening. We cleaned up something over four hundred dollars from the venture, which was very gratifying.

Soon after the completion of the Midland, another line was built by the C., M. and St. P. from Davenport to Maquoketa. It intersected the Midland at Delmar. Still later, the same company pushed its main line west from Savannah to Omaha, crossing the other two roads at Delmar, which was the name given the new railroad center. It was reported at the time that the name was chosen by the authorities of the Midland road from the names of the first six lady passengers who rode over it; the first letter of their surnames making the word "Delmar." I cannot vouch for the truth of the story.

I give it only as it was reported at the time.

The coming of the railroads rendered the building of a church at Delmar a necessity, and I began to get busy. The official members at that end of the circuit were called together and steps were taken toward securing a subscription. Unfortunately the night for which the meeting was called turned out to be one of the coldest of the winter and only three or four were present. However, after talking the matter over, we concluded to build a small church suited to present needs, but capable of enlargement whenever the population of the town increased sufficiently to call for it. I made no attempt to secure the amount required by the law of the church, that is two-thirds of the sum estimated as necessary for the erection of the structure, before beginning to build, for I was quite sure money enough could be raised at the dedication to pay for it. As a starter, however, those who were present at the meeting gave me exactly thirty-seven dollars, which we thought would be necessary for some small expenses. With that sum in hand we began the erection of the first church in Delmar on a suitable plat of ground which had been donated to us by the owners of the town site. I made no further effort to secure funds until the church was completed and ready for occupancy. On the day of dedication the entire indebtedness was easily provided for. A few years later it became necessary to enlarge the building and recently a new and beautiful structure was erected on the site of the old one. I had the pleasure of attending the dedication, where I met a few of my old friends who were still living,

but most of them had gone to their reward.

Among the many other reasons for which we shall always remember Maquoketa circuit is the large number of weddings I was called to attend. It is safe to say that I performed more marriage ceremonies that second year than in any other twelve months of my ministerial life, except perhaps, during my pastorate at Toledo, which was a county seat.

One afternoon a young couple came to the parsonage to be married and after the ceremony the bridegroom began diving down into the pockets of his trousers in search of the fee, which, after several joyous efforts he finally succeeded in unloading on the table in front of him. The fee, which he made three dollars was all in nickels; there were sixty of them and it required several excursions down into the capacious depths of his Sunday trousers before he managed to get them all fished up and stacked on the table, but he seemed to enjoy his labors and I am quite sure the preacher and his wife did, while the little ones looked on with interest, and the bride blushed very prettily and said: "Why, John," and John explained that he had been saving up the nickels for a long time expecting to make five dollars worth, but they came so slowly that after three dollars worth had been accumulated he found he could not wait any longer. We had a good laugh over the incident, while John and Mrs. John took their departure to all appearances quite happy in the possession of each other. God bless John and his bride. May their number never decrease. May the American home

never become less stable or less happy than it is this day.

By the end of the year the circuit had become too large and unwieldy for one man to handle, so it was thought best to divide it, therefore at the Conference which was held at Clinton that fall, the division was made. The name Maquoketa circuit was dropped and in its place appeared Elwood, which embraced the west end and Delmar the east. O. D. Bowles was appointed to Elwood and H. H. Green to Delmar. The division made Elwood much the strongest financially, but there was that parsonage again, and as Delmar was yet in its infancy, requiring some nursing it was thought that the old pastor, who was familiar with the ground, might be better fitted to cope with the problem of its development than a stranger, who knew nothing of existing conditions. The year passed very pleasantly for us, nothing of special interest occurred and at the following Conference we were assigned to Wyoming, our first station, where there was but one preaching place. Arriving at Wyoming, where there was no parsonage, we rented a comfortable house, which became our home for the next three years. We were pleasantly received by the Methodist people, and at once entered upon our work in good heart.

There were only two churches in the town, the Presbyterian and our own. It did not take us long to discover that the relations between the churches were not as cordial as they might have been. For some reason they were not working together harmoniously; no serious trouble, only just a little friction, hardly discernible beyond a few of the leading members in each church, and yet suf-

ficiently acute to attract attention and cause remarks. Upon making this discovery, I at once opened negotiations with the Presbyterian minister, the Rev. A. K. Baird, whose garden cornered with mine. It was our custom to assemble ourselves at the corner and with our hoes in our hands, discuss the situation as we leaned over the fence on a summer afternoon. Of course we soon came to an understanding with each other. A warm friendship grew up between us, which continued unmarred as long as we remained in the same town. Whatever friction had existed between the churches was gradually removed and we all worked together in the common cause. We were blessed with good revivals each winter, which greatly strengthened the church and added many to its membership. It was during the second year at Wyoming that our third son was born, August 3rd, 1875. Mother and the children insisted on naming him Harry, after his father, and for a second name it was decided to call him Joseph, in honor of Joseph Conway, my old schoolmate and most intimate friend, who it will be remembered was also my First Lieutenant in the army.

In the spring of our third year at Wyoming I made an appointment to preach at a school house several miles northeast of town, holding services there every alternate Sunday afternoon. I found, however, that this addition to my regular work was too much for me, and was obliged to give it up after my health had become so impaired as to require a lay-off for a time.

Our people kindly gave me a vacation, which I spent with the family of Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Fox, relatives,

who were living on a farm in Sac county. It was harvest time and I thought to help the folks what little I could in the field. I don't think Mr. Fox had very much confidence in my usefulness as a field hand, and as a matter of fact I had very little myself; however he thought I might be able to drive the team on the reaper, and I thought so too, so I mounted the throne and we began the work. What with the use of the whip which I flourished a good deal in the air over the team, and by dint of much shouting at the horses we managed to get on fairly well. It was my misfortune however, to do too much shouting in the open air. Now forty years ago when a young minister was received into an Annual Conference, he was required to promise several things, one of which was this: "Will you endeavor not to speak too long, nor too loud?" Had I remembered that requirement amid the wheat fields of Sac county it would have been well for me, but alas, I remembered it not, and was punished for my remissness in the loss of my voice; gradually it went from me until I was finally unable to speak above a whisper. Now forty or fifty years ago a Methodist preacher without a voice was not rated very high; indeed there were some ungodly persons who went so far as to say that the Methodist preachers of the earlier day were about all voice. That there may have been some grounds for these animadversions would appear, if we may judge from a discussion I once heard between two preachers of our Conference, who were certainly authorities upon the subject. No one who ever heard either Richard Swearengen or S. Y. Harmer, would question for an instant their fitness

for such discussion. It was at a ministerial meeting at Maquoketa, where Brother Swearengen was pastor, the subject under discussion was "The Preacher's Voice," and Brother Harmer replying to some remark made by Brother Swearengen said: "When he is preaching here in Maquoketa with the windows of his church open, and I am preaching with mine open at Sabula, our voices meet on the top of Sumner Hill."

#### CHAPTER XXI.

I attended Conference which was held at Maquoketa that fall, but it was with many misgivings. The outlook for the future was discouraging to say the least; unable to talk aloud I was useless as a preacher. Bishop Foster, who was the presiding officer, told me at the opening of the Conference that he would reserve a place until the close of the session and then if I thought I would be able to do the work within a reasonable time he would give me a charge. I was told that two churches had asked for me and were willing to take their chances on my becoming efficient. After carefully pondering the matter, however, I concluded that it would be wrong to burden any church with so helpless a preacher as I was at the time, and so at the close of the Conference I concluded to ask for a superannuated relation, which was readily granted me.

How to support my wife and six small children through the winter was the problem that confronted me. With nothing to live on save a small amount which would be exhausted in a few days. I was much troubled over the situation, not knowing what to do or where to turn my hand. For seven years I had been extolling the

beauties of faith, exhorting my congregations to trust in God in the hour of trial, and now in my own case, conditions were such as to call for the kind of faith that would move mountains. Such a measure of faith was given not to me alone, for in those days there was always a tower of strength right by my side; a noble example of patient submission, a splendid courage, a bright, cheerful, happy disposition and bearing that, utterly unmindful of self, sought only to encourage her husband and lead him to put unwavering trust in God. He is a happy man, who is blessed with such a helpmate. We began our superannuated life by renting and moving into a cheaper house, as many another has done before us, as many another has since done and as others will continue to do in future years. But we got along very comfortably in our smaller house. The superannuate's wife was a good manager; she made everything go as far as possible. We lived economically, and were quite happy. There was no danger of our suffering in any way, for we were hardly settled in our new home before we were surprised by a visit from our friends, who, regardless of church relations came in great numbers and literally filled the house with such things as were needed for the winter, including fuel, food of all kinds, and clothing for the family. Our hearts were filled with gratitude to God and to those good people. But that was not all. Mr. J. K. Bronson, a prominent merchant of the town offered me a clerkship in his store, which I thankfully accepted, for it promised to place us on our feet again. My voice gradually came back to me and before the winter

was more than half gone I was as well as ever. One morning Capt. A. M. Loomis, a dry goods merchant just across the street, who was a member of the Presbyterian church and a fine singer, came to me and said: "Brother Green, now that you have recovered your voice, I have a proposition to make to you. All around Wyoming there are churches and school houses where, it seems to me we might do some good work in the way of revival meetings. Now I can sing and you can preach. I have a good horse and cutter, and if you say so, I will obtain permission to use the buildings, and we will start out a la Moody and Sankey and see what good we can do. We can leave here in time in the evening, and returning after services be ready for business next morning." Of course I readily assented and we began our meetings in the Presbyterian church at Onslow. We met with good success there and leaving the meetings to be continued by others, we began in another place, west of town. For several weeks meetings were held in different places, until the entire surrounding country was awakened and many were converted and added to the different churches. In the spring, soon after the meetings were closed, a purse of money was presented to me by the people at the places where the meetings had been held, a slight token of their appreciation as they said.

It was about this time that I received a letter from the Rev. William Lease, Presiding Elder of the Marshalltown district, offering me the pastorate of the church at Toledo which had become vacant through the resignation of the preacher, who

had received and accepted a call to a pulpit in Baltimore. I gladly accepted the invitation and at once went to Toledo, where I was to officiate the following Sunday, by way of a trial. Our people there said they thought I might do and so the following week we removed to the new field. How little we know of what is before us, and how true are the words of Israel's great bard: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." It proved so to me for the future that I had so much dreaded the autumn before and had entered upon with so many misgivings, proved to be very different from what I had pictured it. So far from suffering in any way from lack of funds to provide for the family, as I had feared, the year, all things considered, proved to be one of the very best of my ministerial life. We received more money and were presented with more useful and valuable gifts than ever before, and so the days passed happily and busily until we took our departure for the new field. After that experience I often used as a text those blessed words of Paul, which were shown to be so true in our own case: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

Among the many friendships we enjoyed at Wyoming there were none that we more highly prized than that of Dr. M. H. Calkins and family, who were so kind to us in our time of need.

Our pastorate at Toledo was not marked by anything deserving of special mention, so far as the work in the home church was concerned. Special religious meetings were held each winter but without any extra-



ordinary results. There were several colored people connected with the church, some of whom were old fashioned Methodists, who had been slaves before the war. One of them, a local preacher by the name of Lewis, occasionally officiated among his own people at Des Moines and other places farther south where there were colored people in numbers sufficient to form congregations. "Mammy" Lewis, his wife, was a devoted friend of the preacher's family for whom she was always trying to do something in her motherly way. She never seemed to forget the relations between the whites and the negroes in the South, and was always respectful as in the olden times. She insisted on doing our washing and taking care of the children. Mrs. Green delighted to have her with us. It reminded her of her childhood when she was cared for by an old colored nurse in a border state, to whom she became much attached. "Mammy" Lewis steadily refused to take pay for her services and it was seldom we could induce her to take money or anything more than some half worn clothing, or a little corn bread and bacon. She was a good hearted old soul who completely won our hearts by her unselfish devotion to the family. What a picture she presented seated at the back door of the parsonage, crooning over the children and humming over the old, old hymns of her slave days to them.

The Musquakes, a tribe of the Sac and Fox Indians, about three hundred in number, having their abiding place on a reservation southwest of Tama, on the Iowa river, regularly visited Toledo, where they were paid their annuity by the gov-

ernment agent, Major Free. Always the merchants of the town gave them credit for goods which were invariably paid for when they received their money from the government, once a month. Mr. W. F. Johnston, one of the leading merchants, told me that he had never lost anything by the Indians except in one instance. The red men were honest. It was an interesting sight to witness the invasion of the town by these people. They invariably rode in on their ponies, the squaws carrying their papooses in baskets strapped to their backs, a droll sight to one who had never before witnessed it. Their entry into the city was signalized by the barking of dogs. Every dog in the town would set up a howl upon their approach and immediately disappear, seeking shelter under the house or anywhere else to get out of sight of the dreaded enemy. And well they might, for they very well knew that they were in constant danger. There was neither safety nor peace for them so long as an Indian was lurking in the vicinity. The dog feared the Indian as much as he would fear a mountain lion, for he knew the Musquaque loved him, alas, "not wisely but too well." As the time would approach for the great annual dog feast of the tribe which was a great occasion, for Lo, the reign of terror for the canine with the yellow hide began, and it continued while the feast lasted, rendering life utterly miserable for the yellow hided victim of those perverted palates.

One day I witnessed the writhings of terror displayed by one of those yellow canines, who was a captive in the toils of a full grown Indian. The dignified native had made the



capture somewhere in the outskirts of the town and was making his way with his prize to the place of rendezvous. With a short rope tied around the dogs neck he was leading, or rather dragging the unwilling victim along with an admirable abandon and utter disregard of what people might say or think. To be sure he bravely maintained an outward calm, which he may or may not have felt. He never once looked either to the right or left or behind him, while the wretched candidate for the soup kettle hung back, as well he might, and at every other step or so gave out a blood-curdling, "yep, yep," which ought to have touched the on-lookers heart and moved it with pity. But evidently it did not; the poor captive had no friends among the pale faces. What yellow dog ever had? He was led away to the torture and the slaughter in the way that many of his forefathers had gone before him.

There was quite a large backyard and garden connected with the parsonage, in which there were several full grown apple trees. It made a nice playground for the children, who enjoyed it fully. One afternoon while working with my hoe in the garden, I was startled by the rattle of a rattlesnake under one of the trees near where our younger children Schuyler and Harry were playing with a neighbor's little boy. Of course I was badly frightened, fearing it might strike one of the children before I could prevent it. I called to them to run to the house which they did at once, while I managed to strike off the head of his snakeship with my hoe. It was well I heard him in time for he was getting ready for the strike, which

would most likely have been the death of one of the little ones, and I was very grateful to the kind Providence which shielded them in that most imminent danger.

The year of 1878 was made memorable in certain parts of the South on account of the ravages of that terrible scourge, the yellow fever, which came near depopulating certain towns along the Mississippi river, where it was most severe. Memphis, Natchez, Port Gibson and New Orleans were among the greatest sufferers, although in proportion to the number of inhabitants, some of the smaller towns and villages were even more sorely afflicted, some of them were almost annihilated. It was the most frightful plague in the history of our country. 30,000 people died in its relentless grip, 6,000 in less than sixty days. Memphis, it was said, was reduced from 45,000 to less than 3,500 by death and stampede. The reports which came to us in the North indicated that the children were dying by the hundreds. It seemed to me that something ought to be done by our people in common with other places in the state for the relief of these smitten ones. So at my suggestion, a meeting of the citizens was held at the Methodist church one Sunday evening. The mayor, Mr. L. G. Kinne, was called to the chair and brief speeches were made by prominent citizens, setting forth the pressing need of immediate help after which a committee was named to have the matter in charge, while representatives from the different churches and other organizations were appointed to raise funds. In this way a goodly sum was collected and sent to the sufferers. But what

specially appealed to me was the great mortality among the children, so after carefully thinking the matter over I wrote as follows to Mr. Edward Russell, editor of the Davenport Gazette, who I felt sure would render all the assistance in his power:

Toledo, Iowa, Aug. 30, 1878.

Ed. Russell, Esq., Dear Sir:—As I have read the reports from stricken towns in the South, from day to day in The Gazette, and so many children are among the sufferers, it has occurred to me that a collection in all the Sabbath schools of the state for their benefit would be an appropriate and fitting thing to be done. Let the children of Iowa have an opportunity to show their sympathy in this substantial way. Both giver and receiver would be benefited. I propose the first Sunday in September as the day. Should this meet your approval, will you please call attention to it through The Gazette, and name some one to whom the collections may be sent to be forwarded South.

Very respectfully,

H. H. GREEN,

Pastor M. E. Church.

The next day I received the following personal letter from Mr. Russell, approving the suggestion and proposing a change from the first to the third Sunday in September for the collection:

Davenport, Ia., Aug. 31, 1878.

Rev. H. H. Green, Toledo, Iowa, Dear Sir and Bro.:—Your welcome favor of the 30th received. The suggestion is most opportune and commendable. In the Gazette of Monday it shall be duly presented and urged; modified, however, to read the third Sunday in September. Tomorrow is the first Sunday. Time should be given for notices in the schools, which cannot be now possible until one week from tomorrow. Hence, the liberty of my alteration in your suggestion, which will, I

trust, meet your approval. Be sure that the aid then raised will be as fully needed as now. Beyond doubt the culmination of this fearful scourge in the South has only been approached, not reached. As only a sharp frost was ever known to really stop the ravages of yellow fever, we may make up our minds that six weeks of woeful suffering in the South are yet ahead. May God move all hearts to sympathy.

Yours truly,

EDWARD RUSSELL.

P. S. I thank you heartily for the suggestion. Please consider The Gazette at your command whenever you have any communication upon any subject to offer. Yours, E. R.

The next issue of the Gazette in which my letter was published, contained also the approval of the editor in which he said:

"Intended as a private note only, the importance of the suggestion offered justifies the publication of the entire letter, as above. The action recommended will, we are sure, meet with wide spread approval. The wisdom of an appeal to the Sunday schools of the country for aid to the afflicted people of the south cannot be questioned. It is always wise to afford opportunity to the young to manifest practical sympathy for the suffering and to engage in works of real benevolence. Quite aside from the resulting donation to be obtained by the proposed appeal, the influence certain to result to the young donors cannot fail to be wholly salutary and beneficial. Unfortunately, there is certain to be demand for all the aid that can possibly be rendered to the yellow fever sufferers for some weeks to come. Only a frost—yet certainly six weeks distant—can really stop the ravages of the scourge. Hence, the suggestion now made is very timely. To act upon it will be to effectively supplement efforts for the sick and bereaved now being exerted. Let all the church pastors and every Sunday school superintendent and teacher, give notice to their congregations,

schools and classes on next Sunday Sept. 8th, that on the following Sunday, Sept. 15th, the collection for the victims of yellow fever in the South, will be taken up, with a determined purpose to make its resultatory aggregate as large as possible. Such a general appeal will be effective in securing a grand result.

For the Iowa schools we suggest that all subscriptions be at once sent to Ex-Governor Samuel Merrill, president of the Citizens National Bank, Des Moines.

From that central treasury the remittance to the South will be, we may all be assured, promptly and wisely made.

In accordance with the above suggestion, on the fifteenth of September, the offering was made in most of the schools of the state and sent to Ex-Governor Merrill at Des Moines, who forwarded it to the most needy places. In due time I received a letter from New Orleans containing an account of the moneys received and how they were expended, also expressing the gratitude of the recipients. The writer declared that such acts of brotherly kindness and disinterested benevolence would do much toward cementing together the peoples of the two sections of the country. I regret the loss of this letter and my consequent inability to reproduce it here, as I would have been glad to do. However, I had been given an opportunity to be revenged on Memphis for what it had done to me in 1859 and the opportunity had been improved.

The following year was our last at Toledo, because the law of the church at that time permitted a stay of only three years in succession at one place. Early in August the Toledo Chronicle, edited by Mr. J. B. Hedge contained the following kind appreciation:

"Rev. H. H. Green preached his farewell sermons last Sunday to crowded audiences. He has served the Methodist Episcopal church in Toledo for the past two and a half years in a most satisfactory manner and his leaving is regretted by all. The church gave him a month's vacation and a ticket to the mountains and return for himself and wife. They started Wednesday morning on their trip west and will probably take in Denver, Colorado Springs, Greeley, the Garden of the Gods, etc., etc., before they return. The best wishes of the people of Toledo will go with Mr. and Mrs. Green wherever their future lot may be."

Several letters were written for publication during that trip but as so much has been said of the Colorado country in recent years, I will reproduce but one of my own, which, as it was written over thirty years ago, and consequently has to do with things as they appeared at that time to one during a hasty passage through the country, may not be entirely void of interest even at the present time:

Pueblo, Colo., Aug. 30th, 1879.

The A. T. & S. F. traverses two distinct sections and unites two distinct interests, that is to say: the agricultural interests of southeastern Kansas and the stockraising interests of southwestern Kansas, and southeastern Colorado with the mining interests of the mountain region. It requires but a short time to "round up" stock which may be seen from the car window in herds of thousands on these vast plains, feeding and fattening on the rich juicy grasses, which does away utterly with all need of corn, and finding plenty of good water in the great Arkansas which for over 400 miles runs parallel with the railroad. These regions mutually dependent, one for its markets the other for its supplies, are joined together by the iron bonds of this great thoroughfare of

the west. Of course a trip over this popular road is full of interest to the traveler.

Arriving at Atchison via the C. R. I. & P. at 1:28 a. m. you step from the cars just across the track and on to the A. T. & S. F. and after about twenty minutes the brakeman cries out, "All aboard," the whistle blows and you are off for Topeka, reaching here at 12:40 p. m. you take dinner and then on again for the west.

Topeka is a fine young city with a population of 15,000, the capital of the state, containing many fine buildings, among which is the state house, public school, colleges and machine shops of the A. T. & S. F. R. R. covering four acres of ground, important as a railway center. The home of Gov. St. John, a kind hearted, philanthropic gentleman, highly esteemed by his fellow citizens, and who is winning golden praise from all good people as well as the gratitude of the colored refugees who are pouring into this state by thousands, as they flee away from the cruel oppression of the ex-slave driver, and find here a home and a field of usefulness.

Pushing southward and westward from Topeka, at something over twenty miles an hour you "see the country." The question of fences will never trouble the Kansasan. This problem is easily solved by the regular thrifty hedges which you see all along the line. I have never seen such handsome and effective hedges, either in this country or in Europe, and this, as every farmer knows is a consideration of great importance. Another thing you cannot fail to notice, and that is the hundreds of "prairie schooners" moving in all directions, seeking homes on these broad prairies. How long will it be before this "Great American Desert" will blossom like a rose. Bright new towns, built up by sturdy, thrifty, enterprising settlers, greet you every ten or fifteen miles along the whole length of the railroad, some of which are beginning to assume metropolitan airs; what with their daily papers, lamp

lit streets, their lines of busses to and from the principal hotels, etc.

Occasionally you see a "dug-out" of which so much has been said, but like the traditional log cabin, the dug out in this section at least, is fast giving place to the more pretentious houses of brick and stone, which are springing up as if by magic on every hand. Passing on toward the Colorado line, along the banks of the Arkansas, you are surprised to see great heaps of sun-bleached bones of buffalo and antelope gathered along the track to be shipped east for fertilizing and other purposes. Herds of antelopes may be seen in the distance, grazing quietly as you pass along, and village after village of prairie dogs, saucily barking at you from the tops of their houses, queer little squirrel-like looking animals full of life and fun. Buffalo trails leading from the river not more than twelve inches wide, excite surprise in one not acquainted with the habits of this monarch of the prairie. Like his untutored master, he carefully puts one foot down before the other and walks in single file, and hence these narrow trails; but buffalo are not numerous now, we did not catch a glimpse of one in all our long ride.

An incident on the train after we were well out in Colorado, though not uncommon, is worthy of mention. An old gentleman fell into the hands of "three card monte" men, and was mulcted to the tune of forty-five dollars. He made a fuss about it, and the passengers, whose sympathies were aroused, interfered, and the gamblers were persuaded to return to his wife all but ten dollars, which it was agreed was a fair price for the "experience." Strange is it not, that with so many warnings in the papers, people will still insist on being such consummate fools.

And now yonder to the west, seventy-five miles away we catch our first sight of the mountains. Like a dark blue cloud they rise up in majesty before us; to the south is Spanish Peak, to the west Greenhorn, Hard Scrabble Canon, leading

off, I am told to Rosita, Lost Dog and Pikes Peak rising up away to the northwest. "No other state or territory presents such an embattled host of lofty mountain peaks. Her canons or mountain passes, like deep furrows ploughed to depths of two thousand feet and more, rank all others on the continent. Her glassy lakes of crystal waters borne upward 8,000 to 11,000 feet, meet and kiss the very skies, wakening the jealousy of all the sister lakes of the territories and other states." But hark, the whistle blows and the brakeman cries Pueblo, and we pull up at the western terminus of the main line of this magnificent railroad at 2:30 p. m. Pueblo is a place of history; formerly a trading post of Gen. Fremont's on the old St. Louis and Sante Fe route, but now a city of 6,000 inhabitants, full of life and vim, the railroad center of the mountains. Has two daily papers, fine water works, good hotels and everything that goes to make up a thriving town. Here is the depot of supplies for the mines, the assay office and unfortunately gambling hells in profusion. Here you take trains for all points of interest in this young and vigorous state: Colorado Springs, Manitou, the "Garden of the Gods," mountains, mines and pleasant resorts. Stage lines going where railroads have not yet been built; every facility is offered for the comfort, convenience and pleasure of the traveler.

Upon returning from our trip to the mountains, which we greatly enjoyed, preparations were made for our departure from what had been one of the most delightful charges, to our new field of labor.

At the Conference which was held at Davenport that fall under the presidency of Bishop W. L. Harris, I was appointed to Nashua, where we remained one year, making some very pleasant acquaintances, among whom was Dr. Troy and family, Senator W. B. Perrin and that kind

hearted, genial newspaper man, Mr. J. W. Grawe, editor of the Post, for whom I have always entertained the warmest friendship.

For several weeks during the winter of 1879-80, the town of Nashua was sorely afflicted with a dreaded scourge, diphtheria. The knowledge of medical science was not as far advanced at that time as it is now, and the physicians were for a long time unable to arrest the progress of the disease, which, in spite of their best efforts carried off large numbers of children. In some families all the younger children died, and in others, where life was saved, the poor little things were smitten with blindness, or were crippled for life in one way or another. In one family where I had been called to bury a child, another had died before we returned from the cemetery. From another home we carried away two at one time and the next day the third, the only one left died; and so it went on, day after day, until nearly every house in the town which had been happy in the possession of little people, became a house of mourning.

Of course no extended religious services were held in any case; we hastened the dead to the cemetery as rapidly as we could, for the disease was contagious, and parents were very anxious. We had our own little ones to think of and some of our friends thought I was doing wrong to expose them as I seemed to be doing, but both mother and I felt it to be our duty to bury the dead, whether they belonged to families in our church or not, trusting in God and suffering nothing. My good friend Dr. Troy gave us directions about sanitary meas-



ures, which we tried to follow to the letter. I wore a long overcoat whenever I was called to the house of a stricken family, and upon returning home, threw it upon the clothes line outside. The doctor kept the house thoroughly disinfected and we passed through the ordeal without harm. None of our children caught the infection and for this we were profoundly and humbly grateful.

Before we left Nashua our fourth son Robert was born, a dear little fellow, whose years on earth were few, but very fragrant of love.

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#### CHAPTER XXII.

The conference in the fall of 1880 was held at Osage under the presidency of Bishop Andrews, whom I had learned to esteem very highly for his many excellent qualities of mind and heart. Bishop Andrews had spent a Sunday in our family at Wyoming, preaching for me both morning and evening. He had also been with us one Sunday at Toledo, preaching for me on Children's Day, and had endeared himself to us all. I was greatly pleased, therefore, when I learned that he was to preside at the Conference that fall. It was at Osage I preached my first sermon before the Conference. I had been appointed to preach the annual missionary sermon at Cedar Rapids, but a felon on my thumb had put me out of business at that Conference, so the Rev. Dr. Charles Wentworth, a missionary who had served several years in China had taken my place on the program, which was a happy thing for all concerned, for he preached a magnificent sermon, which delighted the preachers and no doubt accomplished

much good for the cause. I had for my subject at Osage, "Christ, the Light of the World." I was by no means satisfied with my effort, and I am inclined to think I had plenty of company in my estimate of the sermon.

It is a well known fact that there is no jollier class of men in the world, than a Conference of Methodist preachers, for while they have a great many problems on their minds, serious enough to sober the most frolicsome among them, the annual reunion at Conference is a time of real joyous hilarity, often mingled with deep religious fervor, which is very helpful in providing a new equipment for the unknown experiences of a new year of toil and care, and often of pain as well as triumph. So there is little wonder and no cause for regret that occasionally a few harmless pranks are indulged in and once in a while a practical joke is perpetrated upon some brother who is known to be particularly susceptible to such things. At one of our conferences a good brother who had for some time been an enchanted listener to the Presiding Elder bee which had been loudly and persistently buzzing in his bonnet, was considered by some of the wags as legitimate prey and inasmuch as he was thought to be an easy mark, three or four of those blithesome humorists got together and upon several sheets of foolscap paper made out a list of appointments for the coming year. The list contained some very remarkable adjustments but no matter for that, the chief thing about it was that the name of the brother who had been selected as the victim was set opposite one of the principal districts as its Presiding Elder. Then



the list was carefully rolled up and a rubber band placed around it. It was given in charge of the chief conspirator who shrewdly dropped it near the house where the bishop was being entertained and where he knew the victim would find it. It all happened as planned. The would-be Presiding Elder soon approached the place where the document had been dropped and espying it where it lay, he eagerly pounced upon it and then seeing his own name at the head of a district he hastened away with it to the bishop to whom he presented it with the remark, "I think, Bishop, you have dropped something here which is of great importance. I found it on the sidewalk, near the house." The bishop took the papers, and glancing over them, saw at once that the brother had been made the unconscious subject of a practical joke, whereupon, with one of his kindly smiles he handed them back, saying as he did so, "No, my brother, I never saw these papers before; there must be some mistake." It was really an inexcusable jest, but no harm was intended and doubtless in the long run it bore good fruit.

Just before Conference I had requested my Presiding Elder to arrange for our removal to a new field of labor for the ensuing year. This was because I was far from being satisfied with the results of the year at Nashua, and also because the family, for other reasons, desired a change. My Presiding Elder said he could do no better than to send me to Janesville, a small village down the road. "Very well," I said, "let it be Janesville."

We were not long in getting moved and from the first we were made to feel that we had fallen among

friends. Our congregations were always good, and each year witnessed the addition of considerable numbers to the church. While the town was quite small, the population was much above the average of country places in intelligence, indeed it would be difficult to find a community anywhere that could make a finer snowing of bright young people than the village of Janesville and the surrounding country at that time.

Among the young people were many who had fitted themselves for teachers. The normal school at Cedar Falls furnished a fine opportunity for any who cared to improve it. There were also several good musicians in the village, notably the Wyant family, who had charge of the music in the church. Carl, Mabel and Wylie Wyant were all superior singers. Mabel was also a fine organist, while both Carl and Wylie were successful composers of music. As an instance of the ability of our people in this direction, the choir, under the direction of Carl Wyant, assisted by other young people of the community, rendered Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" with such success as to win high praise from musical people who were present from Waterloo, Cedar Falls and Waverly. It occurred to me that with the large amount of talent the village afforded something ought to be done to utilize it for the good of the young people. After talking the matter over with them, an association was formed which we named the "Janesville Literary Society." We held weekly meetings for the study of history and kindred topics, which we interspersed with music. Every alternate week, however, the evening was given over to a session of congress, and as I had been chosen president of the society,

it became my duty to fill the role of Speaker of the House, a most difficult and trying position. Of course the members represented the different states, some of which were republican, others democratic, also two or three greenbackers. Bills were introduced, discussed and disposed of as is done in congress. Much enthusiasm was shown on different occasions when the importance of the measure and the familiarity of the members with its provisions would interest them. Occasionally the members would become so deeply interested, that when the hour for adjournment was reached, I could with difficulty prevail upon them to "quit." We all found those sessions of congress to be wonderfully alluring, especially to the young men. I think much good came of them as also of the other exercises in one way or another. It must be remembered that this was prior to the institution of the Epworth League or any of the young peoples' societies in the church. Even now, I am not sure that something of that kind would not be of value in addition to the strictly religious exercises of the Epworth League.

At the Osage Conference I had been appointed one of the Triers of Appeals for the western states and in December was called to Freeport, Illinois, where the court was held. I had been there but a few days when a telegram came, calling me to the bedside of my wife who was very ill. Reaching home I found her delirious with erysipilas, and in a serious condition. For four weeks she was confined to her bed, ten days of the time unconscious, and for several days hovering between life and death. It was a close call, only the skill of Dr. Bradford and the con-

stant attentions of our friends who watched by her bedside day and night, enabled her to pull through it without leaving any serious consequences.

The following year our two younger children, Harry and Robert were taken down with that dreaded scourge, scarlet fever. They both recovered, but it was only after a long and tedious illness, and not without bearing the marks of the fever, from which neither of them ever entirely recovered.

It was during the second year at Jaunesville that our youngest child, Marion, was born, March 8th, 1882.

Among the members of the church whom we learned to esteem very highly was Mrs. Col. Dougherty, a lady who became a warm friend of the family. Our near association was severed by the removal of Mrs. Dougherty from Janesville to a distant town but before her departure she made me a present of a silk sash, which she desired me to keep as a remembrance. The sash is referred to in the following item taken from the Decorah Republican:

The unveiling of a statute at Washington last Wednesday, of a monument to the memory of Gen. James Shields, brings out an interesting local fact. Rev. H. H. Green has in his possession a silk military officer's scarf, which Gen. Shields wore in the Mexican war. Its history is this: After going through that war, it lay in disuse until the War of the Rebellion broke out, when it was presented by Gen. S. to Col. Dougherty of the 22nd Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and was worn by that officer at the battle of Belmont. Col. D. was wounded in that battle, and spots, darker than the rest of the sash, are to be seen upon it that are believed to be the blood of the dead officer, caught by the sash at that time. It was presented

to Mr. Green some fifteen years ago when he was pastor at Janesville, Bremer county, Iowa, by the widow of Col. D., who gave him the foregoing history. Gen. Shields is a historic character in many respects. Besides serving ably in two wars, he was an orator and a statesman. He is the only person in American history who served as a senator from three different states. His longest service was for Illinois, but he subsequently was sent to that body, for short terms by Minnesota and Missouri, and it is probable that had he lived longer California would have honored him in a similar manner.

For several years prior to 1878 there had been growing within the state of Iowa, a sentiment demanding the entire suppression of the liquor traffic, and in response to this demand the Eighteenth and Nineteenth General Assemblies had voted to submit to the people an amendment to the constitution, forbidding the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, to be used as a beverage, within the bounds of the state; and on the 27th of June, 1882 at a non-partisan election, the proposition was carried by a majority of 29,759. But on a technicality said to have arisen from an error by an engrossing clerk, the supreme court declared the question had not been legally submitted by the legislature, and so the will of the people was defeated.

It was then proposed to make it a matter of statutory legislative enactment, and at the regular election in the fall of 1883 the liquor question was uppermost in the choice of members for the approaching session of the legislature.

The county of Bremer, where there was a considerable foreign element, had given a majority against the amendment, and was opposed to any action curtailing the liquor interests.

The Republicans were generally favorable to the amendment, while the Democrats were as generally opposed to it, and as far as they were able made it a parti an measure, so Bremer county became strongly democratic. It was generally believed that a Republican would have little chance of election in that county, especially one with pronounced temperance proclivities.

It was under these conditions that my name was proposed as a candidate for Representative. I was greatly surprised when the matter was first broached by some of my Janesville friends, and I could hardly take it seriously. That a preacher, and especially a Methodist preacher, who had been a resident of the county but a short time could be elected in a democratic, anti-amendment district was positively absurd, so it seemed to me, and in fact to a good many others also, but there were a few people who thought differently, and they insisted on my becoming a candidate. At the primaries to my surprise I received the nomination and became the candidate of the Republican party.

The Waverly Republican in its account of the convention said:

The delegates to the Republican County Convention met at the court house yesterday morning and nominated a ticket that we trust, after the disappointments and vexations incident to the necessary defeat of some of the aspirants, will be admitted to be satisfactory to all parts of the county. The convention was composed of men who generally seemed to be filled with the desire to serve the best interests of the party. The result at the Primaries proved that Capt. H. H. Green was the strongest candidate for Representative and that gentleman was therefore given the nomination. Capt. Green has not a general personal acquaintance with

many of the delegates, but after his happy little speech in accepting the nomination his remarks were applauded as though the gentlemen of the convention recognized the fact that their candidate had struck the key-note of the campaign.

Per contra, the Democrat had this to say:

"The issue in this campaign is now fully made up, each party has put in nomination, candidates who stand squarely on their platform. The Democrats nominating for the Legislature a gentleman whose interests are identified with the people of the county, who has resided in the county for many years, is known of all. The Prohibitionists have nominated a gentleman who perhaps has been successful in his calling, that of preaching the Methodist doctrine. He is a comparative stranger to the people, except his congregation. He came here by the appointment of his church, has not invested in anything permanent in the county, has no ties to hold him here, has contributed nothing to the material wealth of the county and is in the position to say, give me an office and I will stay, if not, I will go somewhere else, if my church so orders. Which will you have to represent you, gentlemen, in the next Legislature?

And so the campaign opened. Happily for me there were also two independent candidates, both of them old residents of the county, and also old campaigners. To this fact I owed my election. It would have been impossible to have succeeded had there been only one candidate against me. My friends did everything in their power to encourage those two independent gentlemen to "also run," and the result of the election proved the wisdom of their action. Moreover, I was told that the regular nominee of the Democrats, who was by no means an advocate of the saloon, preferred me to either of the other gentlemen, so

that all in all it was probably one of the most complicated situations of that campaign, and I believe was so regarded in the state. I was fortunate in my friends, to whose efforts I was indebted for my election, and to no one more so than to Mr. Edward Knott of Waverly, who rendered the Republican party great service that fall. When the votes were counted it appeared that I had received a plurality of nearly 300 over my opponents, which was very gratifying to the Republicans of the county.

Among the many references to that contest, I select one which may be taken as a sample of all. I do this because there are not a few well meaning people who hold that ministers should take no public part in the affairs of the state or nation, at least in any partisan sense:

"Today is Sunday, and as the election is now over it is to be hoped the preachers will come back from politics to resume the preaching of the gospel."—Dubuque Herald.

We know of one who will until the meeting of the Legislature in January, when he will take his seat in that body as "the member from Bremer," and vindicate his right, and the right of preachers in general, to exercise all the privileges of an American citizen. The Reverend gentleman from Bremer will also be found to be a good speaker and debator, and if he is not endowed with as much good, practical common sense as any member there we miss our guests. The fact that the democratic party regarded preachers as having no political rights that the people are bound to respect, has hurt that party, and will continue to hurt it as long as it harbors such senseless bigotry. Will the Herald please make a note of the fact that Rev. H. H. Green, a Methodist preacher, will represent Bremer in the next Legislature.—Dubuque Times.

Having been pastor at Janesville three years, I was obliged under the laws of the church, to move to a new field.

At the next Conference I was given Plainfield, a small charge in the same county, so that I might remain in the district which had elected me to the Legislature. As it was necessary for me to be away from my charge during the winter, I engaged the services of the pastors at Waverly and Nashua to fill my appointments at the Plainfield and Warren churches, the two preaching places, while I was gone.

Arriving at Des Moines a few days before the opening of the session, I found the House nearly equally divided politically, it consisted of fifty-one Republicans and forty-nine Democrats, which gave the Republicans control by a margin too close for comfort in view of the great moral interests at stake. The record of the opening session, which was held in the old state house was this: "Hall of House of Representatives, Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 14, 1884.

Pursuant to law the House of Representatives of the Twentieth General Assembly met at 2 o'clock p. m., and were called to order by Mr. Tuttle of Polk county. Prayer by Hon. H. H. Green of Bremer. On motion of Mr. Clayton of Pottawatamie county, E. E. Haynes of Appanoose county was appointed Chief Clerk, pro tem."

At the next session Judge Wolfe of Cedar county was elected Speaker, and all the other officers, including Sidney A. Foster, Chief Clerk, were chosen.

I was greatly pleased to find among the members of the House a few old friends and acquaintances,

among whom were General Tuttle, formerly Colonel of the Second Iowa; Ex-Governor C. C. Carpenter, who was a member of General Dodge's staff during the war; Dr. M. H. Calkins of Wyoming and N. A. Merrill of De Witt.

The new capital building had been completed so far as to be ready for occupancy by the Twentieth General Assembly and arrangements for removal from the old building to the new were accordingly made as soon as the Senate and House had been organized. The new capital was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on January 17th, at which time the Governor elect, Buren R. Sherman, and the new Lieutenant-Governor O. H. Manning, the man who gave to the state the famous epigram, "A school house on every hilltop and no saloon in the valley," were inaugurated. The exercises were held in the rotunda of the new capital, in the presence of a throng which crowded it to its utmost capacity. Prayer was offered by Bishop J. F. Hurst of the Methodist Episcopal church, who was at that time a resident of Des Moines. The dedication address was delivered by the Hon. John A. Kasson, one of the most eloquent statesmen of the country, and the inaugural address by the governor elect. In the evening the new capital was lighted and a public reception was given to the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and Speaker of the House.

The next day we assembled for the last time in the old State House and from there marched in a body with the Senate to the new capital, where each body took possession of its chamber. At the drawing of seats which immediately took place,



I was fortunate in obtaining seat number 4, directly in front of the Speaker's desk. It was a very good location and I was very well pleased with it.

The members soon began to get busy, and it was not long before we were flooded with bills, resolutions, petitions, etc., as is always the case. The Third House as the lobby is called, came in force, and the machine was soon grinding out its grist.

In the assignment of committees I was given the chairmanship of the Soldiers' Home, was second on the committee for the suppression of intemperance, and was also placed on the judiciary, medicine and surgery, public buildings, state university and the penitentiary at Anamosa.

My first bill was known as House File, No. 5. It was a bill for an act to reward the persons who captured the Barber brothers, reputed murderers of Marion Shepard, sheriff of Fayette county.

The persons who made the capture were German residents of Bremer county, where, after a desperate struggle, in which one of the men who was engaged in the capture, was killed and several others wounded, the barbers, two brothers, were finally overcome and taken to Waverly. Sometime during that night a party from the locality where the arrest was made went to Waverly and lynched the murderers, hanging them to a tree near the city. It did not appear, however, that any one connected with the lynching was in any way associated with those who had made the arrest, for if it had, no reward would have been voted by the legislature. The bill was recommended for passage by the committee on

appropriations and was passed by a vote of ninety-one for and two against.

Several other measures of more or less importance were also introduced by me, some of which were enacted into law, while others were defeated. Thus my experience as a legislator was not greatly different from that of the average member.

The winter was very pleasantly spent at Des Moines. I made many acquaintances among public men, and also enjoyed meeting with numerous old army friends, whom I had not seen since leaving the service.

One day, toward the close of the session, my attention was called to an editorial in a newspaper recommending me for the office of Secretary of State. It was a great surprise, for the thought had never entered my own mind, but it appeared that some of my friends, after canvassing the matter had concluded that I could be nominated and elected, and without my knowledge had announced me as a suitable person for that office. The matter was taken up by the papers of the state, some of which gave me a strong endorsement. Several of the members of the legislature were kind enough to voluntarily offer me their support, should I desire the nomination. However, I could not see my way clear to leave the ministry even temporarily and so withdrew my name from further consideration. I wrote to this effect to the Iowa State Register, and the next day that paper published my letter, and with it the following comment:

The Hon. Harry H. Green, Representative in the Legislature from Bremer county, has been proposed for the next Republican nomination for Secretary of State, and the sug-



gestion was received with great popular favor, many of the papers of Northern Iowa declaring warmly in his favor. Those who knew him felt that his candidacy would represent unusual personal merit and entire competency and fitness. Captain Green has lived in Iowa over thirty years, and has established a name of which any citizen of the state would be proud. He was a captain in the Second Iowa Infantry, and made a gallant record. Popular opinion has been turning directly toward him as the man for Secretary of State. But by the following letter it will be seen that he declines to be a candidate:

Des Moines, March 13.—Ed. Register: My name having been mentioned in connection with the office of Secretary of State, and having received many strong and cordial endorsements from the press, as well as personal letters, from different portions of the state, urging me to become a candidate, it gives me great pleasure to say that while I cannot allow myself to yield to these kind solicitations, my friends have my most grateful thanks for their kind intentions and cheerful offers of aid and support. Respectfully,

H. H. GREEN.

The captain's decision will be received with a great deal of regret, he had such a strong following ready to support him for the position.

It would probably have been wiser, all things considered, had the matter been permitted to rest with the publication of this letter. However, there were those who thought otherwise, for immediately following its appearance I received many expressions of regret from different parts of the state, and not a few suggestions from my friends urging me to re-consider my declination and re-enter the race. This, after many consultations with friends, I concluded to do which was doubtless a mistake. After my withdrawal other arrangements were made and I had little chance of a nomination. Neverthe-

less in the convention I was given a fine complimentary vote of about two hundred, which under the circumstances was entirely satisfactory.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

At the Conference of 1884 I received my first appointment as Presiding Elder of the Dubuque District, and at once moved into the district parsonage at Epworth. We were fortunate in our place of residence, because that village was the seat of a seminary under control of the church, and as our older children were sufficiently advanced to enter the school we were pleased to make Epworth our home while on the district. During the second year our eldest daughter, Anna, became a member of the faculty, as a teacher in the art department, where she gave instructions in painting.

We were hardly settled in our new home before Mrs. Green was made president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, a position altogether new to her. At the first meeting of the society following her election, she presided for the first time in her life over any deliberative body of the kind, and naturally felt nervous about it. Upon returning home after the session, she inquired of Marion, the baby, whom she had taken with her, how she had made out while in the chair. Now, however it may be with grown up people, it is said that children always tell the truth. So in reply to his mother's inquiry the little fellow promptly said: "Well, mamma, it was plain to be seen you were not onto your job." An opinion, which, though it was not at all complimentary, was certainly honest and quite ingenious.

The Presiding Eldership was en-

tirely new to me and I entered upon its duties with many misgivings. I felt that in the conference there were many far better preachers, and not a few, whom I believed, were better equipped in other ways for that important work, but Bishop Bowman and his advisors had made the appointment, and I must do the best I could. The preachers received me kindly and were very considerate in their judgment of the new "Elder," while the laity gave me much encouragement.

My first Quarterly meeting was held at Lamont, where the Rev. William Montgomery was pastor. I was not well pleased with this meeting, nor do I think the people felt particularly interested either, however, whatever their impressions may have been, they considerately kept them to themselves.

I was much worried over the Main street, Dubuque church, and really dreaded to go there. I had heard so much said about the unpopularity of Presiding Elders with that church, that it had made me very timid, and so I postponed my first appearance in Dubuque as long as I possibly could. But the time came when it could be no longer delayed, so on a Sunday evening I quietly slipped into the city from Reed's chapel, where services had been held in the morning, and made my way to the parsonage. The pastor, Dr. A. H. Ames, at once made me feel that I was among friends. The pastor's family was very cordial, and did everything in their power to make things pleasant for me. At the close of the service the doctor invited the congregation to come forward and take me by the hand, which they did in large numbers, at the same time expressing

their good will in so kind and warm-hearted a way, that I was deeply touched, and was then and there drawn to them as I have seldom been to any people.

One hot afternoon, before the Eighth street car line had been built, I was slowly making my way up Julian avenue toward West Dubuque, where I was due to hold a Quarterly Conference, and when about half way up the hill I was confronted by a ragged little urchin, who, eyeing my grip, stopped me with the question: "Have ye'es anythin' to sell?" Taking in the humor of the situation, I replied, "No, my boy, I have nothing to sell. What was it you were wanting to buy?" "Well," he replied, "Oi tought ye'es moight have tred or somethin'." "No," I said, "I am not selling thread, nor buttons, nor pins, nor needles, I am just on my way up the hill," and I moved on while the little fellow flitted away down the avenue whistling, "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," or some other popular tune.

I found many old soldiers on the district who never failed to give me a comrade's grip and a pleasant word. During my term of service on that field I had many opportunities to talk with them about the old army days in Decoration Day addresses and Memorial services. I have often thought much of what General B. M. Prentiss of Shiloh fame, one said to me: "Captain, whenever you have an opportunity to address the soldier boys, improve it by talking to them about Christ as well as the army life." This advice came to me as a surprise, for I had heard that General Prentiss bore the reputation, while in the army, of being one of the most profane of our officers. Af-

ter leaving the service it appears that he had been converted and at once became a zealous soldier of the cross.

With me it has for many years been a problem hard to solve, why so many good men in other ways, should be unchaste or profane in their conversation, a habit, which, correctly or not, is charged to the soldier, who is said to be particularly given to it. I can understand why a person under strong temptation may utter a falsehood, a man may be driven into theft to save himself from some impending calamity, may even commit murder under strong provocation, but I cannot see any reasonable excuse for the vile habit of profane swearing. It certainly adds nothing either to the beauty or strength of language, but it detracts from both. Moreover, it is a confession of weakness, and puts the user on the defensive; he places himself in the attitude of one who fears he will not be believed if he simply expresses himself in pure, plain English. So he thoughtlessly, if not deliberately, lowers himself from the dignified manliness of unsullied speech into the gutter, where he rakes up the muck and the slime and the filth, with which he befouls his utterances. Nevertheless, there are people who seem to regard profanity and obscenity as real accomplishments, as though it were a manly thing to be able to swear shockingly, to boast and swagger in the foul and vicious mouthings of the slums. However, decent people generally shun this vice as a thing unworthy of them, and in their hearts unsparingly condemn it.

As the fact that I had been a soldier opened the way for me among

the old veterans, so, also, to some extent, the fact that I had been a member of the legislature the preceding winter and had taken some part in its work in behalf of temperance was in my favor, especially among the prohibitionists who have always been found in large numbers in the Methodist Episcopal church. I had, therefore, no reason to complain of my field of labor. I found the district well manned with an excellent corps of preachers, some of whom afterward reached distinction in the conference.

In the spring we organized a District Conference, which was a new departure for the district, for before that time the semi-annual gatherings were simply Ministerial Associations, whose functions were purely literary. At the first session of the newly organized body, which was held at Independence, there were sixty-five members present, and it was voted a success, for it was a profitable session and gave great satisfaction. This organization known as the District Conference, had been authorized by the General Conference, a few years previous, and was by that body invested with certain privileges and clothed with certain powers, which were designed to aid in the administration of the discipline of the church. It is composed of all the traveling and local preachers within the bounds of the district, together with the District Stewards, one Class Leader, one President of an Epworth League chapter, and one Sunday School Superintendent from each pastoral charge. The literary features of the old Ministerial Association are still retained, but the more important functions of the District Conference are to license local

preachers, examine them in the course of study, and recommend such as are believed to be suitable candidates for the Traveling Connection, for Admission on Trial, in an Annual Conference. The body meets semi-annually and usually its sessions cover two or three days.

It was during our second year on the district that our eldest daughter, Anna, was married to Mr. J. D. Maynard of Janesville, Iowa. The ceremony took place at our home in Epworth, September 9th, 1886. It was witnessed by several of our preachers and their wives as well as a large number of relatives and friends from out of town.

In the fall of 1887 the Annual Conference assembled at Clinton, and as the General Conference was to convene the following spring, an election was held for the choice of delegates to that body, which resulted in the selection of A. J. Kynett, W. F. King, H. H. Green, J. T. Crippen and G. W. Brindell from the ministry, and J. P. Farley of Dubuque and E. A. Snyder of Cedar Falls from the laity. The General Conference which convened in New York City, May 1, 1888, was composed of representative men from all parts of the world. Each Annual Conference is allowed one delegate for every forty-five members and one for a fraction of thirty or over.

The General Conference meets every four years. It is presided over by the Bishops, who take the chair in the order of seniority of election. They are not members of the body, and have no vote or voice on the floor, except by courtesy of the members. This is the law making body of the church, and the results of its actions are embodied in the Disci-

pline, which is the code of the church,

It is considered a great honor to be elected a delegate to the General Conference. Charges have sometimes been made by unfriendly persons, that unworthy methods are employed in the selection of delegates. While these charges are not true in the sense of being in any way criminal, it is nevertheless to be regretted that unseemly scrambles occasionally mar these elections, which certainly give color to the criticisms which are so frequently offered by persons on the outside. There is nothing in any way dishonorable in the desire to serve the church in its law making body. The ambition is entirely commendable, and no fair minded person will be disposed to criticise the friendly competition which characterizes an election, either among the ministers or the laymen.

When the time arrived for our departure for New York, it was agreed among some of the western delegates to meet at the Book Rooms in Chicago, and proceed in a body by way of Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia. So at the time appointed we gathered there and selected one of our number, a minister from Illinois, to act as our chaperon, not for considerations of propriety so much as for considerations of economy, a move which proved to be a wise one long before we reached our destination. Our chaperon purchased the tickets over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and right glad was I that he had chosen that route, for the scenery was varied and beautiful.

Among our party was an old pioneer preacher from Idaho, who became very friendly to this tenderfoot, and was not at all backward in

relating his experiences in the far west, much to our delight. He was a good conversationalist and seldom failed to entertain us. One day as we were passing over the Cumberland Mountains, I incautiously called his attention to the fact and with considerable enthusiasm spoke of the great height of the mountains. The old man turned to me with what seemed to be a look of pity, and partly of scorn, which made me feel kind of creepy like, as though I had been guilty of some breach of propriety or something about as bad and he said: "Mountains, do you call them mountains? Why they ain't nothin' but gopher hills. If you want to see mountains just take a run out to Idaho, where I hit the trail, an' you'll see 'em for sure. Why you are as ignorant of what a real mountain is as a native, a friend of mine once encountered over in England. My friend had been traveling in Scotland, and when he had done that country, he proceeded on to England. Passing the border in due season, he fell in with a native of the north of England, who became interested in him, asking many questions about the United States, also about the places he had visited and the things he had seen during his rambles in Scotland. Among other things the Briton wanted to know the route the American had taken in his journey south. He was informed as to the route taken, also given a description of the scenes and experiences along the way. 'Why, then,' said his new friend, 'You must have crossed the mountains.' 'Mountains, mountains,' replied the American, 'I didn't see no mountains.' 'O, but you must have seen them,' said the Englishman, 'why there was Ben Lomond

and Ben Nevis right in your way, you could hardly have gone around them.' 'Wal, now you speak of it, I remember I did see some risin' ground back there a piece, but there warn't no mountains.'" After a hearty laugh at his story the old man settled down in his seat, muttering to himself about "the greenness of these yere eastern tenderfeet, who had never seen nothin' worth while nohow," after which deliverance he soon dropped into a doze and we left him to his dreams.

Passing through Harper's Ferry, immortalized as the place where John Brown met his death at the hands of enraged slave holders, we pushed on to Baltimore and Washington.

At Washington we remained several days, visiting the places of interest, and meeting many of the public men of the nation, among whom was Senator Leland Stanford, by whom with his lady we were given a reception at their elegant home and made to spend a very pleasant evening.

Arriving in New York we found ourselves assigned to the Grand Central Hotel on Broadway, where we were to remain for the session. There we found many delegates, mostly from the west and middle west, probably two hundred and fifty in all.

The General Conference was held at the Metropolitan opera house, at that time, I think, the finest building of the kind in the city. In the assignment of seats it was the custom to write the names of the conferences on slips of paper and place them in a box, from which they were drawn by some one appointed for the purpose and seats were chosen by the delegation in the order from



which they came from the box. The chairman of each delegation made the choice for his conference, but in his absence the person next on the list made the selection. Now it so happened that when the assignments were made, which was done the evening before the organization of the body, Dr. Kynett, the chairman of our delegation was absent, as was also Dr. King, so that it fell on me to act for our delegates. I did not know they were not present, and was taken by surprise when the first paper drawn from the box was announced as the Upper Iowa Conference. However, I selected a seat well to the front, which proved to be quite satisfactory to our people. Right across the aisle from where we sat was the opera box of Mrs. General U. S. Grant, which, on the first day of the session was occupied by Colonel F. D. Grant, her son, and Dr. J. P. Newman, pastor of the Metropolitan church at Washington, whom I had met in that city a few days before. Beckoned across the aisle by Dr. Newman, I stepped over to where they were seated and was introduced to Colonel Fred Grant, who gave me a very cordial greeting and a hearty invitation to call on his wife and mother, who were living in New York at that time. Of course I was delighted with this invitation, for I had served under the great soldier from the earliest days of the Civil War, until he was taken from the west and given command of all the armies of the United States. Like almost everyone else I had the greatest admiration for his manly and soldierly qualities, so of course I was greatly pleased to have this opportunity of meeting Mrs. Grant and her daughters. Fixing upon an evening for my call, I invited my chum, the

Rev. J. T. Crippen, who had also served in the army as chaplain of a regiment from New York state, to accompany me. We were kindly received by Mrs. Grant and her daughter and spent a delightful evening with them, for they did everything in their power to make it pleasant for us. Nearly all the valuable presents General Grant had received while abroad on his trip around the world had been presented to the government and were on deposit at Washington, but there was a magnificent picture of General Philip Sheridan which had been painted by a great artist in France, that had been highly eulogized by connoisseurs and indeed by all who had seen it when it first reached this country. Mrs. Grant called our attention to it quietly saying: "When the General"—she always spoke of her husband as the General—"turned over the other things to the government, I insisted that this picture should be reserved, for General Sheridan was his favorite officer and I could not part with it." Then while Dr. Crippen was being entertained by Mrs. F. D. Grant, she said to me: "Now draw up your rocking chair, and we will have a comfortable visit together." She had much to say about her experiences in Virginia at the time of the later campaigns in that state, where she quite frequently went to the front to be with her husband.

Immediately following the election of Dr. J. P. Newman to the episcopacy, there was some talk about the means which it was said had been employed to bring it about. Some went so far as to say that he could not have been elected except through the influence of General Grant, who was his warm personal friend. It was urged that Dr. Newman had on



one occasion declined to serve as pastor of a church to which he had been appointed by the authorities of the church, and that alleged insubordination was used against him when his name was proposed for the episcopal office.

Just before the election of bishops I received a letter from one of the preachers on my district, urging me to do everything in my power to prevent his election. The letter reached me just after my visit at Mrs. Grant's home, and I speak of it only because it expressed a feeling, however mistaken, which existed among some of the preachers. That Mrs. Grant was interested in the election of Dr. Newman is true enough, indeed she greatly desired it, for he had been her pastor while they were at Washington, and also afterward in New York. Of course they became attached to him and to Mrs. Newman, who was one of the elect ladies of Methodism, Mrs. Grant freely expressed her hope that he might be chosen as one of the new bishops.

She asked me if I thought there would be any impropriety in making her interest in the matter known to the delegates. I assured her that in my judgment it would be very proper. I said: "Mrs. Grant, you are a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and you have the same rights in the church as have other members; we all have our choice in these matters, nor can any one reasonably object to an expression of this choice. There are two men whose election I greatly desire because I believe they are worthy, and I propose to do what I can in an honorable way to bring it about. One is Dr. A. J. Kynett and the other is Dr. J. P. Newman." "Well," she said, "I am glad to hear you speak so, for I am expecting the

members of the General Conference, who were soldiers to spend an evening with me, and I should like to have them know how we feel toward Dr. Newman, but I should hesitate to do so unless I was assured it would be entirely proper."

A few evenings later most of the soldier delegates paid their respects to Mrs. Grant, and from that incident, word went out over the church that it was the soldiers in the General Conference who elected Newman bishop, just to please Mrs. Grant. Of course that was sheer nonsense, for the soldier delegates as well as others voted for J. P. Newman because they recognized in him bishop timber, and because some of them at least felt that the opposition to him was born and nurtured by a narrowness which had no proper place in the Methodist Episcopal church. That their choice was a wise one, was fully justified by the record of Bishop Newman during his Episcopal career, for the office was magnified in him.

The all-absorbing question before that General Conference, however, was the eligibility of women as delegates. It was claimed by some that the word "Laymen," in the Discipline should be interpreted so as to mean both sexes, while others stoutly maintained that it could only apply to men. Two women had been elected as delegates and were present seeking admission. The question of their legal status as to seats in the body was before us and it must be fairly met and dealt with. A few great speeches were made on either side of the question by representative men of the church which would have done honor to the Senate of the United States, or the Parliament of Great Britain in their palmyest days. It was finally agreed that the ques-

tion should be submitted to a vote of the Annual Conferences, inasmuch as it involved a change in one of the restrictive rules which could not be made until acted on and agreed to by the Annual Conferences. The necessary steps were taken and woman was finally admitted to the General Conference, to her great satisfaction. So many preliminary steps were necessary however, before it could be accomplished, that she did not take her seat until twelve years later.

I greatly enjoyed that month in New York. The sessions of the Conference were held in the forenoon and committee meetings in the afternoon, while the evenings were occupied with addresses by distinguished members of the body, and by noted visitors and representatives of other churches. I had been placed on the committee on Itinerancy and on the Freedmen's Aid Society, assignments which pleased me well. The committee on Itinerancy ranking second only to that of Episcopacy, which is always given to the chairman of the delegation.

A good many of my evenings were spent at the Florence Mission on Bleecker street, which was open all night, every evening in the week. Here were gathered the thugs and thieves and cut-throats of the Bowery, and the slums of the city. Fallen women in great numbers were brought in and everything done to rescue them from the awful life they were living, that love could suggest or means provide. A good lady of great wealth had charge of the mission and she devoted her time to bettering the condition of the undercurrent of the city, among whom she was exceedingly popular, and it was said that she could go anywhere in

any part of the city at any time, day or night, alone, without fear of molestation. The worst characters of the slums were her protectors and would have given their lives in her defense. The room in which the meetings were held was always filled to overflowing. The singing and praying and much of the speaking was done by those who had been rescued and converted. Men and women would come in and go out again just as it pleased them, all night long, without in any way disturbing the meeting, and it was said much good was done in that mission, of which I have not the slightest doubt.

Of course I visited Central Park, Bedloe's Island and the Statue of Liberty, the Brooklyn cemetery, where I stood beside the grave of Henry Ward Beecher, besides many other places of interest usually visited by strangers in the city. As long as I can remember, anything and everything pertaining to nautical affairs has had an unusual interest for me; the busy scenes to be viewed in the great harbors of the world possess peculiar attractions; the great ocean steamers, the sailing vessels of all sorts and sizes, sea going craft plying between the sea ports of the world, laden with men and merchandise, also river craft of all kinds are exceedingly interesting to me, therefore I spend much time about the wharves whenever opportunity offers.

Noticing one day in a city paper that the City of Rome had just arrived from Europe, I was seized with a desire to explore the great ship, so I suggested to a brother preacher that we make a pilgrimage to the harbor and if possible get permission to look her over. He readily assented and together we proceeded to the

waterside. Upon application to the officer in charge, he politely detailed another officer to show us over the vessel. The gentleman was very courteous, showing us everything of interest about the ship and explaining what we did not understand. Of course we were deeply interested in the magnificent ship, for she was a noble vessel and well worthy to be called the "Ocean Greyhound." Never had I seen such a magnificent creature; I was delighted with her, and well I might be for she was at that time the largest and finest steamship plying the seas.

A few days afterward I learned that the Palgrave, said to be the largest sailing vessel afloat was lying at her moorings in Brooklyn. Nothing would do but I must board her as I had done the City of Rome, so I crossed over to Brooklyn and made my way down to the pier where I soon discovered her a giant among pygmies, lying at anchor in the quiet harbor. One of the mates took me in hand and showed me over the vessel. From him I learned that she was engaged in the China tea trade, and had only reached port a day or two before. Fortunate indeed was I in the opportunity and pleasure of inspecting these two marvels of ship-craft, and once again, after a period of thirty-five years, testing my teeth on pilot bread.

Upon returning to the hotel my thoughts began to run something after this sort: Suppose these two big ships were to weigh anchor and make to sea at precisely the same hour, reaching the open sea and proceeding on their way abreast of each other; the Palgrave propelled by a strong fair wind and the City of Rome by steam. In this way they proceed on their voyage, no appre-

ciable difference appearing between them, until after a time, the wind gradually falls away and the sails of the Palgrave flap loosely and idly against her masts, causing her to lose her speed and drop behind, while her consort moving steadily forward, speeds on her way across the sea. It is then that the vast disparity between the two great ships appears. The steamer is superior to the sailor only in the pre-eminence of her propelling power, for in all other respects they are equal. The City of Rome is moved by an inward force, which renders her practically independent of outward conditions, she is driven from within, and needs only to keep her furnace fires burning, while the Palgrave is wholly dependent on influences from the outside. When these outward influences are favorable, she moves rapidly and consistently forward, but when they are adverse, when she faces a head wind she tosses about, hither and yon unable to make headway, or even to hold her own, and alas, when the wind goes down she is utterly helpless for she can only drift or lie idly on the bosom of the sea.

Men and women are quite like ships on the ocean, some are actuated by living principles within, which enable them to move resolutely forward regardless of opposing forces from without, overriding all opposition, steadily pursuing their way, and holding the true course in life because they have faith and courage and patience, all the graces of the Spirit to hold and direct them even in the wildest tempest or the deadliest calm. Others there are, who seem to be almost wholly the creatures of circumstance. They allow themselves to be controlled by outward conditions, they are weak

where they should be strong, because unlike the sailing vessel, they have been given dominion which might be employed even as others employ it. They permit themselves to become inert, becalmed, when immediate action is called for, where the other kind would assert themselves by their own innate force of character, and pursue their way superior to wind and wave.

The year following was the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding and some of the preachers on the district knowing of it, arranged to help us celebrate the occasion. They joined with the people of Epworth and took matters into their own hands, and nearly all the preachers of the district, also a large company from Epworth and other places were present. In the afternoon, Dr. J. S. McCord, pastor at Dubuque, on behalf of the preachers presented us with a beautiful silver water set, and in the evening we were made the recipients of an elegant tea set of silver by the citizens of Epworth and other parts of the district. It was a most enjoyable occasion, certainly our family appreciated the kindness shown us, not only in the beautiful gifts but more in the hearty congratulations which were showered upon us on every hand.

The following Sunday I conducted a love-feast in one of our churches, and in my opening remarks made grateful reference to the goodness of God, as manifested in the preservation of our lives, incidentally speaking of the wedding anniversary and the gift of silver which we had received. I had no sooner taken my seat, however, than the preacher, who was one of the most beautiful characters I have ever known, whether intentionally, or otherwise, has

never appeared, began to sing, "I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold," etc. There was a smile on many faces at the words, apparently so artlessly uttered, but the love-feast proceeded as usual and a rare good time it was.

There are many occasions in the life of a Methodist minister when the regular routine is brightened by some happy incident or by the humor of some brother who bubbles over with kindly wit. At one of our District Conferences a preacher who was holding down a nearby charge, in his report, which was given verbally, talked so long and so dismally about the spiritual condition of his church, that everyone was out of patience with him, and his gloomy representation. At length, however, when he had wearied everybody out, he sat down in the midst of a profound silence. No sooner had he taken his seat, than the Rev. John W. Clinton, who was our secretary and was seated by my side, slowly arose and with an expression on his face somewhere between a smile of innocence and a grim of derision, raised his hand as though he wanted to command particular attention, and then pointing his finger at the brother who had been speaking, began in his own inimitable way to quote the hymn:

"Hark! from the toombs a doleful sound,

My ears, attend the cry;  
Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie."

He was not allowed to go any further than the first stanza, for such a storm of applause, such clapping of hands and such shouts of laughter filled the house as I have seldom heard anywhere, and though the doleful one tried over and over again to make himself heard in his own

defense, no one would listen to him, so he was finally obliged to give it up and take his medicine as many a one before him has done. The reports which followed took on a brighter hue, as well they might, for however necessary it may be to uncover the soil where deposits are to be found which are not pleasant to the eye, or to the taste, it is not absolutely necessary, nor is it always wise to expose them to the public gaze. There are some things which had better be let alone entirely, and some other things which should be handled gingerly, but not cowardly.

The General Conference at New York had made some changes which affected both Presiding Elders and Pastors. The term of the Pastor was extended from three years to five years and the term of the Presiding Elder from four to six years. My term on the Dubuque District did not therefore expire until the fall of 1890.

I had been elected a trustee of Epworth Seminary and also of Upper Iowa University, during my first year on the district. Upon my removal from Epworth, I asked to be relieved from the trusteeship of the seminary, but was continued on the board of Upper Iowa University.

Our last year at Epworth was saddened by the death of our little son Robert. His mother and I were away from home attending a church meeting at Independence, when he was taken ill. Toward the close of the meeting word came to us that he was very sick and we hastened home to find him sick beyond recovery. The dear little fellow was suffering with peritonitis and died after a brief illness of four days, at ten years of age. He was a bright, loveable boy, and his loss was a sore grief to us,

but our faith in God and His promises concerning the future has ever been a comfort to us for we have the hope that we shall meet him again sometime.

The Annual Conference was for the second time held at Decorah, in the autumn of 1890, with Bishop S. M. Merrill presiding. The sessions of the cabinet, that is the meetings of the Bishop and Presiding Elders were held at the home of Mr. Andrew Groves, where the Bishop was entertained.

The Presiding Elders, who are the advisors of the Bishop, assist him in making the appointments of the preachers. Many of the appointments, however, are arranged as far as possible by the Presiding Elders before they reach the seat of the conference. Each Elder is expected to look after his own district, and see that both churches and preachers are properly cared for. Generally, on all the districts a majority of the preachers are successful and these he seeks to retain, but those who for any reason are undesirable, he is willing to part with, and is always ready to exchange for some other man he likes better. But these exchanges are not always easy to bring about. Naturally each Presiding Elder seeks after the best men and when he secures one who is desirable, he retains him as long as he can do so without doing him an injustice, by standing in the way of his promotion. Considerable diplomatic skill, if not the highest grade of piety is needed in the making of appointments, and even then, after the very best in the judgment of the appointing powers has been done, a few of the preachers and a few of the churches will inevitably feel aggrieved.



It is chiefly in the higher grades of appointments that the Bishop figures most conspicuously, for it is almost always concerning these stronger charges that contentions arise. They are of course the most desirable, the larger churches want the best preachers, and the best preachers want the larger churches, which is all natural enough, provided the campaign is conducted in the right spirit, and it usually is. The Bishop acts in the capacity of a judge or arbitrator, and when occasion calls for his interference, which is quite often, he decides the points at issue between the Presiding Elders, and from his decision there is no appeal. As one of the bishops facetiously remarked: "The Presiding Elders make the appointments, and the Bishops fix them," which is undoubtedly true, at least the preachers sometimes think so.

It is customary among our bishops at the opening session of the cabinet, to inquire if there are any formal complaints against any of the preachers, and there are any to take such steps as may be necessary for an investigation. The next thing is to make such changes in the boundaries of the districts or circuits as may be deemed advisable. After these things have been attended to, the work of making the appointments of the preachers begins, and is generally done in the following order: The list of charges in each district are carefully gone over and the preachers who are to return for another year are agreed upon. Next it is ascertained who may go back without detriment to the work, in case the wisest adjustments of the conference seem to demand their return.

Finally, all cases where it seems advisable that the preacher should

remove to another field of labor are considered, and such dispositions are made as appear to be for the greatest good of all concerned. Always it requires every afternoon, and often some of the evenings to perform the work of the cabinet, toward which the eyes of every preacher and every church are turned, for vast interests are at stake, often far reaching in their consequences.

We received many expressions of good will from the preachers and churches of the district at the close of our term, which were very highly prized by us. Following is one which was adopted at the last District Conference:

#### RESOLUTION.

Adopted with a unanimous vote by the Dubuque District Conference, at its Eleventh Semi-Annual Session, held at Independence, June 30 to July 2, 1890.

Whereas, our beloved brother, Rev. H. H. Green, is now closing his sixth year as Presiding Elder of Dubuque District of the Upper Iowa Conference, therefore,

Resolved, that we, the members of this District Conference, take pleasure in bearing testimony to the able and successful manner in which he has administered the work of the district, the uniform christian courtesy, impartiality, kindness and zeal that have characterized our brother in private, social and official relations, and if the law of the church permitted, we would gladly have him continue longer in office.

As by the order of the church his official relations must soon cease, we assure him that he will carry with him our love, our esteem, and our prayers.

S. N. FELLOWS      NATHANIEL PYE  
A. M. MCINTOSH      L. L. LOCKARD



After my report had been made to the Conference, Dr. J. S. McCord, on behalf of the ministers of the district, presented me with a gold watch, saying some very touching things, to which I responded as well as I could, for the beautiful gift.

There happened to be three District vacancies that fall, Cedar Rapids and Decorah changing as well as Dubuque. J. B. Albrook was appointed to the Cedar Rapids District and J. H. Rigby to the Dubuque District. Several preachers serving charges on the Decorah District had been prominently mentioned in connection with that vacancy and as all of them were good, capable men, it was not so easy to make a selection.

On Saturday afternoon, Bishop Merrill said to me: "Brother Green, do you think you can stand it if I don't settle your appointment until Monday morning; will it interfere with your enjoyment of the Sabbath?" "Not at all," I replied, "the matter is in your hands and whatever you do will no doubt be for the best."

On Monday morning the cabinet was called together for its final session and the Bishop said to us: "Well, brethren, I have decided to place Brother Green on the Decorah District; let us go to the church."

The appointments were then read, and I found myself at the head of another district, on which I was destined to remain for the next six years.

The transfer of a Presiding Elder from one district to another without an interval in the pastorate, was something quite unusual in the economy of Methodism at that time. My new appointment, therefore, came as a surprise to most of the preachers. Methodist ministers are among the

most loyal people in the world, and with the exception of a little handful—some of whom were themselves aspirants for the office—the action of the Bishop was quite well received.

Knowing that we must of necessity leave Epworth, our goods were already packed when Conference adjourned. Nothing remained therefore, but to charter a car, get our goods on and move to our new field, making our home at Decorah, where I had already rented a house, which we afterward purchased, and occupied during my term on the district.

I discovered in this new field of labor a few places which had never been occupied by Methodism, and a few others where formerly churches flourished, but had been abandoned, for various reasons, chiefly on account of the removal of our people to other sections of the country. In nearly every instance they would sell to foreigners, either German, Bohemian or Norwegian, who were not always in sympathy with us. The Germans and Bohemians were generally Roman Catholics and the Norwegians principally Lutherans. Nevertheless, a goodly number of the Norwegians, as well as other Scandinavians, are to be found in our Methodist churches.

We were not given any missionary money by the Parent Missionary Society, so we were compelled to grapple with these problems in our own strength, alone. To me it was a serious matter, and I cast about for ways and means to meet it. As there was at that time no help to be had from the Womans' Home Missionary Society of the church, I resolved to appeal to the women of the district, and enlist their co-operation as far as possible, so I organized what we

called "The Womans' Christian Compact," a new departure, which proved quite successful and elicited much commendation from the authorities of the church. Following is the pact:

#### AGREEMENT.

We, whose names are hereunto attached, do enter into agreement with our sisters of the Methodist Episcopal church, and with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, under the name of, "THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN COMPACT OF DECORAH DISTRICT," and having for our object the furtherance of the gospel within the bounds of the said district, being impressed with the imperative needs of places adjacent to our stations and circuits which are without the gospel, and of others where the gospel is not preached in the English language; and still others where flourishing Methodist or other protestant churches once existed, but which have been abandoned on account of removals of our English speaking people. We, the women of Decorah District, adopt the following as our motto: "Redeem the Waste Places and Extend the Redeemer's Kingdom," and we will each contribute without prejudice to the regular benevolences of the church, not less than one dollar per year, to be applied:

First. In the purchase of a large tent which shall be capable of seating at least four hundred people, to be used in the work of Evangelization in neglected places during the summer months.

Second. To establish and maintain regular services in localities where there is now no preaching in the English tongue.

Third. To re-occupy abandoned fields and put the gospel again before the people.

Each Local Compact shall select annually at such time and place as may be most convenient, one of its number, who shall act as Custodian of the Funds, and shall receive from the members their contributions, giving her receipt for the same. She shall forward to the Presiding Elder of the district, quarterly, such funds

as may be in her possession, and his receipt shall be her voucher. She shall also report at each annual meeting the amounts of money received, who from, and what disposition has been made of it.

The Presiding Elder of the district, who shall have general charge of the work, shall direct in the judicious expenditure of the funds, but no moneys shall be paid out without the concurrence of the pastors and custodians of the funds on the two charges nearest or most convenient to the place where it is proposed to expend the said funds; except such expenses as may be incurred for printing, stationery, etc., which shall be paid by the Presiding Elder out of any funds in his hands. The Presiding Elder shall report annually to each Local Compact, during the month of September or October, giving a full account of the work done, and also of all moneys received and expended. He shall also give his receipt to each pastor before the session of the Annual Conference for the amount received from the charge.

By signing this Agreement and paying one dollar per year, you become one of us.

I forwarded a copy of this Agreement to Dr. Arthur Edwards, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate at Chicago, who strongly commended it. The "Northwestern" had this to say of it:

The Forum for February has a suggestive article about "The Farmer's Changed Condition." The author, who happens to be our personal friend, Mr. Rodney C. Welch of this city, says that New England farmers desert their farms because the latter are no longer remunerative, whereas farmers in Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois and other states move into town because the rent of their farms is enough to support them in towns in which they can the better educate their children. He says that in these states the actual occupants of farms are coming to be, as in parts of Europe, a distinct peasant class, that the English language is seldom heard outside the large towns, and that in

the country church services and instruction in schools are in foreign tongues. It is certain that this testimony concerning the inrush of foreigners is confirmed in some of our Methodist Conferences in the northwest. Rev. H. H. Green, who is in charge of the Decorah District, Upper Iowa Conference, thus alludes to the change now in process:

"The inclosed paper contains, as I trust, a partial solution of a perplexing problem with which we are confronted. Methodism in many places is very weak, especially in the river counties. Our people have sold out, and German Lutherans and Roman Catholics have bought in. In several places our churches have been abandoned, while in others our members are few in numbers and widely scattered. These weak places must be strengthened immediately or given up. Then, too, some places almost wholly German are asking for the gospel in the English language, and are willing to help support Methodist preaching. This demand comes chiefly from the children of foreign-born citizens, who are not in sympathy with the religious views and methods of their parents. These young people must be cared for soon, or they will go to the bad and carry our American young people with them.

Mr. Green incloses a copy of an agreement to which he seeks to attach the names of 566 women in his district who will pledge a definite sum each, for work to reoccupy waste places of Iowa Methodism. The money will be used to support preaching at points where there are no services in the English tongue, and to purchase a large tent for summer use in neglected places in which worship may be conducted by earnest men. A tent has already been bought, and there now is search for just the right man to preach in it. We shall hope for much from this effort in that aggressive district. If we expect to push our mission work in foreign countries in which we sometimes are scarcely welcome, how much more ought we to urge our message among peoples right at our doors. We must not hesitate to

occupy the beautiful hills of Iowa when we are forming lines of assault on the mountain tops of China and India. We believe in this brave attempt on the banks of the Mississippi, and are sure that the whole church will hail the dutiful campaign.

One of the first fruits of this effort was the re-purchase of a church at Fort Atkinson, which had been built by the Methodists of that place, and afterwards sold to the Baptists, who were able to maintain services in it for a few years, but had finally been so weakened by the same cause which had operated against the Methodists, that the church had been closed. There remained a few of our people at the Fort, who had escaped the exodus, among them being a physician named Fallows, a brother of Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal church, also a Mr. Summers, who owned and operated a hotel there. These gentlemen with their families were about all that were left to us. It was not long after we had obtained possession of the church and had established regular religious services there that Dr. Fallows, much to our regret, moved from the town with his family, which was a great loss to us. The Fort was attached to Calmar circuit, and has remained as one of its appointments to the present time.

As soon as practical I secured the appointment of the Rev. F. H. Linn, and instituted services at Guttenberg, among a people almost wholly German. I was told that no sermon had ever been preached in that town in the English language, also that the outcome of my attempt would be very doubtful. Undismayed in the face of discouragement however, Mr. Linn and his wife began their difficult task and prosecuted it in the

spirit of the Master. They rented two small rooms in the rear of a saloon building, which they occupied as a temporary home. For a church they secured a long room connected with the same building, which had been used as a dance hall. It was in that hall that I conducted the first Quarterly Meeting ever held in Guttenberg. I had suggested before opening the work there that it might be well to secure a preacher who would be able to speak in German as well as in English, but the suggestion met with no favor. An American physician whose wife was a member of the Congregational church, and our chief support at first, strongly advised against my sending them a German preacher, or conducting services in that language. He said we could only hope for success among the younger element, and they had all the German they wanted already. They proposed to be Americans, not Germans, and would attend Methodist preaching in the English language only, a view which I found to be entirely correct.

During the second year of Mr. Linn's pastorate an eligible site was secured and a nice little church erected. Rev. Linn was succeeded at the end of his second year by C. A. Parkin, an energetic young man, who had been a clerk in the store of Marshall Field in Chicago, but feeling himself called to the ministry, had, through a mutual friend, applied to me for work in Iowa and had come direct from his clerkship. During his pastorate, a parsonage was built on a lot adjoining that on which the church stood, giving us a fairly good hold on Guttenberg, which has been maintained to the present time.

In the spring of 1893 I was hon-

ored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, which was conferred upon me by the Iowa Wesleyan University, and the University of the Northwest, now Morningside College.

It was during that summer that my wife and I visited the great World's Fair at Chicago, accompanied by the Rev. L. N. Green, a preacher on the district and his wife. It was a wonderful show, and was to us a constant delight. A marvelous advance it was over the Crystal Palace I had seen when a boy in London, forty-two years before. Nothing could have more clearly marked the advance the world had made in the arts, sciences, commerce and in all material fields of endeavor than the great exhibition of 1893. Truly we are living in an age of revelations, wherein the most amazing strides succeed each other with bewildering rapidity. The memory of our visit to the Columbian Exposition will remain with us, cherished as one of the most delightful experiences of our lives. It was there in the Transportation building that I met my cousin, George Green, of whose existence I was ignorant but a month previous. His father, my uncle David had come with his family to the United States in 1851, and had settled in Ohio. I had not known of this and was of course surprised when I learned of it through an acquaintance of both families, a resident of Lyons, who had been visiting some friends in Troy, Ohio, where my cousin was living. George and two of his brothers had been in the army, members of an Ohio regiment. One of them was killed at the battle of Resaca, George had lost a leg in another engagement, and the other returned to Ohio at the close of the

war and at the time of the exposition was living at Dayton in that state.

By this time the members of our family had nearly all departed from under the old roof tree to shift for themselves. Anna was married and was living at Janesville, where her husband was engaged in the drug business. Samuel was at Grand Junction, and Schuyler at Waukon, both of them clerks in drug stores. Iowa and Lucy were in Colorado, and Harry was a student in Upper Iowa University, from which he afterward graduated with honor, leaving only Marion at home.

On the 24th of October, 1894, our daughter, Iowa, who had returned from Colorado, was married at our home in Decorah, to Mr. Edward Lincoln Jennings, youngest son of Mr. Samuel Jennings of Janesville, Iowa.

On the 25th of May, 1895, the wedding of our second son, Schuyler, and Miss Maude Hurlburt, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Celia Hurlburt of Marion, Iowa, was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Hurlburt in that city. The ceremony was conducted by the writer, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Hurlburt, now pastor of the Delaware avenue Methodist Episcopal church of Buffalo, New York.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

During the winter of 1895, feeling the need of some relaxation from my arduous toil, I spent a few weeks in Florida with my sister, Mrs. Messmer and her husband. I had not been in the south since the close of the war and was therefore unacquainted with the changes that had taken place during the intervening years, except so far as I had learned of them through the papers and from

people who had some knowledge of them.

Leaving Decorah with two of my friends, who, like myself, were headed for the south, we proceeded to St. Louis, and from there via Louisville and Nashville to Atlanta and to Montgomery, the birthplace of the rebellion. My friends had left the train at Atlanta, so I proceeded alone to Jacksonville, and from there to Cisco, where my relatives had made their home.

I was heartily welcomed by my sister and her husband, who gave me to understand that I was there to enjoy myself and was to make the most of my sojourn in the south, which I proceeded to do at once.

The climate was magnificent, flowers in bloom on every hand, the air vocal with the songs of birds and the melodies of the negroes. This was summer in mid-winter. Transplanted in just a few hours from the frosts, snows and wintry blasts of the north, where dearth and death were everywhere rife, chilling the very pith in your body, to the glorious sunshine of that semi-tropic clime, is indeed a grateful migration in the month of February. Also it is an impressive suggestion of that resurrection, which shall overtake these perishing bodies of ours, when they that are in the grave shall hear His voice and come forth, "Changed and fashioned like unto His own glorious body."

St. Augustine, touched by the fingers of time, where the old has not yet been supplanted by the new, said to be the oldest city in the United States, is surely a place of antiquities. The site of which Ponce de Leon visited in 1512, in search of the fabled "Fountain of Youth," was permanently settled by Don Pedro



Menendez de Oiles some fifty years later, who with 1,500 followers took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, King Philip II. of Spain. Here stands old Fort Marion, at the present time little more than a mass of ruins. It was at first called by the Spaniards, the Castle of St. Mark, and was upward of one hundred years in construction. Here too, is the old sea wall built of coquina as early as 1690. Yonder may be seen the oldest church in the United States, which had been partly burned just before I saw it, and from the ruins I picked up a large spike of wrought iron, which they told me had been made in Spain over 300 years before, which was doubtless true. I have it yet, though I cannot say that it possesses any saintly qualities, nor do I know that any such claims are made for these ancient relics by the present population of the town.

The oldest house in the United States stands on a narrow street two blocks west of the river. It was built in 1562. It has been described as a "bit of the sixteenth century carried over into the twentieth. The house was built by French Huguenot immigrants, who came to a new world to seek religious peace they could not find at home. While they were rearing its walls of sea shells and mortar, Michael Angelo was building the famous dome of St. Peter's in Rome. Back across the Atlantic the forefathers of Washington and Lincoln were living in England, unmindful of the unborn descendants who were to make their name imperishably illustrious."

Passing down the narrowest street in the country and crossing the Matanzas river on the big bridge, we found ourselves on Anastasia Island,

where, after visiting the government light house, we made our way down to the water and waded out—not very far—into the Atlantic Ocean, where we gathered shells and things to our hearts content.

Returning to St. Augustine, we explored the great Ponce de Leon hotel, prying into the numerous places of interest and taking in everything that might appeal to our curiosity.

By this time it was evening, so my brother-in-law said: "Let us go over to the Alcazar; there is going to be a cake-dance by a lot of negroes, which you will enjoy seeing, I think." The cake-dance was pronounced good, and I presume it was. Some of the negroes assumed airs supposed to be befitting a grand duke and his grand duchess, and the most "airy" took the cake.

Before going south I had been reading in one of the magazines about a trip up the Ocklawaha river made by some tourists from the north, which had interested me and given me a desire to make the same trip, so one day, my brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Messmer and I went down to Palatka from Cisco, and engaged passage on the steamer Okehumpkee which plied the river at that time. A run of twenty-five miles up the St. John's brings you to the Ocklawaha, which you enter at its mouth and slowly push your way up stream. The water appears black as ink. The river is quite deep and very narrow, in some places only just wide enough for the passage of the boat. It actually rubs the banks on both sides, while the passengers need to be careful lest they are brushed from the deck by the overhanging branches which sweep it from either side. The Ok-



ehumpkee is a stern-wheeler, strongly built. She has no center-board, and her wheel is protected in such a way as to enable her to ride over logs, branches of trees and whatever other obstructions might be found in the river, without the slightest danger from accident or injury.

The country adjacent to the river as I saw it was low-lying, mostly covered with timber, with only here and there a few miles of higher hummock land. Noticing a stretch of this open country off to our right, I inquired of a native by whose side I was seated, if there was any game in the vicinity. "O, yes, sah," he replied, plenty of game sah, mostly beah and deah, but they don't do much shooting down beah."

A little further on our boat pulled up at a primitive landing where a few of the crackers were gathered to see us come in. I happened to be seated near the bow of the boat watching an ungainly, sickly homo, a mere boy in appearance, but probably much younger than he looked. His pale, putty face carried a deathly aspect; his mouth was filled with tobacco, from which little yellow rivulets were meandering down from its sides, *ad libitum ad nauseum*; his unkempt hair hung about his head, a tangled mass of faded yellow strands jumbled together in confusion looked as though it had never known the use of a brush or a comb, and might have been designed as a covert for the uncanny creeping things which are said to inhabit the southern swamp. There he stood, with his feet wide apart and his hands thrust down deep into his trouser pockets, as though he would fain bury them out of sight, his eyes fixed upon us with benumbed, dejected, disappointed, stupified look, which I have never

been able to efface from my memory.

"What is the matter with that fellow?" said a voice behind me, and turning around I immediately recognized Mr. Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, at that time a member of congress, and at present United States Senator from the Badger state.

"Why," I replied, I would think it might be due to malaria and tobacco. He looks as though he might be the subject of one and a devotee of the other."

"Yes," he remarked, "it certainly looks like it: life must be a gruesome thing in these swamps; poor fellow, he hasn't much chance here."

"You are Mr. La Follette, are you not?" I inquired.

"That's my name. Where have I met you?" he asked.

Then I told him that I had heard him in a political speech at Manchester, Iowa not long before, and called his attention to an interruption that had occurred in the meeting. Uncle Henry Barr, an old fashioned Irish Methodist, (since deceased) who was present was greatly pleased with something Mr. La Follette had said, and in his quick, impulsive way, shouted, "Amen." The speaker, not catching what he said, turned toward the old man with an inquiring expression upon his face and said, "eh?"

"Oi said Amin," uncle Henry answered with a pleased look.

"Oh." And the speech was continued as though nothing had occurred to interrupt it.

"I remember it quite well," Mr. LaFollette said, "I thought at first it was a democrat who wanted to confuse me."

A few miles further up the river

we were given an opportunity to become acquainted with the postal facilities enjoyed by the residents along the river. As our boat approached a small landing, a little stir caused me to look up, when I saw one of the hands tying two or three letters and a paper or two to the end of a long pole all ready for delivery. As we passed without stopping at the landing, the pole was swung out over the side of the boat, the mail was seized by a man who was standing ready, and deftly placed another little bunch on the end of the pole in place of that he had removed as we slowly passed by. That was rural delivery in embryo.

At the head of the Ocklawaha is the magnificent Silver Spring, nine miles long, its water a beautiful blue, and so transparent that you can easily see the fish sporting about at a distance of 80 feet below you.

The heavy frosts of the preceding winter had practically destroyed the orange groves of the peninsula, which was so severe a blow as to utterly ruin the orange growers in the northern part of the state. These people became so discouraged that many of them left Florida, returning to their old homes, and other parts of the north. There seemed to be little hope for the future; it was like the aggression of the potato bug in Colorado, and the invasion of north-western Iowa by the grasshoppers at an early day. It was disheartening, but only a temporary set-back. The country has long since entirely recovered and the people are full of hope for the future of their state.

I returned home by the same route I had taken in going down, and, as it was night when we passed through southern Georgia, I could see nothing of the country, but in returning

we were favored with daylight and the weather being clear and pleasant, I had a fine opportunity to see the country, which I improved to the utmost. "Way Down Upon the Suwannee River," I hummed over to myself as we crossed a deep and narrow stream, which I was told was the river celebrated in the negro song; but for the life of me I could see nothing in that black sluggish water to inspire a poet or to cause a desire in any breast to return to it after once getting away. The country all through that section was covered with orchards of pear trees, anywhere from half an acre to two hundred acres or more could be seen on either side of the railroad. Unquestionably this is the great pear belt of the United States. Of course these orchards are planted and cultivated by negro labor, which, a few years ago, was comparatively inexpensive.

I was amused to note the colored children, so numerous all along the railroad, living in little rough wooden huts or rude cabins raised two or three feet from the ground, to let the air pass under them. These pickanninies, clothed only with a single garment of colored calico, that failed to cover the knees, would creep out from under the cabins like a litter of little black pigs, or peep around the corner of the shed, grinning at us with eyes and mouths wide open, showing the whitest of teeth and the merriest faces, queer little things, from the baby on up to the first born of the family. And what families there were, from the smallest, consisting of not more than two or three, to the largest in view, which were too numerous to count as we raced past on our way to yankee land. Indeed in some instances it was almost impossible to say whether you were looking at a

private family or a Sunday School picnic, only there were no grown-up people in sight.

At Waycross there was a gang of negro convicts with chains about their limbs, at work on the road under a guard, who saw that they wasted no time in idleness. Practically, they were slaves, who, under a system of peonage, had been hired out by their creditors to the city, to do work for the corporation. My sympathies were aroused at the sight of these men, who, in a boasted land of freedom, were still wearing the shackles of bondage according to law. But as we were unable to change these conditions, we passed on and in due time arrived at Nashville, where I left the main line and proceeded on my way to Clarksville, spending a night in that city. Upon inquiry, I was told that on the following day a steamer would leave Clarksville for down river, so I engaged passage for Dover, which, after a delightful run I reached in the early evening.

My purpose in making this diversion was to look over the old battlefield of Fort Donelson, which was close by Dover. So, upon landing I proceeded at once to an old hotel near the river, determined to enjoy a day or two at that historic place which held so deep an interest for me. At Clarksville I had obtained a letter of introduction to a Dr. Steger of Dover, whom I met soon after reaching there. I found in the doctor a very pleasant gentleman, who took special pains to make things pleasant for me.

The first time I went to the table at the hotel, the proprietor, whose father was managing it at the time of the battle, said to me: "Now I will seat you at the exact spot where

General Grant sat when he received from General Buckner the surrender of Fort Donelson."

"Thank you; you are very kind," I replied, "and now I will surrender myself to these good things you have set before me, which I am sure must be far more palatable than those upon which Grant and Buckner fed when they were here."

Reference to this visit to the old battlefield, which I copy from the Decorah Republican, contains all that need be said touching the matter of that visit:

"When Dr. Green returned home, in referring to his visit to the Donelson battlefield, he spoke in the warmest terms of the unexpected kindness and courtesy of a gentleman named Steger, the editor of the local paper. This gentleman was a surgeon in the rebel army, and together Dr. Green and he rambled over the field and picked out the spots where the battle raged the hottest. In speaking of Mr. Steger's courtesy he remarks that a brother could not have been more kind or more hospitable. Not only was he in the rebel army, but he has remained on the spot, and the Elder regards it great good fortune that he fell into the hands of so competent a guide.

Now comes a copy of the Stewart Courier, published at Dover, by Dr. Steger, which says this of his visit:

"We had the pleasure last week of forming the acquaintance of Capt. H. H. Green of Decorah, Iowa, an old federal veteran, who, for the first time since the battle of Fort Donelson, visited this old battleground, and even after the lapse of time and changes consequent thereto, he recognized the point at which he charged through the Confederate lines with his regiment. We believe it was the 2nd Iowa—(Col. Tuttle of this regiment, and others), who drove Col. Hansen and his brave Kentuckians from the entrenchment on the extreme right of the Rebel line. Gen. Buckner was away with all of his command, except three regiments, which were in the

trenches from Indian to Hickman creeks, a distance of a mile and a half. Where Col. Hansen was, the earth works are detached—leaving in some places along the line a distance of a hundred feet.

The Captain at the time of the battle was a sergeant in his company and afterwards was promoted to the captaincy, and since the war to the position of Presiding Elder in the M. E. church.

We obtained several nice hickory walking sticks on the battlefield, and visited the water battery, getting up at various places, souvenirs of this historic conflict. He told us of a funny incident that happened while the battle was hottest. After getting through the Rebel lines his company fell back from an exposed position and he undertook to assist a wounded comrade. It soon became uncomfortable, and in double-quickening back to his company, he got under such a headway, that he failed to halt in line and passed on to the rear. There, after becoming a little composed, he examined himself and found he had nine bullet holes through his clothes, one of which was through his cap. Several of his comrades rest in our cemetery. We find brother Green quite companionable indeed, and hope he will renew his visit. We know of but one man we would not show like courtesy, and that is Commander Walker.

The comrade referred to in this incident was hit a second time and killed by a bullet in the brain while in the arms of Dr. G. He abandoned him only after seeing the second wound, which had cut the sleeve of Dr. Green's coat, was a fatal one. Then the Elder admits he did run as he never ran before."

At the expiration of my term of service as Presiding Elder of Decorah District, I was appointed pastor at Iowa Falls. It was not an unwelcome change, for after twelve consecutive years in district work I began to feel the need of a rest from the strain which it imposed, especially as Decorah District during those years had been very difficult

to serve, owing to the want of facilities for reaching many points which were distant from the railroad.

We were kindly received by the people at Iowa Falls, who from the first made us feel that we had fallen among friends. I felt quite a little timidity over the prospect of resuming the work of a pastor, having been out of it so long, but this feeling soon wore off, due, I am sure, to the help given by the preacher's wife who cheerfully assumed many burdens, which in the past she had been unable to do on account of the cares of the family. She was to me a tower of strength and a helpmeet indeed. I really do not know what I would have done without her when it came to calling upon the people, and visiting them at their homes. I used to think she was sometimes overdoing it, for she would drag me out every afternoon, rain or shine and would listen to no excuses, however urgently I might plead to be let off for just one day. I had to go whether or no, nor did it take long to find out that she had the sympathies of the people, who seemed to enjoy her calls, and who made much of her in many ways. It is no wonder, therefore, that she became very popular, and was the means of accomplishing much good.

It was during our second year at Iowa Falls, that the marriage of our daughter, Lucy, and also of our son, Harry, were celebrated. Lucy, who had remained in Colorado, returned to Iowa during the summer of 1898, for a brief stay, and on July 7th of that year she was married at the parsonage, to Mr. Guy V. Johnson, a merchant of Evanston, Wyoming, a gentleman well known for his many generous qualities.

Harry, who, after leaving the Uni-

versity at Fayette, had purchased a half interest in the Public Opinion, a newspaper which had just been established at Decorah, was married August 3rd, to Miss Alice A. Tracy, at the home of her parents in Decorah. We all attended the wedding, and I performed the ceremony assisted by the Rev. A. Lincoln Shute of Chicago, uncle of the bride. As a parent interested in the career of his children, it will not be improper for me to add, in this connection, that the Public Opinion, of which Harry has for several years been the sole owner and publisher, has become one of the leading papers of northeastern Iowa, and ranks well up among the newspaper fraternity.

Among the many friendships formed at Iowa Falls, I cannot refrain from mentioning Dr. M. H. Hill, Mr. S. P. Smith, Mr. T. F. Rigg, Mrs. Clark and their families, who with many others we shall have occasion to remember as long as we live.

Judge S. M. Weaver, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, with whom I became acquainted while a member of the legislature, was our Sunday School Superintendent.

In the autumn of 1898, I was appointed for the second time to the Presiding Eldership of Dubuque District, which for some reasons, was a gratification to the family. Moving to Dubuque immediately after the adjournment of Conference, we soon became closely associated with the Rev. Dr. William A. Shanklin, pastor of St. Luke's church, who, with Mrs. Shanklin, has ever remained among our most loved and valued friends.

Our youngest son, Marion, who had entered the seminary at Epworth, when we moved to Dubuque, soon developed an unusual talent

for vocal music, which in a short time became so absorbing as to dominate his being and life. As soon as we made this discovery he was recalled from the seminary and placed with Prof. W. H. Pentius, one of the most accomplished instructors in vocal music in the United States, where he immediately gave promise of that remarkable ability which has since made his name known all over the country, as one of the greatest basso cantatas before the public.

The district parsonage at Epworth having been disposed of, we made our headquarters at Dubuque, which was much more convenient for us in every way.

Nothing out of the ordinary course of events occurred during those six years at Dubuque. No less than twelve of the preachers who had been with me before at different times, had been appointed to charges on the district, so that I was not only familiar with the churches, but was also acquainted with the preachers and their families. There was one, however, whose absence I keenly felt because he had been with me during the entire period of my two previous terms as Presiding Elder: the Rev. E. J. Lockwood, D. D., who began his ministry as pastor at Maynard, went from there to Edgewood, thence to Postville, and from that church to Osage, where he remained until 1896, when, at the close of my term on the Decorah District, he was appointed to Cedar Falls, where he made a fine success. In the fall of 1898, he was transferred to St. Paul's church at Cedar Rapids, where he still remains as pastor.

The Rev. R. F. Hurlburt, D. D., to whom I have referred in another place, also began his ministry in the Upper Iowa Conference. After grad-



uating at the Boston Theological school, I secured him for the pastorate at Epworth, during my first term on the district. He served the church with marked ability and also a portion of the time as Principal of Epworth Seminary, filling a vacancy caused by the resignation of the principal. Dr. Hurlburt, after filling some of the prominent pulpits in the west, was called to a pastorate in Buffalo, New York, where he has distinguished himself as one of the finest pulpit orators in the east.

But to mention by name the brethren whose friendships we have highly prized would include so large a list of preachers, extending from the time of our entering the ministry to the present, that I can only name a few with whom we have been the more intimately associated in recent years: Doctors J. W. Bissell, T. E. Flemming, J. C. Magee, J. B. Albright, W. F. Pitner and C. H. Taylor, among the Presiding Elders, with some of whom I sat in the cabinet for several years. Also J. S. McCord, H. O. Pratt, L. L. Lockard, B. D. Smith, F. P. Cassidy, A. M. McIntosh, B. W. Soper, John Gammons and many others who are held in loving remembrance.

Wilson S. Lewis, who became Principal of Epworth Seminary during my first term on Dubuque District, afterward President of Morningside College, and elected a Bishop at the General Conference at Baltimore in 1908, has been, from our first acquaintance with him, a very dear friend.

Dr. H. D. Atchison, who succeeded Dr. Shanklin in the pastorate of St. Luke's church, and Mrs. Atchison, we shall continue to remember for their many beautiful traits of character, as well as their kindnesses to

us personally. The services at St. Luke's church were always attractive, and the superior sermons preached by the pastors, as well as the high class music rendered by the great choir, much of the time one of the finest in the country, never failed to delight the large audiences which usually filled the church.

In the fall of 1899 I was elected a delegate to the General Conference, which met the ensuing spring in Chicago, holding its sessions at the auditorium. In the assignment of committees I was given Itinerancy and Book Concern, both of which appointments pleased me for I wanted to bring some things to the attention of each of them.

I engaged a room at the Auditorium, and, while it was expensive, it gave me an opportunity to mingle with the leading members of the body, among whom were some of the most prominent men of the country, both in church and state; I felt that this was due to my conference as well as myself. With the exception of two or three afternoons I gave my entire time to the work of the General Conference, taking some part in its deliberations.

The Upper Iowa Conference had memorialized the superior body touching the matter of supernumerary preachers. Up to the year 1900 it was permissible for a preacher to be placed on that list—which is a provision intended for the relief of temporarily disabled preachers—and he continued there from year to year, at the option of the conference of which he was a member. Under this provision there had been instances where preachers had engaged in secular work for years, while still holding the relation of supernumerary preacher in an Annual Conference.



The Memorial asked that the law of the church be changed so as to permit a preacher to hold this relation for only five consecutive years, when he should be required to become effective, which is the technical term for active service: or superannuate, which means permanent retirement, or withdraw from the Conference. At my request the Memorial was sent to the Committee on Itinerancy, where it was placed in the hands of a sub-committee, before which I appeared and explained more fully the purpose of the Memorial, after which it was reported to the full committee and recommended to the General Conference for passage. In due time it was reported from committee, adopted and incorporated into the Discipline as one of the laws of the church.

There can be no question as to the wisdom of this action, for it serves a good purpose in checking some abuses which have crept into the conferences. In the earlier years of our history it frequently became necessary for the preachers who had been assigned to the weaker charges, to ask for the supernumeracy relation for a year or two, that they might have opportunity to earn something in some secular employment for the support of their families, and for the payment of debts, which had accumulated by reason of the inadequate salaries paid them. The preachers themselves were in no wise to blame for the meagreness of these "allowances," nor should the people be censured, for generally speaking, they were poor themselves and had little to spare. But the temptation to continue as a supernumerary, extending the relation indefinitely in some instances became so great as to seriously impair the

efficiency of the work in some of the newer conferences, where always great sacrifices are demanded on the part of both preachers and people.

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#### CHAPTER XXVI.

I had been deeply impressed in my visits among the churches by what I had believed to be an urgent need for a new hymnal, which would meet the call of the times in the smaller churches and country congregations. The Hymn and Tune book had been in use for nearly thirty years, and while it was unquestionably the best that had ever been compiled by any church, and was so rated among competent judges, it had, nevertheless, outlived its greatest usefulness in the smaller churches, especially in the west, and had been supplanted in many of these churches by the cheap products of mere rhymesters, which had become an offense to the more cultivated minds in our congregations, who had found it very hard to endure them.

The Decorah District Conference, which held its spring session a few days prior to the assembling of the General Conference, had, at my request, passed some strong resolutions favoring a new Hymnal. These resolutions I presented to the General Conference, and on my motion they were referred to the Committee on Book Concern. Shortly afterward several other papers touching the same subject were sent in from different sections of the country, some of which were referred to the Committee on State of the Church.

When Upper Iowa was reached on the call of Conferences, I presented a resolution calling for a new hymnal, and moved that it, and all other

papers upon that subject be referred to the Committee on Book Concern, which, after some discussion, was agreed to. All papers having reference to the Hymnal were placed in the hands of a sub-committee, of which I had been appointed chairman, and that committee, after faithfully considering the matter, formulated a report which was agreed to by the full Committee on Book Concern, and was reported through the chairman, Governor L. M. Shaw, and adopted by the General Conference with almost no opposition.

The Board of Bishops was authorized to appoint a committee to carry out the action of the General Conference, which, in due time was done, not, however, in the manner intended by that body. Evidently the gentlemen appointed to prepare the new Hymnal misapprehended the design of the General Conference, for, instead of giving the church a Hymnal containing three or four hundred hymns, available for use in the smaller churches, Sunday schools, prayer meetings, etc., and which it was hoped, would drive out the cheap trash which had for years been flooding the church to its hurt, the appointees of the Bishops, acting in conjunction with a similar committee from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, entirely ignored the great need of the church in the country districts, and in the face of repeated statements from gentlemen well acquainted with the intention of the General Conference, projected upon the church a book, which, though of undoubted quality, was not what had been asked for, and was, therefore, something of a disappointment to all our people who were alive to the pernicious influence of much of what for years had been

supplanting the best hymns of the great religious poets of our own and other churches.

This feeling was strongly enunciated by Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, in private correspondence, and also through the columns of his paper. I had had some correspondence with prominent men in the east, who, when it leaked out what the probable action of the revision committee would be, had written me, inquiring what was in the minds of those members of the General Conference who had been actively engaged in pushing for a new hymnal. To all of these gentlemen I replied, answering their inquiries to the best of my ability, finding at the same time, from their letters, that they had understood the purpose of the General Conference to be as I had written them.

The foregoing with what follows from Dr. Buckley will be quite enough to show what was in the minds of those chiefly interested in the matter which I have deemed to be of sufficient importance to be given so much prominence in these recollections:

In April, 1902, an editorial on the new Hymnal appeared in the *Christian Advocate* of New York, in which a delegate from Wisconsin was given the credit of having introduced the matter in the General Conference. This article had caught the attention of the Rev. E. V. Claypool of Waverly, Iowa, who, unknown to me had written Dr. Buckley, calling his attention to the error contained in the editorial. Replying to Dr. Claypool, Dr. Buckley gave this explanation:

New York, April 22, 1902.

My dear Brother:

When I prepared my editorial I

went through the Journal by the index. The index was incomplete, so far as I can find. You are slightly in error in saying that Dr. Green introduced his motion two days before. The Hart motion was introduced on the morning of May 10th, and the Green motion on the morning of May 9th; but it was introduced, though not indexed correctly. An attempt was undoubtedly made to index it, for the index calls for something relating to the Hymnal and locates it on page 184, whereas it should have been page 188. The index does not give under "Hymnal" what the matter was, but simply says "Hymnal." It is a pleasure to me now to have made the mistake, for Dr. Green made a most excellent speech on the subject, which I shall publish in full, especially as it supports, as you say, the view that I take.

Yours truly,

J. M. BUCKLEY.

A few days subsequent to the receipt of this letter by Dr. Claypool, the Christian Advocate contained the following editorial:

"In the recent editorial in this paper on 'What Was Our Hymnal Committee Appointed to Do?' there was an error for which we are hardly responsible. Our history of the discussion in the General Conference assumed that the first resolution on the subject was presented by the Rev. Frank L. Hart on May 10, and we affirmed that subsequently on the same day, later in the session, the Rev. H. H. Green, D. D., of the Upper Iowa Conference, presented a memorial relative to the Hymnal which was referred to the Committee on the Book Concern. In tracing the discussion we referred to the index of the 'Journal,' which gives the order without stating the phase treated, as follows: 'Hymnal, new, 184, 204.' On page 184 there is no reference whatever to the Hymnal, and after looking at two or three of the preceding and following pages

we concluded that there had been a mistake in indexing. Dr. Green's resolution was presented later in the session of May 9, and should have been indexed under page 188; but no reference whatever is made to it in the index.

We are not sorry for the error, for the resolutions and speeches of Dr. Green are of such a nature as to show conclusively what was meant. It appears that one or two memorials relating in some way to the Hymnal had been passed to the secretary on May 5, and referred to the Committee on the State of the Church. There had been one or two others relating to the Hymnal passed to the secretary, and one at least had been referred to the Committee on the Book Concern. This is the account of the proceedings as contained in 'The Daily Advocate:'

H. H. Green, Upper Iowa: "I have a paper to present which the secretary will please read.

"Whereas, It is thought by many that the Hymnal now in use does not meet the present wants of the church in some important particulars; therefore,

"Resolved, That the Committee on the Book Concern be instructed to inquire into the expediency of having prepared a new hymn book in which the defects (if there are any) in the book now being used may be remedied.

"H. H. Green,  
L. M. Shaw,  
J. C. Magee."

J. W. Van Cleve: "I think that that subject has been referred to a committee and a subcommittee appointed on it, and it ought to go to that committee."

The Bishop: "Is the statement of Dr. Van Cleve, that it has been referred, correct?"

W. F. Corkran: "This subject has been referred to a committee, and it is now before the sub-committee. It is before the sub-committee on general reference, appointed by the Book Concern Committee."

H. H. Green: "It is not the design of this resolution to do away with the present Hymnal. That would be a calamity.

"It is the best book that has ever been compiled, and we have no thought of doing away with it.

"The purpose of this resolution is to provide for some defects. The Hymnal now in use is the best we can get for the larger churches, but the deficiency exists in the fact that the words and the music are separated from each other. My thought is to provide a Hymnal that shall eliminate the larger number of hymns from the present book, and publish another in which there shall be about three hundred hymns, which certainly is all that is being sung in the churches at the present time, and that the words and the music shall be placed together so that the rising generation shall sing the hymns. At the present time they are not being sung in the smaller churches nor in our country congregations. The science of music is being taught in our public schools, and a generation of young people is coming on that demands that we shall have a book in which they can read the notes and sing these hymns. It is for this purpose that I wanted this resolution referred. Our Conference has been passed by, as you know, for three or four days, and this resolution has been delayed for that reason. I beg that it may go to the committee, in order that they may inquire especially into the cost of such a Hymnal as I have been speaking of."

The Bishop: "The motion is to refer the paper to the Committee on Book Concern."

E. J. Gray: "We have a Committee on State of the Church, and they are considering that question, and I move that this paper be referred to the Committee on the State of the Church."

The Bishop put the motion made by H. H. Green, that it be referred to the Committee on the Book Concern, and it prevailed.

Dr. Green was himself a member of the Committee on the Book Concern. It will be seen that this committee reported in exact accordance with the speech with which he accompanied his original resolution.

It will also be noticed that Governor Shaw, the Chairman of the Committee on the Book Concern, who re-

ported the final action to the General Conference, was one of the signers of the original resolution presented by H. H. Green.

There is no ground for supposing that the General Conference proposed the compilation of a general Hymnal to displace the present official Hymnal."

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

As I have already indicated in a preceding chapter the way had been prepared for two important changes in the personnel of the General Conference. One of these was the admission of women to a seat in the body, the other was an enlarged representation of the Laity.

A majority of the members of the Annual Conferences had voted favorably on both propositions, so that it only required a vote of two-thirds of the members of the General Conference to consummate these changes.

This was done as early in the session as practicable and for the first time in the history of the Methodist Episcopal church, a woman took her seat in its law making body, amid great cheering. At the same time an equal number of laymen were seated from each Annual Conference with their brethren in the ministry. It was a great Conference, containing some of the most prominent men in the church from all parts of the world. There were also present fraternal delegates representing nearly all the great christian bodies in the world.

It may well be believed, therefore, that it was with fear and trembling, I made my way to the platform to plead for a new hymnal; never had I stood before such an audience, and here I will venture to say that in the United States of America, no more eminent body, all things considered, ever assembles, than a Gen-

eral Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. However, I was told afterward by some of my friends seated in the rear of the great building, that they could hear everything I said, and that I had done very well indeed, which, partial though their words may have been, certainly calmed my troubled breast.

In addition to the work already referred to, that General Conference made several other important changes, among which was the removal of the "time limit," which hitherto had restricted the pastorate to a limited term of service on each charge. The action of the General Conference of 1900 enables preachers to remain as pastors of the same church, year after year, as long as things are mutually satisfactory, and the general interests of the churches do not suffer. It is true, efforts have been made to induce a return to the old rule, but they have not met with much encouragement, nor is there a probability that they ever will, for the present arrangement appears to work quite well.

My associates on the delegation from the Upper Iowa Conference were all men of ability, well known to the church which they had long served with distinction. The ministers were H. O. Pratt, formerly a member of Congress; Homer C. Stuntz, now one of the secretaries of the Missionary Society; J. C. Magee and J. B. Albrook, for many years Presiding Elders and S. C. Bronson, professor in Garrett Biblical Institute. The laymen were A. E. Swisher, J. F. Merry, T. B. Taylor, J. J. Clark, W. F. Johnston and D. B. Snyder, with all of whom, excepting Mr. Clark, I had formerly been more or less intimately associated.

Capt. John F. Merry, Assistant

General Passenger Agent of the Illinois Central railroad, who was a resident of Dubuque, was my colleague on the Book Concern Committee, where he rendered the church excellent service and was highly esteemed by his brethren.

After the adjournment I returned to Dubuque and immediately resumed my work on the district.

An incident at the close of the service at one of the churches on a Sunday afternoon caused not a little amusement. I had just stepped down from the pulpit, when a fine looking, middle aged man approached me, offering polite, though rather effusive congratulations on the way the service had been conducted, saying some very pleasant things about it. He had no sooner turned away, however, than a loyal friend of mine stepped up, and in an earnest, confidential way said: "You must not pay any attention to what he says; he isn't right in his head." His daughter, who happened to be standing near us and had heard what the other man had said, was quite put out at what she considered her father's mistake. "Why, Pa," she said, "he was saying some very nice and polite things to Mr. Green about the services, and here you are going to spoil it all." And then we all had a good hearty laugh over the incident, from which apparently nothing harmful resulted.

The life of most ministers who have been long in the service is replete with incidents, both humorous and pathetic, all of which have their places and doubtless serve some wise purpose, for it is hard to believe that any of the events of our lives are altogether purposeless. I recall at this moment one of those affecting things which occurred dur-



ing the earlier years of my ministry; a lady, a member of a sister church, who was the mother of two beautiful little girls came to our house one day and with tears streaming down her face begged me to interest myself in her husband, who had taken to drinking. The habit had so fastened itself upon him that its baleful effects were already visible, and she feared it would not be long before he would become a helpless victim to its destroying power. They were well-to-do people; the husband was one of the prominent business men of the town and the wife was highly esteemed in the social and religious circles of the place. It was no wonder, therefore, that the poor woman was crushed under the blighting curse which had fallen upon them. "O, Mr. Green," she said, "is there not something you can do to save my husband?, he likes you and I feel sure you can help him."

"You may depend upon it, I will do everything in my power to help him," I replied, "I will see him at once."

I immediately went over to his place of business and began a social chat with him on the news of the day, but carefully avoided any reference to the subject nearest my heart. These calls were continued for several days and were pleasant occasions to both of us. Finally I carefully broached the subject which was uppermost in my mind, and, knowing him to be sensitive touching things of so personal a nature, as is only natural to all of us, I cautiously felt my way to his heart, encouraged to find in him a ready and acquiescent listener. It was much easier than I had feared it would be. I talked with him about

his devoted wife and the two beautiful little girls, about the fine record he had made while in the army, also his success in business and the prospects before him, and then I tried to make clear to him the awful consequences of a blasted life upon his family as well as himself. When I ceased speaking he was crying like a child; he was much affected and spoke in very tender words of his wife and children. Then I said:

"Tom, I have a proposition to make you; I don't know how it will strike you, but as an old comrade and a friend I am going to take the liberty to state it. My proposal is that you draw up a paper pledging both of us to abstain from the use of liquor for one year, what do you say." After pondering over it for some little time he said, with a look of determination on his face:

"Mr. Green, I will do it, and God helping me I will keep it. You can draw up the paper right here and now, and we will both sign it."

This was promptly done and the paper was carefully laid away in his safe. I then went out and told a few of his friends what we had done, and requested them to drop into his place of business occasionally and have a chat with him, carefully avoiding any reference to the drink habit in a general way. I called in every few days at first and did what I could to brace him up. The result was all we had hoped for, he kept his promise. His business prospered and his family was made happy once more.

Toward the close of my term on the district I was holding a quarterly meeting in one of the country churches, where the congregation was composed almost exclusively of Irish people or their immediate de-



scendants. They were a thoroughly reliable folk, honest, industrious, prosperous and faithful to all the interests of the church, but some of them had their own ideas about a few things, which were not always in accord with the customs of the preachers, and whenever this was the case a mild eruption would be sure to occur when they came together, and when it was over with the preachers generally found that they had been in collision with a snag and had gotten the worst of it.

On the occasion referred to, the pastor, who was conducting a love feast, innocently ran against one of those snags which stopped him with a suddenness that quite staggered him. He had announced the opening hymn, and then thinking to recognize and honor one of the faithful old servants of the church, he said:

"After we have sung this hymn I will ask Brother R. to lead us in prayer."

Brother R., an old gentleman who was quite deaf, was seated just in front of the pulpit, and with his hand to his ear was listening intently to what was being said. He failed to catch all the words of the pastor, however, hearing only just enough to understand that he was in some way concerned, so he peered over the top of the pulpit in a comical way and almost shouted:

"What is that ye are saying?"

The pastor repeated his request in a little higher tone of voice, whereupon the old gentleman shouted:

"I'll not do it, there's two o' ye preachers here an' ye may do your own prayin'. What are ye here for anyhow? Ye're paid to do the preachin' an' the prayin' an' I'll not do it for ye."

So the pastor, with a smile he could not repress, turned to the congregation and said:

"Let us pray."

I have mentioned these incidents only as examples of the many things that enter into the experiences of a minister of the gospel, not a few of which tend to lighten his burdens and brighten his life.

At the Cedar Rapids Conference in the fall at 1903, I was chosen one of the reserve delegates to the General Conference, to be held at Los Angeles the following spring. I felt very grateful to my brethren in the ministry for this expression of their kindness, coming as it did so near the close of my effective relations to them and my active work in the ministry. I was not able to attend however, much as I would have been pleased to do.

As the end of my term on the district drew near, I became convinced that my ministerial labors must soon come to a close. The exposures incident to an active army life during the Civil War, together with the wearing demands of the Presiding Eldership for so many years had so told upon my health, that I felt it would not be prudent for me to attempt to continue longer in the work, for I would not be able to render such service as would reasonably be expected of me. So, in justice to the church and to myself, I determined to retire at the approaching session of the Conference.

Before leaving Dubuque for Decorah, which was to become our future home, the Social Union of St Luke's church arranged a very pleasant function for Mrs. Green. It was a farewell reception, participated in by the ladies of the church and other friends in the city. On every side

regrets were expressed that the time had arrived for her departure from the church and the city, where the relations had been so pleasant for the preceding six years. Some beautiful souvenirs were presented to her, and these she cherishes as among the most valued of her treasures. Some very dear and lasting friendships were formed in Dubuque, none of which are more highly prized than those of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wood and family; Mrs. A. C. Maxwell; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McFarland and Miss Jennie Jackson, with whom Mrs. Green was more intimately associated.

We arrived at the seat of the Conference at Davenport on the Saturday before the opening of the session, and were entertained at the home of our relatives, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Milligan, old residents of the city.

On Sunday morning, at the request of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Fayette L. Thompson, I occupied the pulpit of St. John's church, having for my text, 116 Psalm, 1-2 verses. Our son, Marion, had been engaged to give a song recital at the church during the session of the Conference, which he did, to the great satisfaction of the large, music loving audience.

Just before the close of the Conference I asked for a change of relation from the effective to the supernumerary ranks, and my request was granted by vote of my brethren. This action was followed by a few pleasant words from Bishop Joyce, in reference to my retirement, after which came the following, which I copy from the official records.

"Dr. T. E. Fleming addressed the Conference in reference to the retirement of Dr. H. H. Green from the effective ranks, alluding appreciatively to his distinguished ser-

vices as a soldier, a legislator, and an official of the church, concluding with a motion that he be granted a supernumerary relation. This was granted.

E. J. Lockwood presented, and the Conference adopted, the following resolution:

inasmuch as Rev. H. H. Green, D. D., in asking for a supernumerary relation, now closes thirty-six years of service in the Upper Iowa Conference, eighteen years of which he has served most efficiently as a Presiding Elder; be it

RESOLVED, That we hereby express to him our appreciation of his fidelity to the interests of our Conference, of his brotherly spirit, his unfailing courtesy, uniform fairness, untiring industry and valuable counsel.

We pray that the blessing of God may abound unto him in his new relation, and assure him that our esteem and affection shall abide with him.

W. W. CARLTON,  
F. P. SHAFFER,  
E. J. LOCKWOOD."

Up to the present time I have been able to attend, with two exceptions, all the meetings of the Conference, and in the temporary absence of the Presiding Bishop, have, on several occasions, been called upon to preside over its deliberations, at which times my brother preachers have been very considerate and very patient.

After adjournment of the Conference we returned to our home at Decorah, where among many friends, we settled down to enjoy the peace and quiet of the evening of life.

I take the liberty to insert here the following parting shot from St. Luke's Record, an appreciation, which, while it may be very partial, is most highly prized:

We are glad to present to our readers this excellent portrait of our beloved Presiding Elder, Rev. H. H. Green, D. D., who has just closed his

six years' term as Presiding Elder of the Dubuque District. It will not seem at all natural to hear a new Presiding Elder. Dr. Green suited us perfectly. His counsel has always been wholesome, sane and brotherly—never withheld when needed, never obtruded when not needed. His demeanor has always been dignified as well as genial. His sermons have been always thoughtful and helpful. His interest in St. Luke's has been something more than professional, and his admiration of its abundant life and its manner of doing things has been sincere. He has often spoken of St. Luke's both at the District Conference and at the Annual Conference in terms of generous praise. For all these things, as well as for his personal worth, we love him. Mrs. Green has been one of the most valuable and beloved of our flock—abundant in labors and unheralded ministries she has been a veritable deaconess among us. The prosperous and the poor alike love her, and her place will always be vacant. The prayers and cordial God-speed of the entire congregation go with these beloved servants of the Lord in their retirement from the active work of the Methodist Episcopal itinerancy.

It was four years after our retirement from the active duties of the ministry, that we received the announcement of the approaching wedding of our eldest son, Samuel William, to Miss Claudia Wells of Valentine, Nebraska. The ceremony was solemnized by the father of the bride, the Rev. Mr. Wells, rector of the Protestant Episcopal church of Valentine. Immediately following the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Green began housekeeping at Ewing, Nebraska, where they now reside, and where 'Sam' is a well-to-do druggist.

On Saturday, April 2, 1910, occurred the wedding of our youngest son, Marion, concerning which I make the following extract from an

account of the occasion, which was given by the Chicago Tribune:

"The first of the group of weddings for spring was celebrated yesterday. The largest of these perhaps was the one in which both the musical and the society circles were interested—that of Miss Ethelwynne Sattley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Elliott R. Carpenter, 4413 Oakenwald avenue, and Mr. Marion Green, which was celebrated in the evening at the Carpenter residence. The groom's father, the Rev. H. H. Green of Decorah, Iowa, performed the ceremony."

And now I must bring my story to a close in grateful acknowledgement of all I owe, under the blessing of God, to my beloved wife, the Methodist Episcopal church and the many, many kind friends, who, through all the years of my life, have done much to make my pathway very pleasant and life itself worth while. Happy also in the thought that our children have grown up to be honorable and useful men and women in the world—fathers and mothers of a new generation of boys and girls, who are to perpetuate and extend this genealogy.



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